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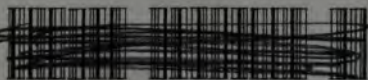
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ARTES SCIENTIA VERITAS

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THE
ENGLISH PARTY'S
EXCURSION TO PARIS,
IN
EASTER WEEK 1849.

TO WHICH IS ADDED,
A TRIP TO AMERICA,
ETC. ETC. ETC.,

BY J. B. Esq.,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW.

“Felix quem faciunt aliena pericula cautum.”

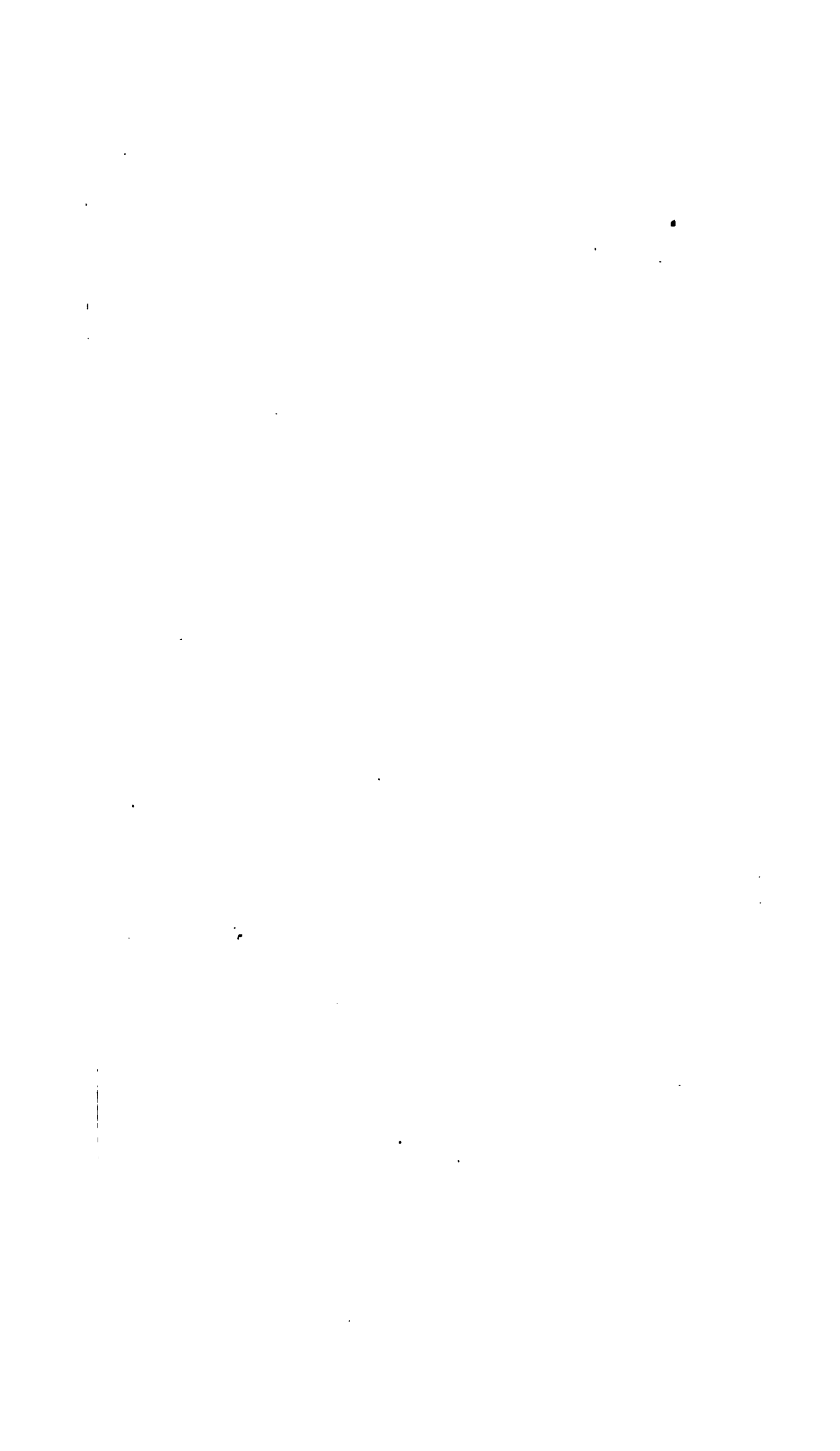
LONDON: LONGMAN AND Co., PATERNOSTER ROW.

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MDCCCL.

TO
CHARLES BOWYER ADDERLEY Esq., M. P.,
AUTHOR OF
"AN ESSAY ON HUMAN HAPPINESS,"
THIS LITTLE WORK
IS INSCRIBED, AS A SMALL TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM
FOR HIS PUBLIC AND PRIVATE CHARACTER;
AND MORE ESPECIALLY,
FOR HIS INDEPENDENT AND EXEMPLARY CONDUCT,
AS ONE OF THE REPRESENTATIVES IN PARLIAMENT,
FOR THE NORTHERN DIVISION OF THE COUNTY OF STAFFORD,
BY HIS FAITHFUL AND OBEDIENT SERVANT
AND CONSTITUENT,
THE AUTHOR.

Farley Hall,
1st May, 1850.



L. L. Hubbard
Gift
1-22-27

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ADDRESS.

THE compiler of this Parisian Journal has been so frequently requested to publish it, that he no longer hesitates to do so. He uses the word *compiler*, because, independently of passages in prose and verse, that have become so familiar as almost to have passed into proverbs, he is indebted, for a considerable portion of its contents, to the Quarterly Review, the Times, Okey's French and English Law, Peter Parley's Peep at Paris, and, above all, to that prince of guide books, Galignani's Paris. With this frank avowal, he commits the compilation, &c., to the kindness, courtesy, and charity of the reader.

THE
EXCURSION TO PARIS.

WEDNESDAY, 4th APRIL, 1849.

Left Wimpole Street at 9 p. m., with A. F. M., for the purpose next hereinafter mentioned.

THURSDAY, 5th APRIL.—FINE DAY.

Rose at 4 a. m., at the Adelaide Hotel north foot of London Bridge, where we had slept, in order to proceed to Paris this morning, with Mr. Crisp's company or collection of subscribers to his project (No. 1) for returning the visit of the French National Guard to London in October last.

After discussing a substantial breakfast that we had

taken the precaution to order over night, upon the authority of Lord Byron, who had sailed a good deal in his time, and who says or sings somewhere or other.

“The best of remedies is a beef steak
Against sea-sickness; try it, sir, before
You sneer, and I assure you this is true,
For I have found it answer—so may you.”

At half-past five, we adjourned to the South Eastern railway station adjoining, and soon took our departure in a first class carriage, with five other passengers, one lady and four gentlemen, for Folkestone 88 miles off.

The following is a copy of Mr. Crisp’s printed instructions, issued a week or two previously, to his subscribers, and which seems sufficiently sensible and reasonable. It would have been well if I had attended more to their scope and spirit as far as regards the return railway and steam boat ticket as will be seen in the sequel, “sed nemo mortalium &c.

The instructions are headed thus :—

“THE GREAT PARIS EXCURSION IN
EASTER WEEK, 1849. DIRECTIONS FOR
TRAVELLERS. JOSEPH CRISP, CONTRACTOR

"In giving the following short directions for travellers by my Paris Excursion, I would strongly, but respectfully, advise their being as strictly as possible, adhered to, knowing by experience that very much inconvenience, trouble, and confusion, which might otherwise ensue, will be spared, and the pleasure of the excursion thereby much enhanced. The first hint I would give is to enjoin

PUNCTUALITY

at the time of going and returning, as I cannot be responsible for those left behind by their own neglect; at the same time it is never necessary for parties to be an hour before the time, as that also causes confusion.

There need be no scrambling or pushing, as all who have taken their tickets will be comfortably provided for.

TICKETS.

The tickets issued by me are of two descriptions, viz :— one for the railways and boats only — the other for hotel accommodation. The travelling tickets must be given up at the South-Eastern station, in exchange for which, return tickets will be given from London and Boulogne, and Boulogne and Paris.

The hotel ticket is addressed to the hotel where you are to be located ; on entering it, you will please produce your ticket for the inspection of the proprietor, who will provide you with your bed and breakfast during your stay in Paris as specified. First class tickets to and from London and Paris, and bed and breakfast, one week, five guineas—without bed and breakfast, four guineas ; any thing beyond that you will have to pay for yourself.

LUGGAGE.

It is very essential, both for the sake of expedition, comfort and economy, that you take little luggage, as clearing and portorage dues in France are charged by the number of packages and not by weight ; besides which, the smallness of your luggage will greatly facilitate the progress of yourself and fellow-travellers at the Custom House, on landing, &c. I would venture to suggest your only taking that most invaluable compendium to travellers, a carpet bag.

You will have direction cards given you, on which is inscribed the hotel at Boulogne where breakfast will be provided, and your hotel at Paris, (if you avail yourself of that part of my plan) which you will attach conspicuously to your bag or trunk. This di-

rection card will also have the number of your ticket upon it. I would advise your attaching your key by string to your bag, and upon landing, leaving it entirely to the commissionaire of the hotel, with whom arrangements are made for looking after it, which will be done while you breakfast, and all is perfectly safe in their hands. You will have to pay $1\frac{1}{2}$ franc at Boulogne for Custom House and portorage dues. This will be collected from you by the Commissionaire.

TIMES OF STARTING AND RETURNING.

The first train will leave the London Bridge station on Thursday morning, 5th April, at half-past five o'clock, arriving at Folkestone at half-past eight.

The boat will leave there immediately,

and arrive at Boulogne at 11 o'clock

The train will leave Boulogne at 1 3

Remain half an hour at Amiens for re-

freshment, arriving at Paris at 8

The train will *return* from Paris on Thurs-

day morning, the 12th, at $\frac{1}{2}$ -past 4

Arriving at Boulogne at 12

It will remain half an hour at Amiens,

for breakfast

The boat starts immediately, and arrives

at Folkestone at	$\frac{1}{2}$ -past	2
Leaving Folkestone at.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ -past	4
Arriving in London at.....		7

The second train will leave the London Bridge station on Saturday morning, 7th April, at			6
Arriving at Folkestone, at			9
Departing directly, and arriving at Bou- logne at.....	$\frac{1}{2}$ -past	11	
Leaving Boulogne at	$\frac{1}{2}$ -past	1	
Waiting half an hour at Amiens, for re- freshment, and arriving at Paris at...			8
The train will <i>return</i> from Paris on Satur- day morning, 14th April, at			$\frac{1}{2}$ -past 6
Waiting half an hour at Amiens, and arri- ving at Boulogne at			1
Leaving Boulogne at			2
Arriving at Folkestone at	$\frac{1}{2}$ -past	4	
Leaving Folkestone at	$\frac{1}{2}$ -past	5	
And arriving in London, at.....			8

In case of any difficulty, apply to the contractor or stewards, who may be known by their wearing a star

in a blue rosette, and every attention will be immediately paid you.

GENERAL DIRECTIONS.

Good breakfasts will be provided at Boulogne, at various hotels, at 2 francs each person. This you will pay for yourself.

Immediately upon entering the stations, take your seats and do not leave them, as the getting in and out must create confusion. Then upon being seated, prepare your tickets for inspection.

The most comfortable, as well as expeditious way of travelling, is always to shew an accommodating disposition, and a desire to oblige; and although you do not approve of all the customs you find, to comply with them. Many travellers make themselves and others uncomfortable, and retard their own progress by their stubbornness in not willingly complying with the customs and usages with which they are not familiar. From our neighbours whom we are now visiting it may safely be said, that we are sure to experience a large share of courtesy and an evident desire to oblige upon all occasions.

ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

Immediately you arrive, you go into a large room



where all the luggage is taken. Here the commissionaires of the hotels where you put up, will be in waiting as well as the gentlemen of the Paris Committee, who will do their utmost for your comfort in conducting you to the hotel. The fare by Cab will be two francs from the station to any of the hotels, for two, three or four persons.

PASS CARDS.

Through the kind liberality of the French Government this will be a perfect protection to you while in Paris and also admit you to various sights and exhibitions, which under ordinary circumstances are only open on certain days. For the honour of your country, and the preservation of your own respectability it is ardently desired that in no one instance will this confidence and generosity in British subjects be abused.

The rendez-vous or office for the Party will be the Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu, where I shall be in constant attendance to give any and every information in my power, and, as far as I am able, to consult the wishes of my passengers, and have guides ready for parties who may require them, &c. You can also have your letters directed here, and make

appointments to meet friends. Also plans for the day will be concocted and explained. I would advise you to call in each morning after breakfast.

FAC-SIMILE OF PASS CARD.

No. 122.		
PASS CARD FOR THE PARIS EXCURSION PARTY ON THURSDAY, THE 5TH APRIL, 1849.		
COMMITTEE OF SURVEILLANCE.		
FRANCIS LLOYD, ESQ., Beaufort Lodge, Chelsea.	J. H. BROWN, ESQ., Markham Square, Chelsea	
PHILIP NIND, ESQ., Subloniere Hotel, Leicester Square.	CHARLES HIBBLE, ESQ., 2, North Terrace, Mount Gardens, Westminster Road. <i>For the Committee.</i>	
B. H. BULLOCK, ESQ., Chester Street, Belgrave Square.	PHILIP NIND, Hon: Sec:	
JOSEPH CRISP, Contractor.		

Indorsed. Name, address and description.

I believe I have now given all the directions neces-

sary for the journey, and for further information would refer you to "the Guide Book."

JOSEPH CRISP, Contractor.

457, Strand, London,

AND

Hôtel des Princes, Rue Richelieu, Paris."

It was expected by some people that the company would have assembled by thousands, but that very circumstance, indicating a crowd, and another conjecture equally prevalent, amongst others, that the whole thing was a hoax, operated injuriously no doubt, and in diminution of the numbers that assembled this morning, who amounted only to 250.

At a quarter to 6, after waiting a few minutes in an apartment appointed for the examination of the tickets, we took our departure by the towns of Reigate and Tonbridge, and through the celebrated, highly cultivated, and well-wooded Weald of Kent. Its general aspect is that of a garden, from the richness of its surface and soil, and the variety of its scenery, especially about Tonbridge Town, where it is truly beautiful. The Weald extends from Romney Marsh to Surrey, being bounded on the north by the Rag-stone

Ridge, and by the county of Sussex on the south. In days of yore it was a forest, inhabited only by deer and hogs, but verily, a surprising and agreeable change has come over the spirit of its dream, both with regard to tillage and tenants.

Occasionally heavy showers occurred to vary the landscape a little, but they were evidently only of a partial nature, as our route further on, showed no symptoms of having been so watered and refreshed.

At half-past 8, as per contract with Mr. Crisp, we reached our railway goal at Folkestone, which presents in its architectural appearance a motley aspect, a most curious combination and contrast of the very ancient and the very modern methods of English modes of building: the wondrous railway system having infused fresh life and vigour into its otherwise dilapidated and antiquated members, "sermons in stones"—"the second birth," and all that sort of thing, reminding one in some degree, of the striking contrast that displays itself in old English towns, between children desporting themselves about the streets, and the edifices themselves; which always struck me as something very remarkable, as well from the circumstances and contrasts they present, as for the contem-

plations they invoke of the innumerable series of such sportive individuals which the self-same streets have witnessed performing the evolutions so particularly delineated and described in Shakspeare's Seven Ages, and

“ In contemplation's sober eye,
Such is the race of man ;
And they who creep, and they who fly,
Must end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In fortune's varying colours dressed,
Brushed by the hand of rough mischance,
Or chilled with age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest. ”

The railway terminus being contiguous to the harbour, we were, with as little delay as possible, transferred, like so much live lumber, Irish pigs for instance, on board the “ Queen of the Belgians, ” a fine steamer of 130 horse power.

We quitted our moorings soon after nine, with a head wind, which produced a wholesome but extremely disagreeable sensation upon the sea and the stomachs of more individuals than one. There was not much wind or else that unpleasant epidemic would have been much more fashionable than it was. “ Steward ! ”

would have been shouted with much more fervency and frequency than it was this morning. Our voyage being of necessity something of the shortest, I was enabled to remain upon deck the whole time; but endurance rather than enjoyment was the order of the day with me. Fortunately we had not a drop of rain, but a scene of a very different description awaited us.

At half-past 11, we reached Boulogne, when the following unexpected and gratifying instances of neighbourly good will and amity succeeded in rivetting and astonishing the seven senses of all our native English Party. The fun began before ever we set foot upon the soil of France.

Off the City, twenty-one cannon thundered a royal salute—cheers rent the air—banners waved in the wind—music struck up—all of which festive demonstrations we “reciprocated,” as the Yankees have it, to the best of our power, and to the pitch of our lungs. Then upon landing, we seemed to be treading a garden of herbs and of flowers. We walked upon flowers, and bouquets were presented to us in abundance by fairy fingers, and in all directions. Then

upon arriving at a public room, large and lofty, the business of fraternizing began. One National Guardsman, weighing thirty stone, if he weighs one ounce, pounced upon me, and methought he would have smothered me or devoured me, carpet bag and all, or have wrung my right hand off with shaking it. Against the walls were hung festoons of flowers, amongst heraldic-looking shields, bearing the time-honoured names of Lancashire, Liverpool, Manchester, &c. Here, too, the gratifying intelligence was communicated to us that Government had sent down orders to the authorities to shew us every attention and what was much more to the purpose, had directed the Custom House people to dispense with the usual and accustomed ceremony of overhauling the luggage. Then the hospitality that ensued in the shape of sponge cakes, and champagne, &c., of the former of which, I discussed not a few, and then how to escape the incessant attacks of champagne which was continually handed about, and which, in spite of their urgent remonstrances to the contrary, I constantly refused to touch. There is no use arguing with a Frenchman under such circumstances ; action and gesture are the only things that will go down

with him, so holding up a large sponge cake in my left hand, and gently pushing aside the proffered hands and salvers, and stroking down my chest with the other, I kept saying, to my friends' infinite amusement, "*Pardonnez moi, mes amis,*" "I am 'quite crowded,' here, and there, and everywhere."

The Sub-Prefect, in a powerful speech he made us, truly said, "Although in a more splendid city, you may meet with a more brilliant and sumptuous reception, no where, believe me, will you find it more fraternal and cordial, than in our city of Boulogne."

Mr. Lloyd, one of our committee and party, ascending the orchestra, made a very fluent and excellent address in French, in reply, judging from the effect it produced upon our lively, as well as our lovely neighbours, who also assisted in these festive, friendly, and farinaceous demonstrations, parading the apartment arm in arm with their nationals, shedding light and lustre on the landscape, especially the young fishwomen, whose dress (I wish I could describe it,) was equally peculiar and picturesque.

All this having continued, I would not say, even if it were so, "*usque ad nauseam,*" but at all events, a sufficient length of time, we repaired on foot to the

railway station, half a mile off, the quay being upon our right hand, and a long, tallish, and varied line of dwelling and other houses upon the left; my carpet bag being borne by an ancient looking amazon or nymph of the sea; my friend's portmanteau by as ancient a weather beaten mariner, whom I describe from Coleridge, exchanging his word "fear" for love:—

"I love thee, ancient mariner,
I love thy skinny hand;
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribb'd sea sand."

Both ancients jabbering away the unknown tongue with amazing volubility; and, after undergoing certain cabalistic ceremonies touching our tickets and passes, at 2 p. m. we again experienced the well known motions, sights, sounds and sensations, incidental to railway carriages of all denominations, and continued our excursion towards the "Eye of France," 154 miles off, through Abbeville, 48 miles on, which stands pleasantly, in a fruitful, and I hope, happy, valley; watered by several branches of the Somme, which separates the town into two parts: through Amiens, 27 miles further, celebrated to English ears

for the treaty of peace concluded here with Bonaparte 25th March, 1802. It also stands upon the Somme, is much larger than Abbeville, and will be agreeably recollected by the excursionists, by our having here experienced a sort of second edition of the animated reception that awaited our ever to be remembered arrival at Boulogne. The Mayor and Authorities, with the National Guard, were drawn up in line (as at Boulogne,) ready to receive us. Indeed, it seemed as if the fraternal echoes that rent the air at that city, had been wafted upon the wind, and followed the train to burst out again with increased vigour at Amiens.

His worship said, "Gentlemen, the Municipal Body and National Guards of the ancient city of Amiens, rejoice to avail themselves of this opportunity of expressing to you how greatly they value, and how much they would desire to strengthen the ties of friendship, which should ever unite the two foremost nations of the civilized world. The love of peace is the most evident proof that these two great people are worthy of the liberty they enjoy: a liberty which desires no extension, beyond what ensures the execution of law, for the security of all classes of society.

Let us, gentlemen, profit by every opportunity to make the bond firmer. The agreement of England and France insures the peace of the world."

Mr. Lloyd, our foreman, well reciprocated the above sentiments; with the aid of the Boulogne and other Champagne, he told them off in grand style. He entreated his French hearers to visit England, and to allow the English the opportunity to return the kindness and attention, we had so abundantly received on that day. As an old Yeomanry Cavalry Officer, he addressed a few words to the Officers of the National Guard, which seemed agreeable to that body, as they warmly cheered him.

We stayed at Amiens three quarters of an hour to dine, which was a complete scene of crush, crash, and confusion, owing to the railway saloons not being sufficiently spacious for the purpose, some persons dining with Duke Humphrey—others paying twice as much as they need to have done—others again walking away scot free. Upon the whole, however, I believe that equity was administered in this respect admirably, without reference to the Masters in Chancery, the Lord High Chancellor of either country, Vices, or even Master of the Rolls. I certainly paid

twice as much as I ought to have done ; Chum paid nothing. Q. E. D.

Emerging upon the platform, we found it all alive with festive demonstrations of all descriptions. The day was propitious—the sun shining—and every class seemed to have put on their best, and to vie with each other to do honour to the occasion. Uniforms of endless variety—regular, and irregular; Civic Officers wearing cocked hats, straight swords, and peculiar costume—elegant looking ladies, waving their white handkerchiefs in the wind, and uttering “vivats, vive les Anglais,” with uncommon vivacity. Bands of music, brass and otherwise, parading about the platform and playing—all done with that evident desire to please, so pleasing were the prominent objects of attraction.

At half-past four we resumed our route, and were whirled along the line of the chemin-de-fer with very considerable velocity—carriages extremely comfortable—guage about a medium—the happy medium perhaps, between the rivalries of the London and North Western, and the Great Western. Traffic next to none—we only met two trains, and those small indeed compared with the leviathans which take their

pastime upon the two English lines above-mentioned.

The country is flat, and of itself uninteresting—hardly a hedge to be seen the whole way. Trees: Poplars and such soft sort of woods—I did not see a handsome Forest tree. The villas very few and far between, and presenting to the practised eye of a Briton an uncouth and uncomfortable appearance. Villages; mean, dirty, and straggling—more like Irish, than English—a little whitewash here and there, but not an ounce of paint any where. The churches ancient, and out of harmony with the existing state of things, having evidently been built when the church was rich and rampant; the clergy and nobles every thing, the people nothing.

At the time of the revolution in 1789, the total number of ecclesiastics was 114,000, including 19,000 regular clergy, and 32,000 nuns of all orders. Their annual revenues amounted to 72 millions of francs, and the tithes to 70 millions, giving a sum total of 142 millions.

The total number of catholic clergy in France in 1847, was about 42,000, comprising 15 archbishops, 65 Bishops, 176 Vicars-General, 661 Canons, 3301 Curates, and 28,501 Priests of Eglises Succursales,

(answering to our Chapels of Ease.) Funds have been voted for 300 more. To these may be added 8,500 Theological Students, intended for the priesthood. The Archbishop of Paris has 40,000 francs; the other Archbishops 15,000 francs each; and the Bishops 10,000 francs. The salaries of the Vicars-General and Canons vary from 2000 to 4000 francs; those of Cures from 1200 to 1500 francs. The number of Convents for Nuns of different orders is about 3000, and the number of Nuns about 24,000. There are also in France convents of Trappists, Carthusians, Capuins, and Benedictines; besides the priests of St. Sulpice. The total cost of the catholic clergy in France in 1846, was estimated at 36,318,900 francs. There are 411 Calvinist Ministers; 230 Lutherans; 8 Jewish Rabbins; and 86 Ministers of other denominations.

The churches are frequently of a cruciform structure, I suppose, as a short tower, springing from the centre, is their prevailing feature. The face of the country is variegated with an endless series of petty freeholds of all sizes and shapes, from a pennyworth, they say, to a thousand pounds' worth and upwards, without anything to denote a division, except the

difference that exists in the course of cultivation, I saw hardly any cows, and how the sheep are kept from straying upon the wheat and other white crops about the fallows where they generally congregate, passes my comprehension.

Women appeared more frequently employed in agricultural processes than the men, wearing huge handkerchiefs upon their heads, clogs and coarse stockings, presenting any thing rather than the idea of their being agreeable specimens of the fair sex.

The country, in short, the whole way seemed to be a sort of second edition of Salisbury Plain, and if the rest of France resemble it, where the thirty-four millions of inhabitants that enliven its surface stow themselves, is a mystery past my comprehension. And then the right of road to a freehold, the size of a counterpane, half a mile from the common highway, over properties of equal or smaller extent, must be an incorporeal hereditament of a most extraordinary character, and if enjoyed without trespass or heart-burning, must be the very triumph of "Liberté Egalité, et Fraternité." But there must be something more in all this than meets the eye, mental or bodily, or the people would never have sat down with

its apparent inconveniences, so long and so easily as they have done since the introduction of the present system of property in 1791. In that year Mirabeau, with his parting breath, dictated reasons for depriving individuals of the power to make wills that favoured unequal inheritances, earnestly entreating that those, his last words might be read in the Assembly, which they were, and carried by acclamation, and have been acted upon ever since, with a singular alteration in 1794, six months before the fall of Robespierre.

It indulged the possessors of property with a power to dispose of a small portion of it, but upon condition that it should not be exercised in favour of their own families, but of strangers. So the law remained until the Consulate restored some degree of common sense to revolutionary legislation, and in March, 1800, parents were permitted to dispose of a certain portion of their estate in favour of their children.

Then came the Code Napoleon, and a slight amendment introduced under the Restoration, by which a parent is allowed to limit to a grandchild or a nephew the share to which a child or a brother may be entitled, which leaves the law as it is at present, and as may be found more fully stated under date 8th inst.

In April, 1791, the original law was passed after a long discussion, rendered remarkable by Talleyrand reading from the tribune the speech in favour of the new law, which Mirabeau, who died the same morning, had intended to deliver. The law was also supported by Petion and Robespierre, for the purpose was, as Mirabeau confessed, that of laying the axe to the very root of aristocracy, a mischievous tree, the lopping of a few branches of which, would do no good. That was the object then, and its success has been written in lines of blood upon the face of France and of Europe! The same purpose seems to exist in England, probably with the school of Messrs. Bright, Cobden, & Co., and it will be our own fault, if, with the fate of France before our eyes, those gentlemen are allowed to carry their conceited and crabbed ends into effect. I trust the legislature will take time by the forelock, and give them checkmate in their notable scheme of swamping the county constituencies with their new-fangled forty shillings freeholders, by enacting that the forty shillings of Henry the 6th's time, be increased to—something like its relative value in Queen Victoria's reign—twenty pounds or upwards, (see Blackstone, vol. 1.)

If the principle be a correct one, as I believe it is, that the law of property always determines the form of government, then, the French law is revolutionary, always was, and always will be; its only congenial element and product, being red republicanism, socialism, and communism, introducing endless misery and confusion, casting the apple of discord, into the cauldron of despair.

However, we had nothing to complain of, in our reception from the few habitants, we did meet. We were evidently expected—a favoured race,—and our course continued to be one constant ovation, until darkness drew over all things its dusky hood, soon after which, we reached the spacious terminus, which marked our entrance into the gay, glittering, universally talked of, and thought of, revolutionary city of Paris, where, calling a citadine or French cab, we were speedily whisked away to Meurice's Hotel, about a mile off, through streets, and by shops, that, in that fitful, and uncertain light, might easily have passed muster, for London streets and shops; and where, after having been put into possession of our singular sleeping apartments, sat down, with other English faces, to a substantial repast, furnished to us, by M.

Caillez, the present proprietor, and host, at our expense, not Mr. Crisp's, his liabilities being confined to bed and breakfast. We sat long, and conversed cheerfully upon the events of the past day, and the promises of the ensuing.

6th APRIL.—GOOD FRIDAY—FINE DAY.

Slept well, in a French bed, which, I believe, is generally considered, to be a fine composer — more so than the English—my “singular sleeping apartment,” as I before called it, being somewhat of the smallest; not large enough to swing a cat in; but then, as Dr. Johnson says, “I do not want to swing a cat;” chest of drawers, with key; stove opposite — which seems to say, that the climate of Paris, is sometimes passing cold—the window looking upon an oblong yard, surrounded by buildings six stories high, belonging to the hotel; part of them being private sitting rooms, other part, bed rooms, of which, I am told, they can make up three hundred in this hotel. To cleanse the white walls of which, men use, not ladders, which would be most unwieldy and dangerous to manage, but strong ropes fastened to the roof, well studded every two feet, with very thick knots: upon this rope,

reminding one of Shakspeare's lines upon Dover Cliff, "How fearful and dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes below," they fearlessly suspend themselves, and do the needful with a whitewash brush. Along this height of wall again, I observed an ingenious contrivance, I suppose to facilitate escape in case of fire, in strong iron cramps driven into the wall, about two feet asunder, and about as many wide, and long. Each apartment is numbered, upon the outside, (mine being 36 bis,) and has a French key, which the occupant generally turns in quitting it, and either keeps it in his pocket, or deposits it at the concierge or porter's lodge, which it is unnecessary to do, inasmuch as the inmates there have a duplicate.

Walked with A. F. M. before breakfast, in the gardens of the Tuileries, which command a full front, or westerly view of that ancient edifice, so rich in recollections, of the greatest possible interest.

It appears, at present, to be equally unowned, and unoccupied, except by those ludicrous, ubiquitous, and invisible individuals, carrying on some sort of business, under the figurative firm of "Liberté, Egalité et Fraternité," whose names appear, often enough inscribed upon its walls, but in characters becoming

old, and in the opinion of many persons, here, as obsolete and forlorn, as the "trees of liberty," that the rabble, called red republicans, in their frenzy, tore up and transplanted last year, but which have always hitherto forgot to flourish, and look as much like scare-crows, as the diabolical opinions and actions of their uprooters are, always were, and always will be, in the judgment, and opinion of the great mass of mankind.

In the Place du Carrousel, so called from a grand tournament, held here, by Louis XIV, in 1662, the principal object of attraction is the triumphal arch, erected by Napoleon in 1806, 45 feet high, 60 long, and 20 wide. Upon an entablature, is a low attic, crowned with a triumphal car and four bronze horses, cast in imitation of the famous Corinthian horses, which Napoleon, having the organ of appropriation largely developed, stole, and brought here, from the Piazza of St. Mark, Venice, in 1797, and which were returned thither, by the allied powers, in 1815.

This arch is considered to be one of the finest public works in Paris, but it appears to me, to be too small for the great areas of the Carrousel, and of the court of the Tuileries, which it overlooks, both of which, are far more interesting to me, as being the

places, where "the child and champion of Jacobinism" was wont (for so many years, as I used to read in the newspapers, when France was a sealed book to England,) to be chronicled as having reviewed the holocausts of victims, in the shape of soldiers—he sacrificed upon the shrine of his mad ambition—through the court of the Louvre, to the quay fronting that prodigious palace, between the bridges Pont Royal and Pont Neuf, which command such a fine view of that front, 525 feet long, by 85 feet high.

I was also agreeably surprised, by this, my first view of the Seine, which is a much handsomer river than I had any idea of. It is about one-third as wide as the Thames, at Waterloo Bridge, is crossed by 27 beautiful bridges, 7 of which are suspension, 3 iron and stone, one wood, and the rest stone; adorned upon each side, with magnificent quays, affording an unrivalled esplanade walk of eleven miles; its waters are clear and blue; enlivened by no commerce, except many large floating establishments, in the shape of baths and wash houses; not for scrubbing the great unwashed, and their integuments, but the sovereign people, and their robes, or rags, as represented in the persons, or their attornies, of the figurative firm afore-

said, "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité," the discrepancy nevertheless, between such sorts of implications, and the real state of affairs here, being truly ludicrous.

The streets we strolled through, are exceedingly well paved with square granite stones and a sufficient space next the walls, appropriated for pedestrians, by means of good curb stones, outside such pavement, but this is too frequently covered only, with granite stones, not flags, which are much more easy to walk upon than stones, but which is again, a very great improvement upon the state of things, prior to 1789, when the civilization, and comfort, of the lower and middle classes, was the last thing thought of, by the rulers in high places.

Hot cross buns, in honour of the day, were exposed to sale in the streets, at stalls, and in some shop windows; none of which were closed, as is so generally the custom in England upon this great anniversary in the Christian Church.

The portion of the party quartered with ourselves at Meurice's, consisted of a merchant and watchmaker, from the city of London; two country surgeons; two gentlemen from Wiltshire; two ironmongers, a bookseller, a tailor, and an innkeeper, from one, and

the self-same midland borough town; besides several others, names and occupations unknown.

We had a most substantial English breakfast, (Mr. Crisp had ample justice done to us in that respect,) solid cold meats; including bear, and other hams; eggs in abundance, kept hot, by putting a dozen or so together, when boiled, under a napkin; the best of bread and butter, &c. I suspect M. Caillez would rather keep some of us a week than a fortnight.

Lord Brougham, and, it is said, the late British Nightingale, Miss Stephens, now the Dowager Countess of Essex, also arrived at Meurice's last evening, but being in private apartments, we saw but little of his eccentric lordship, and nothing at all of her exquisite ladyship. Who would have dreamt, even this time twenty years, of their names, or either of them, being enrolled in the Pantheon of the British Peerage? I thought his lordship looked exceedingly well; the heavy hand of time has laid its digits but lightly on him. He seems straighter, stouter, and altogether better, than when I first saw him at the Lancaster March Assizes, 1814.

After breakfast most of our party, and some recruits repaired to Mr. Crisp's head quarters, Hôtel des

Princes, rue de Richelieu, to confer with him, as to what was the next step, he would advise us to take. He procured us a guide, to pioneer the way, to some of the principal lions, whom we followed, like the bell-wether of the flock, in rank and file, along the streets, our procession attracting universal attention "Les Anglais" being frequently uttered by the star gazers.

During our progress, I was struck with the length of the rue de Richelieu, though that was doubtless, in some degree, the effect of novelty upon ignorance, with the height, age, and picturesque appearance of most of the houses, and with a fine monumental statue of Molière, at the corner of rue Fontaine Molière, which is always as sparkling and as flowing as his wit. There are besides fifty other fountains in different parts of Paris, contributing, at once, to its embellishment, and salubrity.

We then crossed the Pont Neuf, consisting of two unequal portions, that, from the Ile de la Cité, to the northern bank of the Seine, comprising seven circular arches, and that to the southern bank, only five. Its total length being 1020 feet by 78.

On a square area, upon an island, at the junction of the two parts, is a bronze statue of Henri IV,

erected by public subscription, in 1818, to replace one which the revolutionary rabble destroyed in 1792.

Proceeding along the quais de Horloge and Napoleon, we arrived at length, at the Cathedral of Notre Dame, the great western front of which is just about receiving the last finishing touch, of a complete restoration, effected, at a vast expense, by the municipality of Paris. It is of a regular cruciform structure, 390 feet long, by an average width of about 135; abounds in sculptures, and paintings, to describe which, would be equally tedious, and uninteresting, especially, as particulars of them, are doubtless to be found, in the guide books, as well as of thirty chapels, dedicated to as many different saints, most of them apparently, of French, or foreign manufacture.

Service was going on, in the choir, which forms comparatively, a very small portion of the venerable fabric. The congregation was almost entirely composed of women, with a very, very small sprinkling of men, only three, not sufficient to vary the monotonous uniformity, produced by the vast preponderance of the fair sex. In the nave, and other parts, a number of persons, principally men, were wandering about, ex-

amining the numerous chapels, confessionals, and paintings, that beset the walls.

We left our party to follow their own devices, and bent our steps to the British Ambassador's Chapel, rue d'Aguesseau, near the hotel of the embassy, Faubourg St. Honoré. Its style is Gothic. The internal decorations are plain and neat. It consists of a nave 50 feet high, and is lighted by painted windows at each end, and by three skylights in the roof. The organ is placed behind the altar, which is spacious; the rails of which will accommodate fifty communicants and is ornamented with a fine painting by Annibal Caracci. All the furniture and fittings are of oak. There is a spacious triangular gallery for the use of the ambassador, his family and suite. The chapel was erected in 1833, at the expense of the late Bishop Luscombe, chaplain to the embassy, and will seat 800 persons: there are besides this two other English episcopal chapels, the Marbœuf Chapel, 10 bis Avenue Marbœuf, Champs Elysées, and the Protestant Church of England, in the rue Chauchat. There is also an Independent Chapel, 44, rue de Provence—Service in French and English, and a Wesleyan Chapel, 21, rue Royale, St. Honoré—Service ditto. The

clergy of the Church of England in Paris is composed of the chaplain to the embassy, and four ministers, and there are about 36 others, in different parts of the kingdom—meaning republic.

Service commenced at half-past eleven. We paid 2 francs for two seats in a side gallery, which was about half filled, the body below about three fourths, by a congregation, all evidently English. During service time a violent hail storm occurred, which gave audible proofs of its existence by the pelting noise it produced upon the sky lights. The Sacrament was not administered, nor was Lord Normanby, our ambassador, present.

In the afternoon I went to Galignani's celebrated establishment, situate up a gateway and court yard, 18, Rue Vivienne, and ordered some French books I had a catalogue of, from Mamma, for our young folks, and subscribed 3 francs, or 2s. 6d. English, for a week's permission to peruse the English papers, which seem to flourish and abound here, and are as grateful to our eyes, as an oasis in the desert.

We dined at the table d'hôte at Meurice's at half-past five, in the same apartment we supped and breakfasted in: it will accommodate 80 persons, com-

fortably, and was about half filled. Plates of pottage, otherwise soup, commenced the repast; mutton cutlets, and a vast variety of other dishes, were handed round, by a crowd of waiters, in rapid succession, most of the dishes being disguised, and unknown to me, by sight, smell, or otherwise.

At 7, we adjourned to the Palais Royal, where we amused ourselves, for several hours, by strolling about the garden, which is an oblong, 700 feet long by 300, ornamented with marble statues, long rows of lime trees, a circular basin of water, fed by a fountain; watching the proceedings of other parties of strollers, or the cheerful antics of playful, agile children, which are always pleasing, because always natural, and interesting, as invoking a retrospective review, within older breasts; or gazing in at the shop windows, all upon the ground floor, of an Arcade, describing the four unequal sides of the Palace square. They are amongst the most elegant of the kind, in Paris, are arranged, with the greatest regard to neatness, and taste, and being principally devoted to objects of bijouterie, and vertu, produce a brilliant effect, especially in an evening, when the premises are lighted up with gas, and crowded with company. The fruiterers'

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shops, even at this unpropitious season, are well worth a visit; strawberries, and green peas shelled, are exposed to sale, in all of them, though, probably, from their blanched appearance, are forced, expensive, and somewhat tasteless. Owing to my ignorance of the language, I did not attempt to enquire into the particulars of their price, cost of production, &c.

The Palais Royal has been called, and not unaptly, the Capital of Paris, an *Imperium in imperio*, as it is more frequently resorted to, by all classes of people, than any other part of the city: the ground floors are appropriated to the shops, the first floor to the restaurants, and cafés, as well as to offices, of all descriptions.

Below the ground floor again, are subterranean passages, and apartments, devoted, exclusively, to the amusement, &c. of the lower orders. The lower orders!! Oh! *Liberté, Egalité, Fraternité!* “*Pardonnez moi, mes amis.*” Here are to be seen, dancing dogs, and dancing devils, conjurors, musicians, magicians, quack doctors, and metaphysicians, gamblers, and blacklegs, ladies, and gents of all sorts, and sizes. This underground Elysium, however, has but an indiffer-ent character, but, whether it is really worse

than the Paradise above, is a problem, probably of difficult solution; as Fielding used to say, the only difference he knew, between high and low life in London, was, in hearing the same things said before a dozen of wax lights at the west end of the Town, or a couple of moulds in the city; but then to be sure there is the manner of saying it,

“For manners make the man,
Quoth William of Wickham.”

However, the Parisians, with whom the Palais Royal is a prime favourite, do not scruple to say, that there is but one Palais Royal in the wide world, and that they are in possession of it; and taking all circumstances into consideration, it is perhaps, as well for the rest of the world, that there is but one.

To persons, however, well versed in Parisian politics, since the erection of the Palais Royal, by Cardinal Richelieu, it is extremely interesting, from the crowd of historical circumstances connected with it. As early as Anne of Austria, in 1643, the troubles of the Fronde commenced here; the orgies, of which it was the scene, during the days of the Regent Orleans, are more than sufficiently commemorated in his memoirs

and they were, to a certain extent, revived during the days of his descendant, the wretched *Egalité*. The club of the Jacobins was first formed here, as was that of the Thermidoreans. The Dantonists met at the *Café de Foy*; the Girondists at the *Café de Chartres*; and it still remains, the same favourite resort of politicians, idlers, gourmands, gamblers, speculators, and small rentiers, who may be said, almost to reside within its walls. The shopkeepers also have the reputation of being greatly addicted to impose upon John Bull, and it is said to be always advisable to offer them, only a moiety of what they originally demand. I wish I could say this evil were confined to the *Palais Royal*; but, as far as my observation goes, it extends itself over all other parts of Paris.

We had *café-au-lait*, in a circular apartment, in the garden, adjoining an arcade near the *Gallerie Valois*, abounding in the choicest coffees, and in customers—the current literature of the day, and in waiters,—the whole, from the hum and bustle, constantly pervading it, reminding one somewhat of a bee-hive—the customers inside and out, being the drones; the waiters, the busy bees; the lady presiding at the desk, the

queen bee; who sets and keeps the whole concern in constant, and perpetual motion.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7th.

Rose early, and walked in the beautiful garden of the Tuileries, and environs. The gardens are separated from the rue de Rivoli, by a tall, handsome iron railing, having gilt spear heads; and from the quay running between them and the river, by stone walls. They are 67 acres in extent; their length being 2256 feet, and their breadth about half as much; a vast parallelogram.

The palace was commenced in the sixteenth, and completed in the seventeenth century, is a large, long, and lofty pile, extending above 1000 feet from north to south; exhibits various orders of architecture, and is higher at the extremities, than in the centre: but this irregularity, though unusual, is productive of no bad effect. It is upon the whole, a truly royal and imposing edifice, and possesses (especially when viewed through the vistas of the groves, formed at the farthest, or westerly extremity of the garden,) an air of romantic grandeur. Among the decorations of the gardens, are many fine statues, bronzes, and casts.

The following are a few of them, on entering from the rue de Rivoli, a fawn playing upon a flute; the Scythian knife-grinder, who disclosed to Brutus the conspiracy of his sons; Venus in a sitting posture with a tortoise, in bronze; also the shepherd and his dog; Diana drawing the arrow from the quiver; Cupid bending his bow; Cupid and Psyche and Zephyr presenting a wreath of flowers to Flora. Fronting these are two statues, Spartacus; and a husbandman contemplating the bones which his ploughshare had exposed, while turning up the soil of a field of battle, a piece of statuary of rare talent. Close by a circular basin, upon the right, in which, as well as in two corresponding basins adjoining, where gold and silver fish disport themselves, is Daphne transformed into a laurel; the carrying off of Proserpine; the death of Lucretia; Atlas bearing aloft the world; Æneas carrying his father from the flames of Troy, and leading his son, Ascanius, by the hand. In other parts, are Theseus killing the Minotaur, and Cadmus destroying the serpent, and Prometheus chained to the rock. There are also beautiful allegorical representations of the four seasons. In short, it is evident, that no expense, or trouble, has been spared, to ren-

der these premises, one of the most fashionable, and fascinating of promenades.

The part of the garden adjoining the palace, is appropriated to flower beds; but by far the greatest portion, consists of groves of chesnut, elm, plane and lime trees. West of the groves, is a large octagonal basin of water, all alive with gold and silver fish, and adjoining it again, are parterres for flowers. Beyond all these, is a wide passage, with iron gates, leading into the Place de la Concorde, heretofore called Place Louis 15th, and Place de la Révolution: a place, indeed, at once famous, and infamous! the spot, the stage, the scene, where that terrible tragedy, called the "Reign of Terror," was for so many months, and years, principally performed. Close to the centre, where the obelisk of Luxor, now stands, (a magnificent relic of ancient Egypt, being one single stone, 72 feet 3 inches high, 7 feet 6 inches wide at the base, and 5 feet 4 inches near the top, containing 1600 Egyptian characters, erected originally in front of the Great Temple of Thebes, 1550 years before Christ, presented by Mehemet Ali to the French government in 1830, and removed to, and erected here, at a great expense, in 1836,) Louis 16th was decapitated, 21st

January, 1793. (Abbé Edgeworth says, "the last words he uttered were, — I die innocent of all the crimes laid to my charge. I pardon those who have occasioned my death, and I pray to God, that the blood you are going to shed, may never be visited upon France")—July 17th, Charlotte Corday—October 2nd, Brissot, and 29 of his colleagues—October 16th, Marie Antoinette—and on the 14th November, the wretched *Egalité*. On March 24th, 1794, the Hebertists, Maratists, and Orleanists—on April 8th, the Dantonists, including the ferocious Danton himself, the founder of the Revolutionary tribunal, to which he thus, by a righteous and retributive justice, fell a victim; and Camille Desmoulins—and May 12th, the Princess Elizabeth, sister to Louis 16th—on July 28th, Robespierre himself, and his brother, St. Just and Couthon—on the 29th, seventy members of the commune de Paris; and on the day following, twelve more. From January 21st, 1793, to May 3rd, 1795, more than 2800 persons were guillotined upon this spot, besides those who were decapitated at the Place de Grève, and at the Bastile, when the monster machine was "en ambulance;" and the thousands that were assassinated in the streets, pala-

ces, gaols, prisons, and convents. Well may Count Ségur, in the third and concluding volume of his life of Frederick William 2nd, speaking of this dreadful period, exclaim: "No one could sleep in safety, or awake without alarm. Every man was apprehensive, lest his fellow-citizen might be a spy, a denunciator, or an enemy; the slightest noise at the door of a house, spread alarm in families; they always thought they saw the arrival of robbers and gaolers. Men, the most violent in favour of the Revolution, were not long secure by the pledges they had given. All were equally exposed to the suspicion, and obnoxious to the fury, of the new Syllas of France."

"The same scaffold exhibited a scene, in which, were successively sacrificed, the zealous royalist, the intrepid constitutionalist, the fanatical priest, the sanguinary Jacobin, the opulent financier, the obscure artificer, the celebrated philosopher, the shameless prostitute, the innocent virgin, and the ferocious anarchist."

At present, however, all these horrors exist only in the mind, memory, and understanding and in that appreciation of the past which we hope will effectually prevent any repetition of such sanguinary scenes in

future; a change has indeed, come o'er the spirit of *its* dream, *its* referring to the Place Louis 15th; de la Révolution; de la Concorde—fairies, instead of furies; fountains, in lieu of scaffolds; elegant marble forms and figures, in place of a holocaust of frightful and horrible victims.

The fountains in the Place de la Concorde are the most beautiful in the world. They consist each of a circular basin, 50 feet in diameter, out of which arise two smaller basins, the upper and smaller one, being inverted, their diameter is 12 and 20 feet; six figures 9 feet in height are seated around, separated from each other by sporting, and spouting dolphins—six large dolphins held by as many tritons and nereids sporting in the large, and highly ornamented basin below, spout water into the second one. The shaft of the inverted basin is surrounded by three upright figures of winged children, standing upon inverted shells, with swans by their sides, also spouting water. The effect of the whole is complete, the very triumph of the principle, that “distances duly proportioned create pleasurable sensations in the mind.”

Would that I could say as much, for their cockney cousins in Trafalgar Square, London—verily the

French beat us hollow, in Trafalgar fountains, whatever they may do in Trafalgar fights.

The Place de la Concorde, instead of being as heretofore, an interruption between the Tuileries and the Champs Elysées, now gives an elegant form and finish to the whole. The terraces of the garden of the Tuileries bound it upon the east, and the Champs Elysées upon the west; upon the north are two magnificent edifices, each 288 feet long; one being public offices, the other private residences; the rue Royale now de la Concorde, which runs between them, is thirty yards wide, by 1200 long; an uninterrupted view is obtained of it, from one extremity to the other; from the Madeleine, on the north, to the Chamber of Deputies on the south. Adjoining these upon the upper bank of the Seine, is a long line of noble hotels; and towering above them, all beyond the Chamber of Deputies, is the beautiful Dôme of the Hôtel des Invalides.

The Place de la Concorde is an octagon, 750 feet long from north to south, and 528 feet from east to west. From the reign of Louis XV, to the year 1836, it was more or less, a vast, unoccupied, irregular region, where "rubbish might be shot" and all that

sort of thing. It was reserved for the citizen King, to give the finishing stroke to the improvements, commenced in 1763, continued by Napoleon, Louis XVIII, and Charles X, and only completed by Louis Philippe, to whom Paris is infinitely indebted, (whatever his motives may have been, which, being almost always edge tools, the less people trouble themselves about them, the better,) for finishing some of its finest monuments:—la Place de la Concorde, for instance; l'Arc de Triomphe; la Madeleine; le Palais du Quai d'Orsay; St Denis.

After breakfast, I accompanied A. F. M. to the Palais Elysée Bourbon, the residence of the President Louis Napoleon, (to whom he had a letter, from his Father) where his Uncle, "the spoiled child of Fortune," quartered himself, after his extinguishment at Waterloo. He warmed the bed for his great antagonist, who was quickly at his heels, and who took up his abode here, during his last sojourn in Paris, with the allied Sovereigns. Adjoining the bed room, is an apartment, next the garden, where Napoleon signed his second abdication; and from which he passed, when he made his last exit from Paris, to a carriage waiting in the Champs Elysées, to convey him to

Malmaison, where he lingered for four or five days under circumstances of very considerable jeopardy, as is explained in page

“The desolator, desolate,
The victor overthrown,
The arbiter of others' fate,
A suppliant for his own.”

Our next visit was to the Champs Elysées, where all Paris turns out to sun itself, and take the dust, upon fine days and summer evenings. It extends from the Place de la Concorde, to the Barrière de l'Etoile, a distance of about a mile, by a width varying from 300 to 700 yards. It was upon this site that the Duke of Wellington encamped his army of Invincibles, in 1815; to my mind, its pretensions to beauty are very slight; the trees look too much like birch besoms, and the grass is sadly disfigured and trodden underfoot. It is planted in avenues of trees, and in an evening is lighted by gas. It always bears some resemblance to an English fair, as booths, shows, gingerbread stalls, toy stalls, merry-go-rounds, and other similar gewgaws are the order of the day upon it, at irregular intervals. Though it must be

acknowledged, that these amusements of the Parisians are sufficiently trivial, yet upon the other hand, it must also be admitted, that they are almost always accompanied by temperance and constitutional cheerfulness.

After strolling about, until we were fairly fatigued, we embraced the tempting opportunity of an omnibus that drove by, inscribed "Neuilly," "to kill two birds with one stone," and mounting upon the roof, rode five miles out of town, in the direction of that favourite retreat of Louis Philippe, passing by the celebrated Triumphal Arch, commenced in 1806, at the suggestion of Napoleon, and after exercising the talents of nine architects, only completed in 1836, at the enormous expense of £386,000. It is 152 feet high, 137 wide, and 68 feet in thickness. Its extraordinary dimensions are quite overpowering, and produce an impression upon the mind, that is more easily conceived than described. It is dotted with the names of the victories, the great man achieved or claimed; and with allegorical representations of some of them; of things in general, and of human nature, in particular: agriculture, for instance, even unto the sword being transformed into the ploughshare: a pantomime, I

expect, the great man would be loth to play clown to: We then proceeded along a splendid and spacious highway, planted upon each side, with a double row of stately elms; the carriage drive being enlivened by innumerable vehicles, market carts, military wag-gons, carriages and omnibuses of all descriptions; one of them was driven by a woman, who handling the ribbons with great dexterity, seemed as if she were quite at home, at her ease and in her native element, born and bred upon the box, and both able and willing to dispense one a Roland for an Oliver; a box on the ear to any one, who should presume to dispute her right divine, to such pre-eminence. I have thus seen women in France, engaged in ploughing and in jockeying; I am told, also, that they are frequently employed in shaving the men, with real soap and steel. One sometimes hears in England, metaphorically, of their performing such feats upon their lords and masters, but that is confined to cash, not chins.

During our drive, we crossed the bridge of Neuilly, consisting of five arches, each 120 feet span, and 30 in height: the Seine, which it spans here, looks very handsome. It also possesses some historical interest; in the three months' campaign of 1815, as Captain

Siborne, in the second volume of his beautiful book, page 469, says, "During the contest at Issy, the detachments on the left of the first Prussian corps, under Captain Van Krenskys, were engaged rather sharply with the enemy, between St. Cloud and Neuilly, which ended in the French being driven back upon the bridge at the latter place, towards which point also, a body of British troops was advancing. Thus Ziethen's corps, the same that had opened the campaign with the actions along the Sambre, had the honour of concluding it with those at Issy and Neuilly on the Seine."

During the drive also, we repeatedly came in sight of different portions of the fortifications of Paris, commenced by the citizen king, in 1841, and completed at such an enormous expense, five or six years afterwards. Fosses, ditches, inclosures, detached forts, drawbridges, &c. It was a favourite project of Louis Philippe, who however, omitted to take into his calculation, the moral as well as the material part of the project; viz. his own caprice or cowardice, which completely neutralized all that his craft and cunning had so carefully wrought. The works are at least forty miles in circumference, and when mounted with

the 2238 cannon, mortars, and howitzers, necessary for their armament, and the half million of soldiers, and the millions upon millions of combustibles and projectiles, equally necessary, they will form such a fortification as the world never saw yet, and I hope and trust never will see.

We had flattered ourselves that our destination was the park and palace of Neuilly, but to our dismay the garçon who drove us and who cheated us as a matter of course, in the fare he took, or rather in the amount of change he returned us, out of the coin I gave him, guided his vehicle into the yard of an auberge, which forms the westerly extremity of his diurnal drives; and our deficiency in the language, stood sadly in the way of our obtaining the necessary information, as to where abouts, and how far off, the palace really was. We were therefore reduced to the dire necessity of strolling about, for upwards of half an hour, in a dirty, disagreeable suburb, until a welcome signal announced to us the departure of the next omnibus, to "the Eye of France." Our above-mentioned ignorance reminded me much of a splendid paragraph of Talleyrand's, in a work he published in America, entitled "Memoirs of the com-

mercial relations of the United States with Great Britain," as follows:—

"America still remains English, in the greatest part of her habits. Identity of language is a fundamental relation, upon whose influence we cannot too deeply meditate. This identity places between the men of those two countries, a common character, which will always enable them to attach themselves to, and recognize each other. They will mutually think themselves at home, when they travel into each others country. They will have a reciprocal pleasure in the interchange of their thoughts, and in every discussion of their interests. But an insurmountable barrier is raised up between people of a different language, who cannot utter a word, without recollecting that they do not belong to the same country; between whom, every transmission of thought is an irksome labour, not an enjoyment, who never succeed perfectly to understand each other, and with whom the result of conversation, after the fatigue of unavailing efforts, is to find themselves mutually ridiculous. In every part of America, through which I have travelled, I have not seen one Englishman who did not feel himself to be an Ameri-



Handwritten text in a cursive script, likely a letter or a document. The text is written on a light-colored background and is somewhat faded and blurry. The script is dense and fills the right side of the image.

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being appointed Regent: and some splendid originals of Van Dyck and other great Masters. Such a collection I never saw before; (then what must it have been in 1814!) such space to shew them in; the four galleries describing a square, are seen to the greatest advantage, during different hours of the day, as the sun happens to favour their several and respective sides, alternately, with his beams. Many artists, male and female, principally the latter, were intently employed, copying their, or other people's favourite pieces.

We did not see a twentieth part of the treasures that this palace contains, reserving the remainder for that to-morrow, which never arrived.

"To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,
Creeps in this petty pace, from day to day,
To the last syllable of recorded time;
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!
Life's but a walking shadow."

I thought me while traversing what we did see of the Louvre, and of the historical events connected with it, how that in 1572 Charles IX, its owner and then king, ordered the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and that he himself for several days,

can, not one Frenchman, who did not find himself to be a foreigner."

Well might Mr. Edward Everitt, of Boston, New England, late ambassador from the U. S. to old England, exclaim upon landing at Dover, after having made the tour of Europe,—“The sound of my native language, beyond the sea, is as music to my ears, beyond the richest strains of Tuscan softness, or Castilian majesty.”

The vehicle set us down at its terminus, in the Place du Carrousel, and we immediately repaired to the Louvre and spent a couple of hours most agreeably, in wandering over four of its immense galleries, two upon the ground, and two upon the first floor; admiring also, the magnificent staircase connecting them, and the superb collection of paintings and sculpture, we saw.

Among them, are the original painting, by Titian, of our Saviour and disciples, at the supper table at Emmaus; Virgin and Child, by Sasso Ferrato, a copy of which, is at Alton Towers; the glorious originals by Rubens, of the fine French engravings we have at home, of Mary de Medici's picture being presented to Henri Quatre, their marriage, her coronation, and

being appointed Regent: and some splendid originals of Van Dyck and other great Masters. Such a collection I never saw before; (then what must it have been in 1814!) such space to shew them in; the four galleries describing a square, are seen to the greatest advantage, during different hours of the day, as the sun happens to favour their several and respective sides, alternately, with his beams. Many artists, male and female, principally the latter, were intently employed, copying their, or other people's favourite pieces.

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I bethought me while traversing what we did see of the Louvre, and of the historical events connected with it, how that in 1572, Charles IX, its owner and occupier, ordered the dreadful massacre of St. Bartholomew to commence, firing himself for several days,

from the windows, upon his protestant subjects, (endeavouring to flee from the perfidious arts, by which he had lured them to Paris, to their destruction) sacrificing there, and in the provinces, 70,000 of his best subjects, upon the accursed altars of superstition and fanaticism. But even those base passions, were unable long to protect him, to stifle within his bosom the voice of nature, and of conscience that tormented him. Sully, in his memoirs, says, "It was not long, before Charles felt the most violent remorse for the barbarous action he had been forced to commit. From the evening of the 24th of August, he was observed to groan, involuntarily, at the recital of a thousand acts of cruelty, which every one boasted of, in his presence. Sleeping or waking, the murdered Huguenots seemed ever present to his eyes, with ghastly faces, and weltering in their blood. He died about two years afterwards, on the day of Pentecost, at the castle of Vincennes, in the most exquisite torments, and bathed in his own blood; the cruel massacre of St. Bartholomew's day, was always present in his mind, and he continued to the last, by tears and groans, to shew the grief and remorse he felt for it.

Pope Gregory XIII however, stood sponsor to the

massacre with a vengeance; he struck a medal to commemorate the event, which may still be purchased at the Papal mint; ("Truly ye bear witness that ye allow the deeds of your Fathers, for they killed the Prophets, and ye build their sepulchres.") ordered public thanksgivings to be offered up at Rome for it, and sent a legate to Charles, to congratulate him and to exhort him to persevere. Is it possible that this man—the Head and Front of a Church, claiming to be the Mother and Mistress of all Churches, the patron of the Inquisition, which sacrilegiously slew tens and hundreds of thousands more innocent individuals than bled even under the barbarities of St. Bartholomew's day—could have been a Christian? If so, well may Jeremiah, the Prophet, exclaim, "the heart of man is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it?" Was he not rather, "the man of sin, the son of perdition," whose claws, thank God, are cut, whose hours are numbered, and whose day of righteous and retributive justice, seems to be fast approaching?

On quitting the Louvre, we crossed the Pont des Arts, and proceeded along the magnificent Quai d'Orsay, and by the beautiful Palais of that name, com-

pleted by the citizen king, to the Chamber of Deputies then assembled, where we had at first very considerable difficulty in effecting an entrance, so apprehensive are the Government, of the admission of the red republicans, &c., until I bethought me of Mr Crisp's card, before which all doors opened, all difficulties vanished; we went into the gallery, where an officer of the house, seeing we were sadly short of room in the part we first entered, approached, and with great civility, conducted us to a much better place, where for a couple of hours we sat, and saw, and heard (I wish I could add, understood) all that passed, to the greatest advantage. I heard Generals Changarnier, Lamoricière, and M. M. Odillon Barrot, Clermont, Tonnere, and General Oudinot. They all used much action and emphasis, and addressed the assembly from a rostrum, in front of the president, M. Marrast, except General Oudinot, who spoke from his usual and accustomed seat in the side benches, I read soon afterwards in Galignani, the nature and object of the debate. It turned upon a petition, presented by an officer, who, on the dreadful days of June last, surrendered his post and 350 men to the rebels, for which, the minister of war cashiered him; he now

petitioned for a court martial. All the speakers were against him, except General Oudinot, who said he thought he was entitled to what he asked for, for having behaved so well at Waterloo. This word was like introducing a hot cinder into a barrel of gunpowder; it changed a quiet looking Quaker meeting into a regular Irish row. "What has Waterloo to do with it?" roared a hundred angry voices. Of course the petitioner took nothing by his motion, especially as the articles of war are against him. The Assembly upon the whole, produced (this explosion always excepted) a favourable impression upon my mind; they looked quite as much like legislators, as their republican brethren in the House of Representatives at Washington did, in the winter of 1827-8, who have had considerably more experience in such subjects. The American house of Representatives, in 1828 consisted of 213 members only, whereas the French Chamber of Deputies comprises 900, a very great disparity in point of numbers, especially when both or either assemblies, are disposed to be uproarious, an accident that will happen occasionally, in the best regulated families.

I apprehend in fact, that the manners of the

Frenchmen are very materially changed for the better since Bonaparte's days. Soon after his exit, I used to meet multitudes of them, in and about Leicester Square, London, who looked for the most part, like so many unhangd ragamuffins. Curran, in his letter from Paris in 1814, quoted at page seems to have been pretty much of the same opinion. However what he objected to, then, appears now, to have mostly disappeared; even spitting, has become obsolete, the men have regained their politeness and elegance of dress and address—otherwise simplicity of manners—for they seem to be almost convertible terms.

(N. B. Subsequent to our visit this day, the Chamber set apart two portions of the gallery, for the reception of our English Party.)

Before I quitted the precincts, I purchased a “plan figuratif de l'Assemblée Nationale” shewing the names and the seats of the 900 lions, tigers, monkies, crocodiles, and cuckoos, that enliven the benches, and at times, and oftentimes, utter the most extraordinary series of sounds, that were ever heard.

Our next visit was to the Hôtel des Invalides, about a quarter of a mile off, a kind of second edition of

Chelsea Hospital, but as superior to Chelsea, as Greenwich Hospital is. 7000 wounded veterans here find an asylum. A wounded officer accompanied us over a number of the apartments, into the Council Chamber, containing portraits of the Governors; into the Salle d'Attente, displaying portraits of many of the Marshals; and into a Chapel containing their tombs and monuments, where a great number of flags, captured in war, hung up as high as the ceiling. Behind this beautiful chapel, is a second one, underneath the Dôme, which we could not obtain admittance to, owing to Napoleon's tomb there, being still unfinished.

N. B. The day following, Jerome Bonaparte, late king of Westphalia, and now Governor of the Invalides, sent Mr. Crisp a card to the effect that he should attend every day, to shew Napoleon's tomb to the English Party.*

Our guide told us he was wounded at Bantzen. I gave him an English half-crown, which he accepted without hesitation, and we shook hands and parted.

* But my companion and I were not sufficiently awake to appreciate and avail ourselves, of the opportunity to see one such dead brother, and another alive. "Nemo mortaliū" again.

We then proceeded to the Palais Royal, and had an excellent dinner at 6 francs each, at the Restaurant du Café Corazza. It consisted first of all, of potage, being peas soup, hot and excellent, only spoiled with sugar; mutton cutlet, slice of salmon, fried sweet bread, broiled head (a piece by itself) *contellete de bœuf*, whip syllabubs, &c., until we cried, "hold, enough!" After which, we adjourned to Galignani's and refreshed ourselves exceedingly, with the perusal of the "Times" and other English newspapers. This evening room is a trump card to us, a genuine article, half French, half English, harmonizing exactly with our present transitory and hybrid state of existence.

SUNDAY, 8th APRIL.—EASTER SUNDAY.

SHOWERY, WITH OCCASIONAL HAIL STORMS.

After breakfast, my friend and I strolled about the Boulevard des Italiens, one of the most fashionable parts of Paris, and, at present, distinguished by a superior style of houses recently erected, some of the handsomest; and, having seen the principal sights, we regaled ourselves with a cup of chocolate, and then

of the garden of the Tuileries, musing over many things.

Sunday is a very singular sort of day at Paris; when we first quitted Meurice's this morning, we were surprised and sorry to see most of the shop windows open, and almost every person, engaged at his usual and accustomed occupation. As the colliers in Staffordshire say, when they are compelled to labour upon this day "Sunday's cropped out with us," so it seems to be the case here. Nevertheless as the day advanced, we saw other sights more consonant with the sacred character of the day; in strings of charity children, neatly dressed, parading about; and the Sisters of Mercy, perambulating the streets, two and two, carrying food to the hungry, and physic to the sick. The Churches were open, as indeed they always are here, "from morn, to dewy eve;" a crowd of paupers is commonly collected about the doors, to whom a few cents, (as there are no poor laws in France,) would doubtless be an acceptable and a reasonable boon. In the afternoon, there were many more shop windows closed than in the morning, the owners or occupiers probably gone to —— Where? "Aye, there's the rub"; to refresh themselves we will say,

with a little country air, at St. Cloud, or elsewhere.

Our next visit was to the magnificent church of the Madeleine, the building of which was commenced in 1764, and only completed by the citizen King, being the fourth church which has been erected on its site, since the commencement of the 13th century. This proud specimen of modern architecture is placed upon an elevated platform, 328 feet long, by 138 wide, and is approached at each end by a flight of steps, 28 in number. Its parts and proportions are of the purest Grecian. A colonnade of 52 Corinthian columns, each 49 feet by 16 in circumference, surround it, and corresponding with them in the walls, in a row of niches, are 32 colossal statues of saints. The church consists of a vast nave, the choir is semicircular, the walls lined with rich marble. But I must not omit to notice the bronze doors at the southern entrance. They measure thirty-three feet by sixteen and a half, and illustrate the Commandments by ten scriptural subjects, in as many compartments. We found the pulpit in the occupation of a powerful and attractive preacher, judging from the crowded congregation, from his intonation, graceful appearance, address, and ardent delivery; he seemed in fact, in my mind, to

be a practised and first rate performer, playing his part in a most elegant edifice, certainly more resembling a theatre, than a solemn temple. I felt the contrast very refreshing upon repairing again to the English ambassador's chapel, where a larger congregation had assembled than on Good Friday, where I heard, understood, and appreciated the beautiful service of our Church in my native tongue, and where the inward, rather than the outward senses were appealed to, in every possible way: the same two clergymen officiated, as on Good Friday. Our ambassador was again absent; Sunday seems to have "cropped out" with him too. But what shall I say to the crowd of Communicants who stayed; there could not have been fewer than from 350 to 400, and though there were two additional clergymen assisting, it was almost three o'clock before the service was concluded.

At half-past three, F. and I went by the railway near the Madeleine to Versailles, 12 miles off. We passed through the park of St. Cloud, but could not catch a glimpse of the palace: that park was the only pretty and peculiar object that greeted our eyes, the whole way. Instead of parks, gardens, and country

houses in abundance, as exist about London, the environs of Paris in general, present only the prospect of large unenclosed fields, in different courses of cultivation, as the caprice or convenience of the owners and occupiers of the innumerable little plots, into which they are by some means or other subdivided, by imaginary metes and boundaries over them, may dictate.

Consulting the advertisements, for sale, against the walls, I perceived the boundaries were to be ascertained at certain parochial or other bureaux, kept and referred to, for that purpose.

The law upon this all important subject is, upon the whole, as follows :—

The children of a deceased person inherit his real and personal estate without distinction of sex or primogeniture.

In default of descendants, the brothers and sisters or their issue inherit; but if the father or mother are alive, they share the succession with the brothers or sisters, or their issue. If only one of the parents survive, a fourth part of the succession devolves upon such survivor.

When the deceased leaves no posterity, and no

brother or sister, or descendants, from them, the succession is divided equally, between the paternal and maternal relations, in the ascending line.

The right of representation among collaterals does not extend beyond brothers' and sisters' children.

Collateral relations beyond the twelfth degree, do not inherit.

When there are no relations of one line within the requisite degree, the succession devolves entirely on those of the other line.

Illegitimate children may be rendered legitimate, by the subsequent marriage of the parents, provided they legally recognize them before, or at the marriage.

The French law, also allows of adoption in certain cases.

A testator, leaving at his decease, one legitimate child, may not dispose of more than half his property; if there are two children, of the third part; and if there are more children, then a fourth part only, of his property, will be at his disposal.

In default of descendants, if the testator leaves one or more relatives, in the paternal and maternal ascending line, his testamentary dispositions must not exceed that of one-half of his property; if there are

relatives in one of these lines only, three-fourths of his property will be at his disposal.

Our journey, though necessarily short and swift, was very monotonous, and as to the city of Versailles itself, it looks like a deserted village, the city of the dead, a body without a soul. This is owing to the population having dwindled away from 100,000,—the number of its inhabitants before the first revolution—to about a fourth of that quantity now.

We approached the palace by the Place d'Armes, which is 800 feet wide. The grand court is separated from it by stone parapets, an iron railing, and iron gates; over which are suspended (*mirabile dictû!*) the ancient crown and shield of France, with the three fleurs de lis emblazoned upon it, emblems rather of the past than of the present, or the future.

In the centre of the court is an equestrian statue of the founder, Louis XIV; on the sides of the court, near the gates, are sixteen full-length statues, upon pedestals, of departed statesmen and heroes;—Richelieu, Bayard, Massena, Sully, Lannes, and Condé &c. What a jumble!

We did not see the interior of this immense palace, indeed we had no opportunity to day, as we only ar-

rived at four, at which hour it closes, but the exterior, with the associations attached to it, is enough to impress any body's mind, with feelings of the most humiliating and melancholy character.

It was here that those voluptuous monarchs, Louis XIV, and XV, during the long period of 93 years, from 1681 to 1774. (interrupted only by a still darker period that of the regency of the Duke of Orleans, from 1715, to December 1723,) exhibited themselves, in the possession of all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world, of all the power and splendour which their exalted and irresponsible stations, so abundantly supplied them with, and such was the character and custom of those times, that its immense size could hardly contain the crowds of courtiers, that flocked around the throne, to offer with the most abject servility, the incense of their adulation, to creatures of clay and of accident like themselves.

These self-same walls also witnessed the cruel contrast that presented itself in the persons of the luckless Louis XVI, and of his unfortunate family, when fallen into the hands of a ruthless and infuriated mob, half monkey and half tiger.

The antipodes of the two, is probably to be found

in the fortunes of General Boone, Backwoodsman and founder of Kentucky, as sung by Lord Byron as follows :—

“Of all men, saving Sylla, the manslayer,
Who passes for in life and death most lucky,
Of the great names, which in our faces stare,
The General Boone, Backwoodsman of Kentucky
Was happiest amongst mortals anywhere,
For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he
Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days
Of his old age, in wilds of deepest maze.

Crime came not near him, she is not the child
Of solitude. Health shrunk not from him, for
His home is in the rarely trodden wild,
Where, if men seek her not, and death be more
Their choice than life, forgive them as beguiled
By habit, to what their own hearts abhor,
In cities, caged. The present case in point, I
Cite is, that Boone lived hunting, up to ninety.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name
For which men vainly decimate the throng,
Not only famous, but of that good fame,
Without which, glory's but a tavern song.
Simple serene! the antipodes of shame,
Which hate nor envy e'en could tinge with wrong.
An active hermit, even in age the child
Of nature; or the man of Ross run wild.

'Tis true he shrank from men, even of his own nation,
When they built up into his darling trees ;
He moved some hundred miles off to a Station,
Where there were fewer houses and more ease ;
The inconvenience of civilization,
Is that you neither can be pleased, or please ;
But when he met the individual man,
He shewed himself as kind as mortal can.

He was not all alone ; around him grew
A sylvan tribe of children of the chase,
Whose young, unawakened world was ever new,
Nor sword, nor sorrow yet hath left a trace
On his unwrinkled brow, nor could you view
A frown on nature, or on human face,
The free born forest found, and kept them free,
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

And tall, and strong, and swift of foot were they,
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions
Because their thoughts had never been the prey
Of care, or gain ; the green woods were their portions,
No sinking spirits told them they grew grey,
No fashion made them apes of her distortions ;
Simple they were, not savage, and their rifles,
Tho' very true, were not yet used for trifles.

Motion was in their days, rest in their slumbers,
And cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil,
Nor yet too many, nor too few, their numbers,
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil,

*The lust which stings, the splendour which encumbers,
With the free foresters divide no spoil;
Serene, not sullen were the solitudes
Of these unsighing people of the woods."*

Well done my Lord Paradoxical!
Solitude! Civilization! Nature! and what not!

Moral deducible from all.
"Medio tutissimus ibis."

Louis XVI, the innocent, immolated, and imbecile representative of his voluptuous ancestry, proved with peculiar poignancy, the truth of the Scripture denunciation, of visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children. He, and his, quaffed the poisoned chalice, to its very dregs.

From one of the balconies of the north wing, he, attended by his Queen and children, addressed the maddened multitude, who, on the fifth of October, 1789, came to drag them from the palace, to what proved to them, to be at once, a prison and a grave; while in an apartment, of the southern wing, Marie Antoinette was roused from her repose, on the fatal

night of the fifth and sixth of October, and compelled to fly by a corridor, from the fury of the revolutionary rabble, who had violated that part of the palace.

As we sat reposing ourselves upon the marble seats, that are at once so graceful and ornamental to the formal, though magnificent precincts adjoining them; gazing with intense interest upon the palace, its silent and solitary walls and windows, I repeated aloud, Burke's celebrated apostrophe, contained in his reflections upon the French revolution, published in 1791, as follows:—

“It is now sixteen or seventeen years since I first saw the Queen of France—then the Dauphiness—at Versailles, and surely there never lighted upon this orb, which she hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. I saw her just above the horizon, decorating and cheering the elevated sphere, that she just began to move in, glittering like the morning star, full of life, and splendour, and joy. Oh! what a revolution! and what a heart must I have, to contemplate, without emotion, that elevation and that fall! Little did I dream that I should live to see such disasters fall upon her, in a nation of gallant men—in a nation of

men of honour, and of cavaliers. I thought ten thousand swords would have leaped out of their scabbards, to avenge even a look, that threatened her with insult. But the age of chivalry is gone; that of sophisters, economists, and calculators, has succeeded, and the glory of Europe is extinguished for ever. Never, never more shall we behold that generous loyalty to rank and sex, that proud submission, that dignified obedience, that subordination of the heart, which kept alive, even in servitude itself, the spirit of an exalted freedom; the unbought grace of life, the cheap defence of nations, the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprize, is gone. It is gone; that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honour, which felt a stain like a wound, which inspired courage, while it mitigated ferocity, which ennobled whatever it touched, and under which, vice itself lost half its evil, by losing all its grossness."

At six we repaired to the Hôtel de France, adjoining the palace, and had a most excellent dinner after all our rambles, and what is more, a most excellent appetite to discuss it; which induced me to repeat, for my friends' edification, the large and learned

Rambler's excogitation, upon the same subject, as follows :—

“Give me a good dinner, and an appetite to eat it, and I will be happier than the mightiest potentate, that the world can produce, surrounded by his satellites, and rioting in the indulgence of immeasurable power. Satisfied in this respect, I should pass my time in unalloyed happiness, and pity those who are excluded from a similar enjoyment, as the victims of chance, and the slaves of misery.”

We enquired of a waiter, who spoke broken English, for frogs, but were informed, that they would not be in season, for several months yet.

At seven, we repaired to the railway station, not the terminus where we alighted this morning, which is upon the right bank of the Seine, but the one traversing the left bank; and had to wait there with four other persons only, for half an hour, for the departure of the train. On our arrival at Paris, we availed ourselves of an omnibus, destined for the Tuileries, containing thirteen other passengers, and which in due time, after discharging half its cargo on the route, set down the rest at its terminus, in the rue de Rivoli.

What strikes and surprises me very much at the

cafés, in the railway carriages, stations, and omnibuses, is the silence of the people, so totally different to what they were formerly famous for; they do not appear to be depressed, but thoughtful; musing over many things, "the past, the present, the future possible," for which, certainly, every nook and corner they come to, afford them ample materials. In the railway carriage, this evening, containing six other passengers, besides ourselves, not a syllable was spoken the whole way, except by F. and myself, who certainly kept up a pretty considerable chattering, evidently interesting to our fellow passengers, (for the human voice is almost always interesting) though to them a sealed book, an unknown tongue; and when I happened to ask him where the London terminus of the South Eastern Railway is, at Westminster Bridge, or at Waterloo, I could tell by the galvanic change, their countenances underwent, that that word was anything but unintelligible, indifferent, or agreeable to them: and yet, to "speak the truth, and shame the devil," the common cry among the French everywhere, is, that the English are invincible by sea, they by land; and nothing would irritate them more, than to endeavour to remove this film from



their faces, to prove to them that ignorance, or insolence, and impudence, always go together. But gently over the stones, we are here playing the agreeable, so perhaps we had better humour the facts a little, and become deaf, dumb and blind, all at once, for the nonce.

MONDAY, 9th APRIL.

BEAUTIFUL DAY. QUITE HOT AT NOON.

After breakfast, we called a fiacre and drove to the Cimetière de Montmartre to pay the tribute of our respect and affection, at the tomb of our late worthy friend and relation, S. D., interred December, 1847.

Our way thither, lay through streets of all dimensions and aspects, good, bad, and indifferent; the last mile or more, being a gradual ascent, until we reached a long, dismal-looking street, when our attention was attracted to the circumstance, that the upper part of it, for several hundred yards, upon each side, was one continuous succession of stone mason's shops, at the doors and windows of which, every possible variety of tomb-stone and tablet, were displayed for sale, combined with smaller shops, at which

garlands of flowers—immortelles, as they are strangely called, otherwise fading flowers, in a circular wreath, and most commonly of a yellow colour—are purchased by sorrowing friends, according to custom, to adorn the tombs they come to visit.

We were disappointed in the object of our visit, for having carefully examined considerable parts of the cemetery, and furnished the registrar with the necessary dates, both he and my fellow traveller, (who, being rather more conversant with the language, acted as interpreter) declared there was no corresponding entry in the book. (N. B. If I had be-thought me of the fable of the lark and her young ones, I should have searched the record myself.)

Independently of the above-mentioned object, I was anxious to ascertain the effect, the sight of such a memorial in a foreign land, to a relation I had known for half a century, would have produced upon me ; I thought it would have induced a home feeling, that I should have yearned more towards it, than if I had seen it merely upon its native soil ; but that painful pleasure was denied me to-day.

Adjoining the cemetery, is the village of Mont-Martre, celebrated for its numerous windmills and

guinguettes or tea gardens, as we should call them in England, established here, as being outside the walls, and consequently free from the octroi, or city excise dues, they would otherwise have to pay.

Resuming our route, we drove two miles further, to Père la chaise, thinking it possible that we might find there, the object of our search. Our way thither, lay through a spacious street and suburb, though, from the sights and smells that pervaded it, we concluded it to be the least civilized part of Paris, we had seen. As we approached the cemetery, the same sort of street and shops announced our proximity to it, as was the case at Montmartre.

We found the registers at this cemetery in excellent order, but it was evident, it was of no use to continue our search. It is very superior in size and situation, to that of Montmartre, but that lying legend "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité," are over and over again, emblazoned upon the walls of both; a far better inscription, methought, would have been, "Man that is born of a woman, hath but a short time to live, and is full of misery. He cometh up, and is cut down like a flower; he fleeth as it were a shadow, and never continueth in one stay."

pearance truly touching. The form of many is that of a very small chapel, within which, is a little altar, decorated with votive offerings and flowers, a crucifix above, and garlands of amaranths suspended below, or placed upon the altar steps. In the more humble resting places, are little parterres, with natural flowers carefully weeded and constantly watered. Many were the inscriptions, commencing with "To my dear Child" many more, "To my dear Father," and "To my dear Mother." In some of the tombs, (the interior of which can be easily seen through the doors, which were either of open iron-work, or had glass windows to them,) were the playthings of the little children buried beneath, their little hoops, drums, chairs, and tables. Here and there, might be seen, near one of these tombs, some fond mother lingering, weeping, upon her knees and realizing the Scripture verse :—"She goeth unto the grave to weep there." These are of the middle classes ; in the two extremes, in spite of fiscal regulations, and of "Liberté, Egalité, et Fraternité," the very poor, are still interred in open pits, or common graves, at the easterly end of the ground. If the body comes from a hospital, it is only inclosed in a sack and borne by two men, upon a hand-

bier, over which, two half-hoops support a linen cloth and upon its arrival, without any sort of suspense or ceremony is cast into a deep trench, intermingled with other sacks and coffins of the rudest possible construction.

While we were there, a funeral arrived, consisting of a hearse, (open at the sides, having a semi-circular canopy over it, trimmed with black and white,) and about 50 persons on foot, mostly in coloured clothes, not in procession, but following indiscriminately, without one single individual, exhibiting the slightest appearance of feeling or interest in the matter. After proceeding thus, about a quarter of a mile, it stopped at the grave prepared for it, when the coffin, of the cheapest and rudest possible construction was brought out and immediately deposited in the aperture prepared for it, without priest, prayer, tear, or emotion of any kind whatsoever, except that hollow, eloquent sound, produced by chalk or clay being precipitated upon the coffin lid; immediately after which, all was over, and the grave filled up in a quarter of an hour. Within two or three inches of it at right angles, another aperture was prepared, of the same dimensions and depth as the last, for another applicant. These

are of the lower order of the middle classes. We have had the upper order of the same, and the very poor. The remains of the very rich are deposited in palaces and pavilions.

Sir Thomas Brown, again, well says, "Man is a noble animal :—splendid in ashes and pompous in the grave," and as Knowles much better sings :—

"Methinks it is good to be here,
If thou wilt, let us build,—but for whom?
Nor Elias, nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve, that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead and the place of the tomb.

Shall we build to Ambition? oh no!
Affrighted he shrinketh away,
For see, they would pin him below,
In a small narrow cave, and begirt with cold clay,
To the meanest of reptiles, a peer and a prey.

To Beauty? oh no! she forgets
The charms which she wielded before,
Nor knows the foul worm, that he frets
The skin, which but yesterday, fools could adore,
For the smoothness it held, or the tint which it wore.

Shall we build to the purple of Pride?
The trappings which dizen the proud,
Alas! they are all laid aside,

And here's neither dress nor adornment allowed,
But the long winding sheet, and the fringe of the shroud.

To Riches? alas, 'tis in vain,
Who hid, in their turns have been hid;
The treasures are squandered again,
And here in the grave are all metals forbid,
But the tinsel that shone on the dark coffin lid.

To the Pleasures which mirth can afford,
The revel, the laugh, and the jeer?
Ah! here is a plentiful board,
But the guests are all mute as their pitiful cheer,
And none but the worm is a reveller here.

Shall we build to Affection and Love?
Ah! no! they have withered and died,
Or fled with the spirit above.
Friends, brothers, and sisters, are laid side by side,
Yet none have saluted, and none have replied.

Unto Sorrow? the dead cannot grieve,
Not a sob, not a sigh meets mine ear,
Which compassion itself could relieve;
Ah! sweetly they slumber, nor hope, love, nor fear,
Peace, peace is the watchword, the only one here.

Unto Death, to whom monarchs must bow?
Oh! no! for his empire is known,
And here, there are trophies enough;
Beneath, the cold dead, and around, the dark stone,
Are the signs of a sceptre that none may disown.

The first tabernacle, to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise,
The second to Faith, which ensures it fulfill'd,
And the third to the Lamb, of the great Sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, when he rose to the skies."

Resuming our route again, we soon passed through a gate, in the wall encompassing the city, for a circumference of fifteen miles, erected in 1785, to prevent the fraudulent admission of exciseable articles. This extent is hardly one half of London, and its environs, but Paris is more closely built, and more densely inhabited than London, besides that, the average height of London houses is only three stories, of Paris, five. And so, being near the cemetery and the city walls, inside of which all interments are prohibited, this may be the proper place to mention that one of the greatest defects in Paris, is its very great deficiency of drainage, and that although there are no grave yards inside the city, there are large cess pools under all the houses. Each of these cess pools is of sufficient dimensions to contain the whole ordures of the establishment beneath which it is placed, for twelve months; the object being to avoid

paying the vidangeur's charge, (a species of scavenger) a hundred francs, more than once a year. Now the gas which is generated, and accumulates in these cess pools, is identical in its nature and properties, with that which is produced in our leaden coffins, and so deadly is it, that the vidangeur, whose duty it is to raise the stone covering of the tank with his crow bar, rushes back, the moment he perceives a chink, in order to escape the first outgust of gas, which, if inhaled, causes a man to fall dead, as if shot with a musket ball.

The Parisians are therefore in this respect, nearly as badly off as the inhabitants of those eastern towns, where they bury their dead underneath their houses, for it is obviously unimportant, so far as the production of disease is concerned, whether the putrescent gas be generated from one kind of animal remains, or another.

We drove rapidly down hill upon our return, (our steed probably scenting his stable, and his stomach crying cupboard) by the rue de la Victoire, No. 52, of which exhibits an inscription to the effect that Napoleon resided there after his marriage to Josephine, whose property it was, and by the Hôtel Sebastiani,

rue du Faubourg, St. Honoré, where the wretched duke de Praslin committed such a horrible crime, in August 1847.

In the afternoon, I put on my seven-league boots, having previously, for several days last past, studied, and pretty well mastered the map of Paris, and took a long and interesting walk about this magic lantern of a city, this capital of revolutions, (pondering over Victor Hugo's words, in his powerful essay upon Mirabeau, published in 1834; where he casts his prophetic eyes upon the future of France, and gives utterance to thoughts of similar import. He there remarks, that "the French Revolution has laid open for all social theories, an immense book — a kind of grand testament. Mirabeau has written his word therein; Robespierre, his; Napoleon, his; Louis XVIII, has made a scratch; Charles X, has torn the page; the chamber of the 7th of August, has pasted it together a little, and that is all; the book is there; the pen is there; who shall next dare to write therein?" The Irish echo replies, "Lamartine, Cavaignac, Louis Napoleon," but the greatest is not yet, and perhaps never will be :) through the Place Vendome, (in the centre of which, stands such a beautiful brass column

to Napoleon, surmounted by his well-known figure,) and the lengthy rue St. Honoré, so rich in historical recollections, ancient and modern, of the deepest possible interest. In front of No. 3, Henri Quatre was assassinated, May 14th, 1609, while sitting in his carriage, by Ravaillac. His bust in a bracket, is inserted in the wall, at the second story, with the following inscription :—

*"Henrici Magni, recreat præsentia cives,
Quos illi æterno fœdère, junxit amor."*

[Great Henry! thy presence refresheth thy people,
Their love is as sound and as strong as a steeple.]

meaning, perhaps, that of St. Denis, where his precious people's descendants, in 1793, disinterred his royal remains. His features were found perfect; the head had been opened, and the cavity filled with tow, dipped in an aromatic extract, so powerful, that the odour was scarcely supportable. A soldier cut off a lock of his beard with his sabre, and put it on his upper lip; the body was placed upright upon a stone for the rabble to divert themselves with it; and a woman, reproaching the dead Henry with the crime of having been a king, knocked down the corpse, by giving

it a blow on the face ; after which, it was left for some days, to be the sport of these yahoos ; (well may their friend Voltaire, call them half monkey, half tiger,) till it was thrown at last, into the common pit, prepared for the remains, upon which their senseless vengeance was wreaked.

In the same street, near the spacious Church of the Oratoire, is the Hôtel Ponthieu, where, on the 24th August, 1572, Admiral Coligny, the first and most illustrious of St. Bartholomew's martyrs, fell a victim to his own credulity. Sully says, that Charles IX went with his court to view the body, which was suspended by the feet from an iron chain, and, upon one of his courtiers observing it smelt ill, he replied, as Vitellius had done before him : " The body of a dead enemy always smells well." However, as already mentioned, page 56, he soon discovered to his cost, that he had paid too dear for his whistle.

By the magnificent Church of St. Germain l'Auxerrois, famous for the tumult of the 13th February, 1831, when, an attempt having been made to solemnize a service on the anniversary of the assassination of the Duke de Berri, a tumult arose, and everything inside the Church was destroyed. It was from its

belfry that the fatal signal was given, and responded to from the Palais, to commence the massacre of 23rd August, 1572; The bells of this Church tolled during the whole of that dreadful night. Sully says, "as I went along the streets, I saw the houses broken up and plundered, and men, women and children butchered, while a constant cry was kept up, kill ! kill ! oh you Huguenots ! oh you Huguenots !

The spacious Church of St. Roch, the approach to which, is by a flight of steps extending its whole width, is famous as the scene of many a dreadful deed, during the first Revolution. The mob crowded them to see Marie Antoinette led to execution, 14th November, 1793; and Bonaparte's cannon swept those of the same canaille, 4th October, 1795. In 1830 also, the mob made a stand here against the troops of Charles X. I endeavoured also, to trace the protracted route that Louis XVI, was led, like a sheep to the slaughter, along the boulevards du Temple, St. Martin, St. Denis, des Italiens, &c., (his valley of the shadow of death,) emerging, probably, through the rue Royale, to his mors janua vitæ, aptly altered for him, into la Place de la Révolution. Well might the Abbè Edgeworth exclaim, "son of St. Louis ascend to

heaven," for a purer spirit never crossed the threshold of mortality. What a contrast it affords to the accursed memories of his assassins; a contrast continually increasing in a geometrical ratio, as the concentric circles of time increase; reminding one of Blackwood's black and beautiful analogies.

"The tomb of the just is a beautiful urn,
Where his canonized bones to their nature return,
And pilgrims come far, to admire and to mourn,
Till they too, shall reach the blest haven.

The grave of the wicked is quickly forgot,
Or remembered that good men may shun the dread spot;
While unwept, and unprayed for, his body may rot,
Like a carcase that's cast to the ravens.

How sweet is the state of the blessed in heaven,
Where their spirits are cleansed and their sins are forgiv'n
And the thoughts and the cares of this being are driven,
From their bosoms, for ever and ever.

How dismal and dreary are Tophet's grim caves,
And how wild are the screams of the suffering slaves,
While eternity's pendulum over them waves,
And repeats in their ears, Never, Never!"

The rue St, Honoré stretches from the centre of Paris, towards the west, and bears, with the exception

of width, some faint resemblance to the Strand and Piccadilly.

In the quarter of the Tuileries, a few fine new streets, *rues de Rivoli*, *Castiglione*, and *de la Paix*, have sprung up of late years; they are of greater width than *rue St. Honoré*, but their length is inconsiderable; for the creation of a new street in Paris, is a work of much greater difficulty, and takes many more years to accomplish, than it does in London; but then, in point of fact, one Parisian house would furnish materials for half a dozen London ones. No street, however there, can bear any comparison with the boulevards here. They occupy the space anciently appropriated to the defence of the city, when its circumference did not amount to one half of what it does now. This extent, happily unencumbered with houses, has been converted all along the north of Paris, into a street more than two miles long. In the centre is a wide, unpaved road; on the sides, rows of trees, many of them young, on account of their predecessors having been fallen to form barricades; between each row of trees, and the parallel row of houses, are gravelled walks for pedestrians. The waving line adds greatly to the beauty of the boule-

wards; the eye cannot penetrate to the end of the prospect, and the uncommon width (from 200 to 300 feet) is productive of no vacuity, so brisk is the movement of carriages, horses and pedestrians; so lively the scene presented on each side the way, in and about the shops, hotels, cafés, &c. The massive stone structures of Paris appear to much greater advantage here than in the narrow streets. On the south side of the city, the boulevards extend a still further length, and are planted with trees, but not yet flanked by houses.

The boulevard du Temple is the favourite resort of the common people; the boulevard des Italiens, of the beau monde, though now, I believe, very considerably shorn of its beams, since the present Revolution has been in process.

Near the rue Vivienne is the Bourse, or the Exchange, a beautiful modern building, 212 feet long, by 126. It is surrounded by a range of sixty-six Corinthian columns; over the entrance is inscribed "Bourse et Tribunal de Commerce;" it stands upon a space considerably larger than itself, and is therefore seen to great advantage. The building was commenced in 1806, and completed in 1826, upon

the site of the suppressed Convent of "des Filles St. Thomas," a very good exchange, methinks. And here I saw collected together, the principal Parisian merchants, presenting, I must confess, a very unfavourable contrast with their brethren upon the Royal Exchange, London. I looked in vain for the cheerful countenances, the quick, careful eye, the good humour, the hilarity of manner, so commonly found there; here I saw anxious faces, smoky and sullen, sharp noses, and attenuated figures; there was quickness and vivacity enough, but none of the real ease with which John Bull transacts his business.

We dined at 5, at the Café Richelieu, Palais Royal, Galerie de Valois, No. 167, at about half the price we paid at the Café Corazza; the consequence of which perhaps was, that the staple dish, called "côtelette de bœuf," looked and tasted so suspiciously, that to the garçon's discomfiture, I called it instead, "côtelette de cheval;" and at an oyster shop in a street adjoining, procured a score of excellent oysters, with adjuncts, for fourpence.

TUESDAY, 10th APRIL.—VERY WET.

On our going out this morning, soon after break-

fast, we found the rain descending in torrents, and an omnibus passing by with the tempting word "Rueil" painted upon it, we took our places in it for that village, seven miles off, passing by the triumphal arch, and crossing the bridge of Neuilly again. We overtook a regiment of foot, about 1000 strong, with baggage and other carts. The men looked young and active, but deficient in that strength of sinew and muscle, that so distinguish the English soldier. Judging from the bronzed faces of many of them, I should apprehend they had made the campaign in Algiers. About a quarter of a mile distance from where we alighted, we found one object of our excursion; the church of Rueil. It was built in the 12th century, is in substantial repair, but still looks, like too many other country churches in France, as if it had seen better days, and had hard work to make both ends meet. The most interesting objects in the interior, are two marble monuments to the Empress Josephine, and her daughter, Queen Hortense, wife to Louis Bonaparte; the former of whom died at Malmaison, the favourite residence of herself and Napoleon 29th May, 1814, and was interred in this Church.

Her monument consists of an arch, surmounted by

a pediment, and supported by four Ionic columns, resting upon a basement. The Empress is represented as kneeling in the act of prayer, upon a smaller basement placed upon the first. The whole is executed in white marble, and bears the inscription, "à Josephine, Eugène, et Hortense, 1825," opposite to this stands the monument of Queen Hortense, erected by the President, Louis Napoleon. It is composed of variegated marbles, and consists of a basement, ornamented with bas reliefs; the arms of the Queen, and the inscription, "à la reine Hortense, le Prince Louis Napoleon." The Queen herself is represented as kneeling upon the basement, in an attitude of sorrowful meditation.

We walked thence down a long narrow lane, lined with trees on each side, to Malmaison, pondering within ourselves of him, who had so often preceded us in the same path; it appears like the residence of an English gentleman of large fortune.

The park and gardens are tastefully laid out, and command an extensive prospect of upland country; the horizon being bounded by an imitation aqueduct, which made me recollect it immediately, by recalling to my mind the print of Malmaison, in the 7th Vol.

of Sir W. Scott's *Life of Napoleon*. The property now belongs to Queen Christina of Spain, who like the dog in the manger, will neither live in it herself, nor let any one else ; or even look at it if she can help it. In consequence, our endeavours to view the interior were unsuccessful. Adjoining the porter's lodge, among some trees, stands a pavilion, once Napoleon's private cabinet, where he meditated and planned some of his greatest campaigns.

He first came to reside here in 1802, as first Consul. In Sir Walter's 9th and concluding volume of his *Life* is a paragraph in which the objects of our journey to day, Rueil Church and Malmaison palace, are prominently introduced as follows :—

“Immediately after his elevation to the dignity of First Consul, he meditated the restoration of religion; and thus, in a mixture of feeling and policy, expressed himself upon the subject to Thibandean, then counsellor of state. Having combated, for a long time the system of modern philosophers, upon different kinds of worship, upon deism, natural religion, and so forth, he proceeded:— ‘Last Sunday evening in the general silence of nature, I was walking in these grounds. (Malmaison) The sound of the

Church bell of Rueil fell upon my ear, and renewed all the impressions of my youth; I was profoundly affected; such is the power of early habit and association, and I considered if such was the case with me, what must not be the effect of such recollections upon the more simple and credulous vulgar: let your philosophers answer that: the people must have a religion.' He went on to state the terms on which he would negotiate with the Pope, and said 'they will say I am a Papist, I am no such thing; I was a Mahometan in Egypt, I will be a Catholic here for the good of the people. I do not believe in forms of religion, but in the existence of a God.' He extended his hands towards heaven, 'Who is it that has created all above and around us?' This sublime passage, proves that Napoleon, unfortunate in having proceeded no farther towards the Christian shrine, had at least crossed the threshold, and worshipped the great Father of the universe."

As we pursued our walk from the palace towards the Seine, we had a better view of the gardens and grounds, and such is the force of imagination, as connected with departed greatness, I could almost fancy

I saw him walking about them, as in Isabey's celebrated picture, he is so represented.

On his escape from Elba and Waterloo, and after lingering five days in Paris, as already mentioned in page 47, he returned like the hunted hare, to his first favourite and too frequently fatal form, here, to find all his ambitious projects and domestic happiness blasted, his household gods shivered around him; here he lingered for four days, chewing rather the cud of bitter repentance, than of sweet fancy, but

“Awake bold B—. the foe is at the gate,” for Captain Siborne in the second volume of his work, again, page 426, says,

“Napoleon narrowly escaped falling into the hands of the Prussians, whilst at Malmaison; Blucher, hearing that he was living there in retirement, despatched Major Van Columb, on the 28th, with the 8th hussars, and two battalions of infantry, to secure the bridge of Chatou, lower down the Seine, leading directly to the house. Fortunately however for Napoleon, the Prince of Eckmühl, when he ascertained that the Prussians were approaching the Capital, had desired General Becker to cause the bridge to be destroyed.

Hence Major Van Columb was much disappointed at finding there was no passage at this point, which in fact was not more than 800 yards distant from the palace, in which Bonaparte was yet remaining, at the time of the arrival of the Prussians. "

So having already pretty well described the road to ruin, he took the hint, and the road to Rochefort.

"There was a time, there was an hour,
While earth was Gaul's. Gaul, thine,
When that immeasurable power,
Unsated, to resign,
Had been an act of purer fame
Than gathers round Marengo's name,
And gilded thy decline.
Through the long twilight of all time,
Despite some passing clouds of crime.

But thou, forsooth, must be a king,
And don the purple vest,
As if that foolish robe could wring
Remembrance from thy breast.
Where is that faded garment? Where
The gewgaws thou wert found to wear?
The star? the string? the crest?
Vain, froward child of empire, say
Are all thy playthings snatched away?

Where may the wearied eye repose,
When gazing on the great?
Where neither guilty glory glows,
Nor despicable hate?
Yes one! the first, the last, the best,
The Cincinnatus of the west,
Whom envy dared not hate,
Bequeathed the name of Washington!
To make man blush; there was but one."

Upon approaching the Seine, (the rain still descending in torrents) we had hardly time to admire the beautiful hilly scenery on our left hand, between Malmaison and the little village of Bougeval upon the Seine; where we were glad to shelter ourselves in an auberge, fronting the ancient palace of St. Germain, so long the place of exile and residence of our James II, of unhappy memory. It stands about a mile off, on the summit of some rising ground, and looked extremely well at that distance.

We waited an hour and a half, in hopes, and until one of those invaluable conveyances, called omnibuses, made its appearance, and taking possession of the only two inside seats happily vacant, we returned in heavy rain, to rue Rivoli, half of the way, that is to say, from Bougeval to Neuilly bridge, being by a

different route from that we described in the morning.

I kept myself to myself, in the coffee room at Meurice's the rest of the day, my nephew going to an evening party at the President's, for which he found a note from Lord Normanby to the effect, that he was requested by the President, to invite him so to do.

WEDNESDAY, 11TH APRIL.

BEAUTIFUL DAY—THE WEATHER SEEMS TO BE WET

ONE DAY, FINE THE TWO FOLLOWING.

After breakfast, F. and I went to Mr. Crisp's headquarters, Hôtel des Princes, rue Richelieu, to see how it fared with his worship. We two (unlike the rest of the party, with whom fraternising seemed to be the great object and order of the day), considering the very friendly reception we had experienced at Boulogne and elsewhere, had been rather remiss in this respect.

He informed us of an invitation he had received for the party from the Préfet of the department to a soirée this evening, at the Hôtel de Ville, and recommended us to go, and for that purpose to provide ourselves with a rosette, to wear in the button-hole . . . !

of the coat (blue, being the French colour), with a button in the centre, having the Union Jack worked in scarlet silk, and a small brass medal, bearing for a device two hands clasped, as emblematic of the happy union existing between the two countries, with the inscription "Union is strength," the obverse, "April 1849—The English to France—return visit received in October, 1848."

We promised to attend, as he recommended, and so parted for the present. He is a jolly old soul, this same Mr. Crisp, with an everlasting whirl of business upon his shoulders, he seems always in good humour, and takes everything, good, bad, and indifferent, with the greatest cheerfulness and non-chalance.

We found the rosette and medal, which we wore during the remainder of our visit, quite passports wherever we went; every eye rested upon them, and innumerable were the salutations they received, especially from the military of all grades, in the shape of "hats off," "vive les Anglais," &c.; nevertheless, we saw in the streets every day a few—a very few, specimens, more or less, of those crazy, conceited creatures, called red republicans, whose rude, repulsive

figures seemed to proclaim, that they were at enmity with themselves, and with all the world; for, as the Quarterly Review well observes, "There is in man and woman, a secret electricity, which attracts congenial bodies, and repels those which are contrary."

We walked thence along the left bank of the Seine, by the Chamber of Deputies, the Hôtel des Invalides, and the Military School, in front of which, opposite the river, is the celebrated Champ de Mars, an oblong space, 2700 feet long, by 1320 wide. It seemed to me to be a dismal, desolate looking spot, having upon each side four rows of stunted bushes, endeavouring to look like trees, and a sloping embankment, extending nearly the whole length of it, rendered memorable, and therefore interesting, by having been thrown up by the population of Paris in 1790, for the famous Fête de la Fédération, which took place on the 14th July, when that unhappy puppet, Louis XVI, seated in a superb amphitheatre, swore at an altar called l'Autel de la Patrie, to maintain, uphold, and defend the new constitution. More than 60,000 persons were constantly employed at the embankment until it was completed. In 1815, Napoleon held here his famous Champ de Mars, where he, also, swore to

maintain another constitution, which proved to be still more brittle than the first. Louis Philippe here also in 1830 distributed colours to the National Guard of Paris. Horse races are also held here, as well as military reviews. To-day it seemed to be the very personification of solitude and silence. The preceding events existed only in memory's page; there was only one other human being moving upon it besides ourselves, units that at once gave some little life to the landscape, and marked its solitude.

We then put on our seven league boots, and crossing the beautiful bridge of Jéna, which Blucher would have blown up, if our Duke would have allowed him; we again walked along the Quais to Notre Dame, thence to the Faubourg St. Germain, by the Quai Conti, reminding the reader of an almost bygone literature, that he is treading a spot immortalised by the genius (such as it was) of Sterne; and although he may no longer encounter similar adventures upon the Pont Neuf, he will still find book-stalls upon the Quai Conti, where femmes-de-chambre still pass, though not always escorted by a sentimentalist like Sterne, or accompanied by a valet like Le Fleur.

The celebrated chapter a little farther on, entitled the Captive, is well worth transcribing:—

“I began to figure to myself the miseries of confinement.—

“I took a single captive, and having first shut him up in his dungeon, I then looked through the twilight of his grated door, to take his picture. I beheld his body half wasted away with long expectation and confinement, and felt what kind of sickness of the heart it was which arises from hope deferred. Upon looking nearer I saw him pale and feverish;—in thirty years the western breeze had not once fanned his blood,—he had seen no sun, no moon, in all that time, nor had the voice of friend or kinsman breathed through his lattice;—his children * *
 * * * * * He was sitting upon the ground upon a little straw in the furthest corner of his dungeon, which was alternately his chair and bed. A little calendar of small sticks was laid at the head, notched all over with the dismal days and nights he had passed there. He had one of these little sticks in his hands, and with a rusty nail he was etching another day of misery to add to the heap. As I darkened the little light he had, he

lifted up a hopeless eye towards the door, then cast it down, shook his head, and went on with his work of affliction;—I heard his chains upon his legs as he turned his body to lay his little stick upon the bundle. He gave a deep sigh;—I saw the iron enter into his soul—I burst into tears.”

We soon arrived at the principal object of our present perambulation, the palace of the Luxembourg, until recently, the Chamber of Peers. It is remarkable throughout, for the elegance of its proportions, as well as for the solidity of its structure and for its beautiful gardens and grounds, and the number of objects of nature and art, they contain. The palace looks quite fresh and in the full vigour of youth, though erected by Marie de Médicis, so long ago as 1612. When Bonaparte came into power it was at first devoted to the sitting of the Consulate and received the name of the Palais du Consulate and shortly afterwards, that of Palais du Sénat Conservatif. This servile body held their sittings here, until its dissolution in 1814, when it was succeeded by the Chamber of Peers.

In one of the rooms I stood under the very canopy upon the very spot, where he fulminated his

abuse against them, after his retreat from Russia; **his** disasters there, having encouraged one or two of **his** sycophants to give their tongues a little more **latitude** than usual, in entreating him to enter upon **terms** for peace. He addressed them in part, as follows; after having rendered his excuses, rather than **his** reasons, for not hearkening to their advice, he continued:—

“What is the throne? this piece of mahogany, covered with velvet? I am the throne. Twice have twenty-four millions of Frenchmen called me to the command of this great empire. Which of you dared undertake such a task? It successively overwhelmed your assemblies, your Conventions, your Girondists, your Orleanists. They are all dead. France has more need of me, than I have of France. I repeat it, I am the throne. Eleven twelfths of you are well intentioned, the rest are traitors. You, M. Laine, you said, I am in correspondence with the Prince Regent of England—you lie. But let us not wash our dirty linen, before our neighbours’ faces.”

The *salle des Seances*, where the Peers assembled, is one of the most elegant apartments in existence. It is semi-circular, 92 feet in diameter, and arched

over by an hemispherical vault, painted in compartments, containing allegories of law and justice. Adjoining is the Chapelle de Marie de Médicis; a plain apartment, with a monument to Fénelon; Christ, the Virgin, and a crucifix. The altar that occupies the recess is the same that stood there in her time. Adjoining that again, is the chamber-à-coucher de Marie de Médicis, a splendid apartment, rather too low, but decorated in the sumptuous style of her time. The pannels are all richly gilt and painted in compartments, four by Nicholas Poussin, and four by Philip de Champagne. There are also four paintings by Rubens in this room.

It would fill a volume to describe the beauties of the Luxembourg. The walks being between alleys of trees, they reminded me much of St. James's park, and dwelling-houses adjoining; of those near the Bird Cage Walk, overlooking the southerly side of it. Methinks, were I to settle in Paris, I should pitch my tent here, certainly in preference to the purlieus of the Palais Royal. It has more the appearance of quiet and repose about it,—more of an English atmosphere than they have; besides, houses that let for £300 and £400 a-year in the Place Vendôme

may be had here for £100. After lingering long among the statues, vases, and promenades here, we proceeded further on, to the Observatory, passing by a garden wall, and the spot where Marshal Ney was shot, 7th December, 1815, and so on to the Pantheon, a beautiful building, beneath which are very large vaults, where the remains of Voltaire, Rousseau, and other great guns (men who made both much more noise and mischief in the world, than those who content themselves with crying oysters and beating drums or carpets) are deposited. Near it, is the celebrated Church of St. Sulpice, which we had not time to visit; and two miles farther on, the Bastile and Castle of Vincennes, which we missed seeing, by reason of getting into the wrong omnibus.

We dined at six with a party of sixty at Meurice's. While lingering about the coffee-room and court yards, where I was walking up and down with our Magnus Apollo, Mr. Lloyd, in anticipation of feeding time, who should brush by us, but that everlasting fidget, Lord Brougham. He went into the coffee-room, walked up to the centre of it, then back to the door, which he set wide open, with a chair against it, to keep it so. As some of our party happened to prefer heat to cold, this procedure of his puzzled

them not a little, and they referred themselves to me. "Don't" said I, "why shut it, to be sure; you have more time to shut it, than he has to open it." He then began a building conversation with Mr. Lloyd, under the pretence that we called ourselves a deputation from the English nation.

Mr. Lloyd assured him that he laboured under a misapprehension in the matter, and that we pretended to nothing of the sort. He said, "you don't, eh— no, is all right, then, shake hands." Though speculating upon various motives is almost always like guessing with your eyes shut, yet I am afraid his lordship's error was not his excuse, more than the circumstance of his never seeing (with his eyes open) the professor. Mr. Lloyd playing the part of the greatest misanthrope of himself even to our disadvantage, what he gives himself and others so much unnecessary trouble to regulate. But the fact is, we are quite satisfied with our extempore address, and don't need "no bay a horse." Its simplicity, however, that nobody does not think of him with any admiration, and that he has no occasion, for

address,

and

After dinner a number of us adjourned to the Cirque Nationale, Champs Elysées, a sort of second edition of Astley's Amphitheatre, the only place resembling a theatre I resorted to, at Paris, the eyes, not the ears, being the medium of communication. It is an elegant stone building, of sixteen sides, encompassed by a graceful iron railing. Inside, round the circle, are ranged sixteen sets of seats, capable of seating six thousand persons. The performances at Franconi's we soon found to be first-rate. The compartments were about half filled.

From thence we proceeded in cabs to the Préfet's soirée, at the Hôtel de Ville, the splendour of which far exceeded our expectation. We entered a magnificent palace by a staircase, every way worthy of it. Eleven rooms were thrown open for our reception, almost every one of which has some historical recollection to recommend it. One of them, was the den of Robespierre, where he and his ferocious confederates, consigned so many unfortunates to a fate, which they themselves, so soon afterwards followed. Another, the central one, in the grande salle, contains the window from which Louis XVI. addressed the populace with the cap of liberty, meaning licen-

tiousness, upon his head. At the same window La Fayette embraced Louis Philippe in 1830, and presented him to the people as their extempore king. All the revolutions in France have been, in some way or other, associated with this, historical apartment, or with the fatal Place de Grève, below, the pavement of which has been stained with the blood of the victims of all revolutions, as well as of criminals who have fallen by the hand of justice. Executions have of late, however, been discontinued here. The carpets are two inches in thickness, and, of course, very luxurious to tread upon; the furniture, all en suite, in the best possible taste, without any tawdriness. A clock was pointed out to me, a present from Louis Philippe to the municipality of Paris, which cost him in London £1,400. I counted thirty-two chandeliers in one room, containing hundreds and hundreds of wax lights. There were about 2,000 persons present, and M. Bergin, the Préfect of the Seine, had issued cards of invitation for a ball this evening, but owing to a death in his family, that part of the entertainment was abandoned. There were two bands of music stationed at the extremities of the suite of rooms, one belonging to the Regulars, the other to the National

Guards, each forming three sides of a square, and so far apart were they, that although both played different pieces at the same time, there was no confusion. Only just fancy our being received in such a room by the Préfet, M. Odillon Barrott, Prime Minister; M. Marrast, President of the National Assembly; Lord Normanby; Generals Changanier, Lamoricière, Cavagnac, and other officers of distinction, while we stood before them, pretty much in the same apparel in which we crossed the channel, and performed the journey to Paris, all except our Magnus Apollo, who, in a yeomanry cavalry suit, that had done the state some service, cut a very indifferent figure, indeed, compared to the French officers, in their new and elegant uniforms. Lords Brougham and Vaux, for some reason or other, said, no, and did not shew up. Our host and his countrymen vied with each other in shewing us every attention, and the refreshments, handed about by a crowd of attendants, consisting of confectionary, champagne, and iced punch, &c., were most admirable, both for quantity and quality. The bands played God save the Queen, the Marsellaise, and then Rule Britannia twice over. Just think of

that; that, that celebrated air, supposed to embody the most invidious pretensions of England, to the dominion of the seas, and attacked by one of the most famous French writers, in terms which Tom Paine's pamphlets hardly earned from Burke, should be played in this Parisian saloon in the second year of the republic, and in honour of an English visit, is a fact which, we trust, M. Michelet will not overlook, if he ever bestows upon the third French revolution, the pains with which, he has honoured the first. But it is exactly such declamation as that to which we refer, which such visits as these will serve to confute and demolish. If the French and the English people have but more of these opportunities for ascertaining each other's sentiments, and appreciating each other's worth; it is neither M. Michelet nor M. Louis Blanc, who will hereafter succeed in setting them by the ears, so far are they from being natural enemies, that there are no two people, whose best interests, are so wholly concerned, in their continuing friends. It is this undeniable fact, which brings, even the hyperbole of compliment, within the limits of reason. France and England have such irresistible motives for living

in peace with each other, that they cannot be exaggerated, even in the fervour of a banquet or the enthusiasm of a farewell.

As a pendant to the above, is a toast proposed yesterday, at an entertainment, given by 500 of the National Guard, at the Hôtel des Princes—"May no hostile army reach the French shore from Britain, and may their only baggage be, as now, the luggage of the peaceful traveller."

I was introduced to, and had some conversation with, M. Cocquerill, a Protestant minister, and a member of the National Assembly, from the city of Paris. His mother is an Englishwoman, and he speaks our language pretty fluently. I endeavoured to elicit from him, some opinion as to the future of France, but he seemed so engrossed in the details of an assault, he had seen committed that morning, in the National Assembly upon a member, that he could talk or think of little else. As Dr. Johnson well says, "Such is the absorption of our thoughts in the business of the present day—such the resignation of our reason to empty hopes of future felicity, or such our unwillingness to foresee what we dread, that every calamity comes suddenly upon us, and not

in comparison to what occurs "from morn till dewy eve" in the environs of London.

Nevertheless, St. Denis, though small, and only containing 9000 inhabitants, is a lively looking place (has a railway station), and one I should very much prefer, as a place of residence, to Versailles.

It owes its celebrity to the ancient Benedictine Abbey, and to the circumstance, of the kings of France having, for many centuries, chosen it as their place of sepulture. The present edifice was erected between 1250 and 1281, and is one of the most beautiful specimens of the architecture of that period, existing in France. Its dimensions are 390 feet by 100 in width, and 80 high; but in pursuance of a decree of the National Convention, in 1793, the royal remains were disinterred, and thrown into two large trenches, opposite the north porch.

In 1795 the lead was stripped off the roof, and a decree passed, to raze the building to the ground; but happily for the arts, so Gothic a resolve was not carried into effect.

The church, neglected for several years, was fast falling into decay, when in 1806 Napoleon gave orders for its restoration, and that the vault of the Bourbons

should be repaired, to receive the remains of the Bonapartes. Since that time, and especially since 1830, the church has undergone a complete restoration, at an estimated expense of eighteen millions of francs.

At present, massive monuments, of great magnificence, of all ages and descriptions, and at distances duly proportioned, meet the eye in every direction, and impress images and associations upon the mind, that are more easily conceived than described. The whole is lighted by a series of stained glass windows, of large size, and of the highest order of that elegant art, forming a chronological history of the church, from the legend of St. Denis, carrying his own head in his own hand, to the time of Napoleon, who, in two compartments, and in his well-known dress and demeanour, is represented as giving directions for the restoration of the fabric. The royal vaults are entered by two doors, on each side of the choir, and are divided into as many compartments as there were different royal races; they are embellished by memorials of the mighty dead, from Charlemagne (whose marble sarcophagus was conveyed here from Aix-la-Chapelle) to a statue of Marie Antoinette, in a

kneeling posture, considered a perfect likeness of that unfortunate princess, and a monument to Louis XVIII, with his bust. In one of the chapels is a list, engraved upon black marble, of the names of the princes whose remains were desecrated at the revolution. It is called the Chapelle Expiatoire.

Emerging from this mansion of mortality, we soon entered its antipodes, a Parisian omnibus, which conveyed us to the capital, by the beautiful gate of St. Denis, where furious fighting took place between the troops and the mob in 1830, and again in 1848, and whence we immediately repaired to the Tuileries, which, owing to the liberal orders of government, was thrown open for the reception of our English party. We traversed its whole suite of apartments, upon the first floor, from north to south, comprising the Salle de Mars, the Salle du Conseil, the Salon Bleu, the Emperor's reception-room, the library where Charles X signed his ill-fated ordinances; the Cabinet des Dames, the Salle de Famillé, a large square room, rather low, being the bed-room of Louis XVIII, in which he died; Galerie de Diane, 176 feet by 32; the Salon de Louis XIV, a large and richly gilt apartment, containing a fine picture, representing

the presentation of his grandson, Philip, to the grandees of Spain; and another, of Ann of Austria, accompanied by her children, Louis XIV and the Duke of Orleans; the Salle du Trône, a splendid apartment, hung with crimson velvet and gold; the Salon d'Apollon, and the Salon d'Attente, which lead to a large apartment, containing full length portraits of some of the marshals,—those whom the late mob of February, 1848, disliked, such as Soult, so long President of the Council, are entirely demolished, and cut out of the frame or canvas; in one of the apartments the floor is stained with blood; in two others, immense mirrors against the walls, are perforated by musket balls, and cracked downwards in consequence, in a most extraordinary manner. All the apartments open in a straight line, one upon another, and when all the doors are thrown open, as was the case to-day, an uninterrupted view of a vista of 1000 feet is obtained.

This palace, commenced by Catharine de Médicis in 1504, continued by Henri Quatre, and completed by Louis XIV, has little in its early history that is interesting. From 1681, when he removed the court to Versailles (with the exception of the eight years'

Regency of the Duke of Orleans), it remained in the occupation only of officers attached to the court, until the fatal 6th day of October, 1791, when, as Sir Walter Scott, in his life of Napoleon, says, "the unhappy and degraded Louis XVI was at length permitted to retire to the Palace of the Tuileries, which, long uninhabited, and almost unfurnished, yawned upon him like the tomb, where alone, he at length found repose."

The irruption of the mob on the 20th June, 1792; the attack and massacre of the Swiss guard, on the 10th August, of the same year; its capture by the rabble in 1830, and again in 1848, are matters of modern history. In one of its most spacious apartments, the National Convention sat, when they condemned the innocent blood. I state this fact upon the authority of Sir Walter Scott, who, in his second volume of the life of Napoleon, page 143, says, under date 11th December, 1792: "The crowd pressed much upon the king, during the passage from the Temple to the Tuileries, where the Convention had now established their sittings, as men, who had slain and taken possession." "Louis," said the President Barrière, "you may be seated." Memorable words! What a comment do they present on the chapter

touching the changes and chances of this transitory life.

This palace appears in fact, to be the very Nemesis of the French monarchy. Of the thirteen royal personages to whom it has successively belonged, four of them were assassinated, and the rest abandoned it. Catharine de Médicis, its foundress, deserted it, and died in a most miserable manner; as did her son, Charles IX, in one still more dreadful; Henry III and IV, its next owners, were assassinated; His son, Louis XIII deserted it for St. Germain; as did his son, Louis XIV, and his great grandson, Louis XV, both palaces, for Versailles; the enormous expense attendant upon the erection of which, by contributing to the endless embarrassment of the finances, was one fruitful cause of the Revolution; his grandson, Louis XVI, was condemned to death within its walls; it was indeed, the very charnel house of himself, and of his few faithful followers; his son, Louis XVII was foully dealt with. Embellished by the emperor with more than pristine elegance, it became at once, the perennial monument of his elevation, and his fall. After his flight from the fatal field of Waterloo, he abandoned it for the

Elysée Bourbon; the residence of the restored race. After witnessing the embittered and embarrassed existence of Louis XVIII, his flight to Flanders, the folly and flight of his successor Charles X, and of their extempore representative, Louis Philippe, it still remains in statu quo, ready to receive a fresh supply of victims or otherwise. But who can withdraw the curtain of futurity? Who would withdraw it, if he could? Verily, the veil that conceals what it hides from our view, is woven by the hand of mercy.

In addition to the above, we saw also the private apartments of the late royal family, all of them, more or less injured by the ruthless mob, though there was method in their madness. The portraits of all the kings' sons were destroyed, except two of the Prince de Joinville, which, owing to the nature of the naval pamphlet, which he published, were saved harmless. The female and juvenile portraits were also respected. That of the Duchess of Orleans and the Count of Paris is a beautiful and interesting painting, as well from the nature of the subject, as from the grace and beauty, that shine so resplendent in the mother.

We were also shewn the bed in which the royal pair lay, I doubt it would not be correct, to say reposed or slept, the last night they spent in Paris; left, as we were told, exactly in the same state in which they quitted it. It certainly has every appearance of having been occupied by two persons in the greatest agitation of mind and body.

Poor Louis Philippe ! it is probably correct, what is generally supposed to be the case, that his sister, the Princess Adelaide, was his good genius, and that when he lost her, on or about December, 1847, he lost his own right arm. She, true to the tradition of her race, popped and propped him up in his precarious position, which his own huckstering habits would probably have otherwise induced him to avoid. But what can we expect from a person educated as he was ? What can we expect from a protégé of the moral Madame de Genlis, who, for twenty long years of her life, combined in her own character, what none but a Frenchwoman would have dreamt of attempting; the incongruous, apparently hopeless, and almost irreconcilable contrasts, of preceptress to the son, and of mistress to the father ; in which situation, she published a second edition of Pamela, in sheets, be-

sides, probably, other wonderful works, of nature and of art.

I was told over and over again, that if Louis Philippe had remained in Paris, no English party like ours, would have been seen receiving the right hand of fellowship in the streets, saloons, and assemblies here and elsewhere, in the way we have done.

We then proceeded to the Palais Royal, where I purchased some jewellery of M. M. D. and B., whom I had been recommended at G.'s to deal with. I found M. D. a very agreeable, intelligent man, and as he speaks English, had some interesting conversation with him, on the past, present, and future of France; but, like all the others I conversed with on these topics, he seemed to think, that sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof; that the hope and anchor in which he had quartered himself, was the only hotel deserving of any encouragement.

In return, he asked me if I would favour him with my opinion on the subject. I said, "certainly; I consider your's a Government of necessity, and a very good one as the case stands at present, but if the red republicans should succeed in tampering with the troops, you are sold, and I should recommend you

to die like men, with arms in your hands, and not stand to be slaughtered like sheep, or guillotined, like the geese of the first revolution. And then the state of the finances is enough to appal the stoutest heart, and unless speedily altered, which is almost impossible, will bring the present, or any other Government to a period or full stop. Then will ensue despotism, where all are slaves; or anarchy, where all will order, and none obey.

We dined (despite the *côtelette de bœuf*, but eschewing that) with our Wiltshire friends, at Richefu, 167, Galerie de Valois, Palais Royal, and after our usual cup of *café-au-lait*, and last visit, at Galignani's, we returned to repose, for the last time, at Meurice's.

FRIDAY, 13TH APRIL.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Left Paris for Boulogne at 10, a.m., in a second-class carriage, which I found almost as comfortable as a first-class, and altogether better finished and furnished, being cushioned, &c., than carriages of a similar description, are in England.

This was in consequence of my not attending to the scope and spirit of Mr. Crisp's directions, and

taking care of the return-ticket, &c., he gave me on the 5th, which I had kept loose in my pocket, instead of putting it in a place of safety; and as they might have fallen into wrong hands, it was only proper that I should pay the penalty for my negligence, by purchasing others all the way to London.

I have little to record of the return journey, except that there were about 350 of the English party engaged in it; and that at Pontoise, twenty miles north-west from Paris, the first station we stopped at, and which was shrouded in darkness when we passed it on the 5th, the station-house was an extempore wooden hovel, the proper one adjacent, bearing evident marks of having been all but utterly destroyed by fire, during the dreadful riots of June last.

At three, we arrived at Boulogne, where my friend and I, and four or five others of our party, quartered ourselves at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where we dined at six; and at ten, proceeded to a pleasant ball, given us by the good Boulognese, in the same kindly spirit as before, in the theatre, enlarged for the occasion, by a wooden extempore projection behind. There were about 2000 persons present, and everybody enjoyed themselves as much as the heat and crush would

allow them, which drove me back to the hotel in about an hour's time.

SATURDAY, 14TH APRIL.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Rose at five, and walked to the Napoleon column, upon the Downs, a couple of miles off. On the road side is a post, with the following inscription upon it:—

“ Pas de Calais,
Boulogne sur mer,
La mendicité est interdite.”

Though there are no poor-laws in France, and I am told, though I can hardly believe it to be true, that there are fewer very poor persons in France, in proportion to population, than in England. But then, French paupers are not near so nice in their notions as the English,—have not been accustomed on high days and holy-days to discuss an alderman, hung in chains, and all that sort of thing; they will, in fact, keep body and soul together, almost get fat, upon horse flesh and frogs; something upon the same principle, perhaps, that induced George Frederick Cooke to say, that he never knew what the English

beggars did with their old clothes, till he went into Ireland.

However, if the fact be, as above stated, it is, as the Yankees say, "important, if true," and is certainly pregnant with important inferences respecting the French law of landed property, and in some degree, in favour of it, almost enough in fact to produce in one's mind a sort of a French revolution; but then, *per contra*, it is also stated, that the strength and substance of the French, as a nation, are always deteriorating, and "glorious John" does say, that—

"A man convinced against his will,
Is of the same opinion still."

The last time I saw this celebrated column was in 1825, when Charles X had not quite done with it. At that time the pedestal, upon which the great man now stands, was emblazoned, with fleur-de-lis, and had a stunted and unfinished appearance, while the shafts of the column retained their original inscription upon them, to the effect, that it was erected to commemorate the conquest of England, by the Emperor Napoleon; but though he dreamt often enough

of that achievement by night, he always forgot to do it in the day time, probably, finding it a nut too hard for him to crack, or thinking, perhaps, that discretion is the better part of valour. In 1841, Louis Philippe completed it, as it is at present, and very handsome it looks, though not equal, I think, to the column in the Place Vendôme, Paris. Two of the compartments of the Boulogne shaft contain inscriptions in French and in Latin, to the effect, that in 1804, the Emperor Napoleon distributed the insignia of the Legion of Honour to the 4th corps of the grand army, commanded by Marshal Soult; altogether it would be innocuous to criticism, if it had always told the same tale, as it does at present,—if it had not been at first advisable, to have added another line to the post above-mentioned, which, those who ran, might then have read upon it thus, if it had been Englished,—

“Pas de Calais—Department of that name.

Boulogne-sur-mer—Boulogne-upon-the-sea.

La mendicité est interdite—Begging is prohibited here.

And, mendicité est interdite—So is lying.”

But, alas ! as Savage well sings—

“ Oh, memory, thou soul of joy and pain,
Thou actor of our passions o'er again.”

And the recollection of the original inscription upon it, renders it a perennial monument of French vanity and of English prowess. The great man is perched aloft, with his face towards Paris, his back towards England; just the reverse of Châteaubriand, who directed his remains to be interred upon a rocky islet, upon the same coast, his face towards England, his back towards France.

After breakfast, we accompanied some of our party about Boulogne, shopping and sight-seeing, to the new cathedral, which like most other public buildings in France, has been a great number of years in hand, with little prospect of its being completed. It has an enormous moorish cupola for a steeple, rising in the centre: underneath it is a very great curiosity, lately discovered, a crypt, the work of the ancient Normans, probably before the conquest, exceeding an acre in extent, with endless ramifications of passages and walls, curiously and brilliantly emblazoned, and yet as dry and as warm as possible—“famous wine vaults,” I

said, they would make, to the amusement and assent of a large party, assembled there.

Then to a museum, containing a goodly collection of paintings, a library and an interesting assortment of medals, connected with the revolutionary period from 1789 to 1800.

I am partial to Boulogne as a watering-place. It possesses other objects of interest, besides those above-mentioned, is not flat, stale, dull, and unprofitable, like Calais, and the short steam voyages, common to both cities, are, I think, very beneficial to most invalids.

At two, I intended to have returned with the party to London, viâ Folkestone, but as misfortunes have the character of seldom coming single, I found that with my return ticket, I had lost my pass also; and that I could not leave the country without one, so I had to go and procure a fresh one from the British Consul, and on my return to the pier head, found the Folkestone boat just quitting the harbour for the channel, amidst the plaudits of the people.

“ And thus ended the great events of Easter, 1849, great in every sense of the word. For the first time in the memory of man, did the *people* of England visit

the *people* of France, as members of one family; and we have seen the effect, that unusual event produced upon the rulers of the land. They knew that they were receiving the *people*, and they welcomed them with even more honours, than they would have bestowed upon the mighty men of the earth.”*

As for myself, making a virtue of necessity, I hired a sort of pony carriage for ten francs, to Calais, and had a very pleasant drive across the Downs to that celebrated city—22 miles in two hours and a half. On my way I saw my friend’s friend, puffing away in the offing, and the chalky cliffs of old Albion looming in the distance. At 11, p.m., I set sail from Calais (once so much coveted by the English, now, methought, without the grapes being sour, we have a good riddance of great rubbish) to Dover, in the French steamer, carrying the mail. We crossed in an hour and a half. It was a calm, lovely night, the phosphoric appearance of the water attracted universal admiration, while

“The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.”

* *Boulogne Gazette, April 17th.*

At Dover the custom-house people informed the portmanteaux that they must remain until morning, the carpet bags that they might proceed at two, if they pleased; so, "at that very witching time of night, when church-yards yawn," &c., and to work in which, Bonaparte declared it required a two o'clock in the morning courage, I pursued my journey to London by the S. E. Railway, and before five was in a comfortable bed, at the Bridge Hotel, south foot of London Bridge.

I pondered much, both by boat and rail, upon the future of France, and of the interesting and ingenious people we had just left, and fervently hoped that M. Guizot's aspirations, in his letter of the 6th instant, might be fulfilled to the very and every letter. He says in it—

"May the same instinct that guided the people in the election of Louis Napoleon as president, animate and guide them in the election of the next assembly. They have raised the flag of order, let them assemble round it an army, that is to say, a great political party, capable of achieving definitive victory. The work is, I know, infinitely difficult, but it must be accomplished; for the salvation of society is the cost

and value of it. I should offend providence if I thought that society destined to perish."

I was up at seven, wandering about among the shipping in the neighbourhood. After breakfast, went to that magnificent old church adjacent, recently renewed at such an enormous expense, St. Saviour's, Southwark; and when I had ordered my dinner, rambled about the tower buildings, and saw the new marble statue to our great duke. He was always real silver, there is nothing plated, no alloy about him.

After dinner, I went in the steamer, "Witch," to Greenwich, walked up the park, and across the heath, and sat a couple of hours with some relations of mine at Blackheath park; thence walked the best part of the way to London, until I was overtaken by the immortal Nelson, in the shape of an omnibus, which set me down at London Bridge, whence I took a cab to Wimpole-street, where they thought I was lost. Sed—

"FINIS CORONAT OPUS.

RESPICE FINEM."

A SPECULATION
ON THE
CHARACTER OF NAPOLEON,
PRINTED IN
THE STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER
FOR AUGUST OR SEPTEMBER, 1823.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER.

SIR,—I take the liberty to send you the following speculation, on the character of Napoleon, and having written it merely for my own amusement, shall be neither disappointed nor grieved, if you should not think it worthy of insertion.

The more shining a man's character is, the longer will be the time that must elapse, before the mists of prejudice and passion are dispelled from the eyes of mankind. This is one great difficulty that continues

to attend the character of Napoleon; for though, I apprehend, there are but few of our countrymen that continue to regard it in the same point of view that they did previous to his first abdication, yet, it will require the lapse of ages, before the world will be enabled to form a cool and candid determination respecting it.

We are given to entertain an opinion, that much of the indifference he displayed in many of the most interesting circumstances of his life,—the contempt, that he ever felt, and felt no fear of avowing, for mankind in the aggregate, must have arisen, in some degree, and, most likely, in a high one, from a peculiar organization of his bodily functions.

But that the profound knowledge he had of mankind, the intense penetration with which he divined the passions and habits of all around him, must, undoubtedly, have originated in a higher and nobler source.

It is not a question that the dignity of command is always proportional to the dignity of the commander. That a brute command over beasts, as a horseman, or a lion tamer, and over slaves, is a disgraceful thing, and an honour, but that the command

of knowledge is higher than a command over a free people, as being a command over the reason, opinion, and understanding of men, which are the noblest faculties of the mind, that govern the will itself, for that there is no power on earth, that sets up its throne, in the spirits of men, but knowledge and learning."

His audacity next demands our notice, which was as complete, as it was necessary, for the accomplishment of his designs. For though, to men of great judgment, boldness is but as a sport to behold, by reason of its common incapacity in counsel, yet being excellent in execution, it hath, in general, had a tendency to charm and fascinate mankind.

But when we see concentrated in the character of this extraordinary man, both the mind to counsel, and the will to do, accompanied by a calmness, which nothing could derange, and an equanimity but rarely shaken, it appears, matter of little wonder, that he should have succeeded in overturning the ephemeral government, by which he was employed, and in seating himself upon the revolutionary whirlwind, the director and genius of the storm.

Bonaparte, like several other celebrated men, had

an early presentiment of his future greatness. When at Brienne, eight or nine years before the commencement of the revolution, on being reviled by one of his fellow students, with the appellation of the "Corsican Bear," he replied, "I should be nicely revenged upon him, if I compel him some of these days to call me the "Corsican Eagle."

There appears, to be a sort of freemasonry incident to lofty spirits, of every age and clime; hence, Napoleon's highest delight while at Brienne, was, in pondering over the characters of such men as Cæsar, Cromwell, Alexander, and Sylla. "Come," said he, to his confidential intimate, at that seminary, "let us retire into the most shady walks. I will read you Cromwell's life. He was a man, indeed! what genius! what boldness! what resources he possessed, how great, how fortunate, how dreaded he was! I would willingly limit my life to half its period, could I but resemble him for one year." Bonaparte was then fifteen. The following summary of Cromwell's life, extracted from Bishop Gibson's life, of that distinguished man, might reasonably justify this burst of enthusiasm on the part of Napoleon.

"All allow, that he was an extraordinary genius,

and master of the most refined policy; that he had a great spirit, a wonderful circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution. His courage and conduct in the field, were undoubtedly admirable. He had a greatness of soul, which the greatest dangers and difficulties, rather animated than discouraged; and his discipline and government of the army, were such as became the most renowned, and accomplished generals."

Probably, also, he was not unacquainted with the well-known character of Julius Cæsar, of which the following is a portion:—

"Julius Cæsar, at the first, encountered a rugged fortune, which turned to his advantage, for this curbed his pride, and spurred his industry. He was, without dispute, a man of a great and noble soul; though rather bent upon procuring his own private advantage, than good to the public, for he referred all things to himself, and was the truest centre of his own actions. And though he was a perfect master of dissimulation, and wholly made up of art, without leaving anything to nature, but what art had approved; yet nothing of design or affectation appeared in his carriage, so that

he was thought to follow his own natural disposition. He did not, however, stoop to any mean artifices, which men, unpractised in the world, who depend not upon their own strength, but the abilities of others, employ to support their authority, for he was perfectly skilled in all the ways of men, and transacted everything of consequence in his own person, without the interposition of others."

Another great lever towards placing Napoleon on his lofty eminence, was the force of opinion, for "opinion is stronger than truth," as was observed by one of the sages of antiquity. Men, struck with something brilliant, in the character of another, are fond of foretelling his future greatness. Their own self-love, is from thenceforth, interested in his rise, and flattered by his success. None knew better how to create this illusion, or how to render it more subservient to his purposes, when created, than Napoleon. The description annexed to his name, in the Archives of the Military Academy at Paris, on his obtaining his first commission, as sub-lieutenant of artillery, would seem to show, that he had been casting his spells over the directors of that institution. It is as follows:—"Corsican by birth—stu-

dious, pensive, quick, and obstinate. This young man will do well, if circumstances favour him."

With regard to the mode by which he became possessed of sovereign power, it is observable, that unlike every other usurper upon record, he attained it without having procured, or perpetrated, a single assassination. His elevation was entirely brought about by dint of "circumstances," and the originality of his own genius. How he would have demeaned himself had he been a leader in the earlier stages of the revolution, would be a beautiful question for trying the capacity of a casuist. In April, 1792, however, in a long and able memorial, addressed to M. Montmorin, then minister of state, entitled "A statement of the dangers that threaten the throne and the sovereign, with the only means of preserving both," he developed, in striking language, a bold and daring plan for rescuing the royal family from the destruction that awaited them, which, if carried into execution, would probably have had the effect he anticipated. That the interest he manifested for his unfortunate sovereign arose, either from duty or commiseration, we very much doubt, as the greatest

alloy in his character, was undoubtedly his selfishness—his solitary, unmitigated selfishness.

He might, probably, think that the plan he then proposed, was the best mode that then presented itself, of bringing himself forward into public notice, and of attracting that degree of public regard, it was his first great object to create. As it was, the memorialist and his plan were alike, neglected; and, Napoleon, not being a man to bear such kind of usage with impunity, appears, ever after, to have devoted himself to the cause of the revolution. When he beheld the superb appearance of the fleet and army, about to sail with him for the subjugation of Egypt, he could not help exclaiming to his old confidante of Brienne, then his aide-de-camp, in terms, which unfolded the secrets of his soul—"This is a noble empire—I am embarking for my own emolument."

The most striking event of his life, in the eyes of posterity, will surely be his departure from Elba, and subsequent invasion of France. It is well known, that at Cannes, where he landed, the terrified inhabitants refused him admission into their houses, for fear of future consequences, and that he sat for

several hours by a fire, kindled on the beach, with his face buried in his hands, until his little army and their equipments were disembarked. Who can refuse to admire the desperate energy of the man, who, in this situation, plunged his mind, by anticipation, into the fearful probabilities of his immediate fate,

“Where coming events cast their shadows before.”

But now, that he is no more, and we can trace the whole of his career, from its commencement to its conclusion, what, we may fairly ask, has he gained by the versatility of his talents, the splendour of his throne, or the glory of his actions? The reply would be, that he has gained an imperishable name, which, being analysed, means, that he will be remembered of mankind as long as the world endures. And is this all then, that a hero gains by his laborious and ardent exertions; and we have yet to learn, I think, of what use a great name is to a dead man. Is this all, then, that Napoleon has gained, by wielding, for a time, the destinies of Europe; or has he left behind him lasting memorials of his wisdom, piety, or goodness? I fear he has left nothing but a name, sullied by selfishness, and degraded by despotism. With the highest opportunities of doing good, he did evil, and when he

could have freed myriads of men, he enslaved them. He had before his eyes the examples of Cæsar and of Washington, and with all the selfishness of a little mind, he chose the former. How different is the conduct of the only real wise man, the real Christian, who, regardless of all posthumous renown, seeks only in sincerity and truth an eternity of happiness in a better world.—“The fear of God, that is wisdom, and to depart from evil, is understanding.”

As for Napoleon, we must be content to class him with Charles XII, and the other heroes, who, at various times, have infested the world, whose principal use with posterity merely is:—

“To point a moral, or adorn a tale.”

“Felix qui potuit rerum cognoscere causas,
Quique metus omnes et inexorabile fatum,
Subjecit pedibus strepitumque acherontis avari.”

EXTRACTS
FROM AN
AMERICAN JOURNAL.

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REVISED IN 1849.

16TH JULY, 1827.

Sailed in the good ship "William Thompson," 500 tons burthen ; George Maxwell, Captain, from Liverpool to New York, with the following fellow passengers :—

One English lady; three English gentlemen.—M. Fournieux, a Frenchman, aged forty-two, formerly a Captain in Bonaparte's Imperial Guards, since then in the Columbian service.—M.M. Duponce and Herrera, two Spanish gentlemen, en route to Cuba, both between twenty and thirty.—Mr. Walker, scene-painter, from Drury-lane Theatre, on his way to pur-

sue his profession, at the Park Theatre, New York ; his wife and two little girls, Susan and Maria, aged three and five years.

Five steerage passengers—three women, one man, one child ; they commonly pay £4 or £5 for their passage, and find themselves.

Cabin passengers pay thirty-five guineas to New York ; thirty guineas back, and are found in every thing. Children under twelve, are charged half-price. Crew—twelve men, two boys ; but, including captain, mates, carpenter, stewards, &c., twenty-four in all.

It being the summer season, the captain made the northern passage through the Irish Sea, by the Hebrides, Giant's Causeway, &c., in County Antrim, which Dr. Johnson declared, "is worth seeing, but not worth going to see," in preference to the southern, through Saint George's Channel, by Cape Clear, &c., and after encountering some squally weather, being sea-sick a quarter of an hour, and squeamish for a couple of days, we entered the Atlantic Ocean, and lost sight of land on the 21st of July.

Felt no inclination to moralize on the occasion, as some people do, and others, perhaps, only pretend to do.

Imlac says, "when I first entered upon the world of waters, and lost sight of land, I looked round about me with pleasing terror, and thinking my soul enlarged by the boundless prospect, imagined that I could gaze round for ever, without satiety, but in a short time I grew weary of looking on barren uniformity, when I could only see again what I had already seen. I then descended into the ship, and doubted for a while whether all my future pleasures would not end like this, in disgust and disappointment. Yet, surely said I, the ocean and the land are very different; the only variety on water is rest and motion, but the earth has mountains and vallies, deserts, and cities, it is inhabited by men of different customs and contrary opinions, and I may hope to find variety in life, though I should miss it in nature.

"With this thought I quieted my mind, and amused myself during the voyage, sometimes by learning from the sailors the art of navigation, which I have never practised, and sometimes by forming schemes for my conduct in different situations, in not one of which I have been ever placed."

Imlac should have beguiled the time by keeping a journal, but he was then in his noviciate, and had

probably never read or pondered over the precepts of Horace—"Dulce est, desipere in loco."

24TH JULY.

At eight this morning, hearing a violent uproar upon deck, I hastened there, and found two of the masts broken in pieces, about two-fifths off the top.

They were both in the sea, but were hindered by the rigging from leaving the ship. Captain Maxwell said, "well! we are in a mess this morning." It was certainly a grand and imposing sight, and the confusion of incoherent sounds, caused by the wind and waves, the captain's speaking-trumpet, and the shouts of the crew, was very great. Mr. Walker, the scene-painter, took a sketch of it. Log-book says:—

"Fresh breezes, and pleasant; an ugly sea running at one, p. m., tacked to N.W. Midnight, fresh gales from N.W., attended with heavy squalls of wind and rain; heavy sea running, the sea taking in large quantities of water; at eight, more moderate; tacked ship to the west. Whilst in the act of tacking, was struck by a tremendous squall of wind, which carried away the head of the foremast, and with it the fore-top

mast, top-gallant mast, royal mast, flying jib-boon, and fore-top; also the main, top-gallant, and royal masts, and sails, and rigging attached to the above-mentioned spars. The ship at this time very labour-some, rolling heavy, and shipping large quantities of water, but making no more water than usual; meridian, fresh gales, and heavy squalls of wind and rain, all hands clearing the wreck. Wind S.S.W.—N., N.N.W.—W., Lat. 52, 30; Long. 25.”

25TH JULY.

Pretty calm all day, considering the rocking motion caused by the violence of yesterday's gale. Mr. Guy, a Yorkshire Quaker, tall and thin, metamorphosed into an American citizen, lost his large white beaver hat over-board this morning. Like Mr. G.—very much: his eloquent episodes about M. and M.—

“Oh, County Guy! the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.

The lark, his lay, who trilled all day,
Sits hushed, his partner by,
Breeze, bird, and flower, they know the hour,
But where is County Guy?”

29TH JULY.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.—LAT. 49, 27.

In the evening Captain Maxwell related to us the particulars of his shipwreck in 1812, in the American schooner, *Phæton*, nine guns, fifty men, upon a reef of rocks near the Bahamas; twenty-two of the crew got upon a part of the wreck, surrounded by sharks. In four days, ten only of them remained, the others having perished through fatigue, fright, and famine. One man died raving mad, drinking salt water out of his shoes. When they had been upon the wreck two days, a proposal was made that they should cast lots who should die, to furnish food for the rest, but it was negatived by the majority; soon after which, one of them died, whom they cut up, and eat, Captain Maxwell taking a part of the liver, which was all the food he had for ten days. Afterwards a shark snatched one of the few survivors off the wreck; Captain M. counting not fewer than fifty of those ravenous monsters alongside them; he and his fellow sufferers being all the while mid leg deep in water, to which, however, as a sort of sustenance, he attributed his ultimate safety, the climate being very sultry. On the 10th day, their numbers being reduced to three,

none of whom had had any sleep for ten days and nights, they caught a shark, by noosing him with a rope, and holding him to the wreck, until he died. On opening him, horrid to relate, they found the head of the dead man they had devoured, very little disfigured. Captain M. had the first drink of the shark's blood, and thought it delicious. On that day they reached a small desert island, where they subsisted for a few days upon shark's flesh and red berries, which they found there, until they were rescued from their perilous situation by an American vessel, which ran in close to the shore, to avoid the English cruisers, and which carried them to Cuba. That island was their original destination, in order to purchase a cargo of sugar, to dispose of in France, that being a good speculation, owing to the war, and to Bonaparte's continental system. Captain M. was then second mate. Of the remainder of the crew nine reached Cuba in the long boat; the other nineteen were never heard of more.

The year preceding that, he was wrecked off the coast of Norway; crew saved, ship and cargo lost. On each of those unfortunate voyages he left America on a Friday, the sailor's unlucky day.

8TH AUGUST.

Becalmed upon the great bank of Newfoundland, in thirty fathoms. Crew, cod fishing all day, caught only two; Mr. Guy and others, firing at marks all the morning; the Quaker the best shot.

After dinner, the captain ordered out the long boat; he and others sailed for upwards of an hour round the ship, rowed by a couple of the crew, Mr. Guy firing his gun into the air occasionally, by way of frolic.

In the evening had a dance upon deck, to the inspiring tune of paddy's fiddle. The captain gives him his passage in consideration of his playing the fiddle and feeding the fowls. In fact, as has often been observed at pic-nic and other parties in old England, "What a funny day this has been." Besides it is reported on board, that the sea-serpent has been seen with Mr. Guy's white castor upon its head; but that fact wants confirmation: is important, if true, &c.

10TH AUGUST.

Read upon deck, during the day, under a canvass awning, to conceal the sun's rays, "The Tempest,"

"The two Gentlemen of Verona," and "The Merry Wives of Windsor," written by one William Shakspeare, Esq., the prince of poets and of men. Also finished the perusal of "Cyril Thornton," just published; the author knows what writing is, and can wield the magic wand at pleasure, that is evident.

Had a conversation with Mr. Guy about the present state and future prospects of Quakerism, from which it appears that the Society of Friends, from having been the most fraternal of all sects, has become infected with the demon of discord, to a much greater extent than is usual; that their disputes, like those of relations, are all the more bitter for their previous cordiality, "*acerrima proximorum odia*," as Tacitus says; and that zeal, in this, as in most other religious disputes, has swallowed up both discretion and charity.

The majority of Friends in England, it appears, have appropriated to themselves the name of Orthodox, and have affixed that of Heterodox upon the American brethren, who have returned the compliment in kind and in degree, by turning the tables upon the English, and by voting themselves just the reverse; the pivot of all which bickering, as I at length suc-

ceeded in eliciting from Mr. Guy, being, that the great majority of the English Quakers are Trinitarians, whilst the majority of the Americans, including himself, have recently become Unitarians.

The English Quakers have dispatched to the Friends in America, Mrs. Amy Brothwaite, of Kendal, Ann and George Jones (the grey mare being the better horse), and Elizabeth Robson, from Westmorland (leaving there a large family to shift for themselves), to point out to them the error of their ways, but as appears much more likely to be the case, to add fuel to the flame, for which I should apprehend, the glibness of so many female tongues, to be particularly well adapted ; and alas ! like stones in a gutter, their only effect has been to give momentum to the current, headed by the veteran Elias Hicks, Edward Stables, the Alexandrian philosopher, and Thomas Wetherall, the Washington divine. This last, who is a butcher by trade, and was originally a Yorkshire Quaker, also, tall and thin, appears to be a man of great natural abilities, a sort of Oldfield-lane-doctor-in-divinity ; whose discourses most of the members of congress and heads of departments, when at Washington city, are in the habit of atten-

ding; something of a wag, too, I suspect from the reply he made to a lady, who asked him, "Thomas, dost not thou regret to kill the poor little innocent lambs?" "Yes, I do, unless they're fat."

14TH AUGUST.—LAT. 41.

Entered the Gulph Stream.

I will now endeavour to give a more condensed portraiture of the every-day economy of human life, on board our packet.

At half-past seven, the steward's hand-bell proclaims that it is time to get up. At half-past eight, a repetition resounds through every hole and corner of the vessel, and we sit down to a breakfast, which like our host, unites all the excellencies of Scotia and of America, without their faults; after an elaborate execution of that meal, each, *ad libitum*, repairs upon deck, where "reading, writing, and arithmetic," astronomy, navigation, and other memorials of the march of intellect, amuse the passing hour and give time a shove.

At eleven, the steward returns to his tintinnabulary propensities, and those whose inclinations are in unison with want, find spread upon the damask, an

elegant déjeuner à la fourchette, consisting of a multiplicity of meats and of malts; the staple commodity of the meal, nevertheless, being a hot roasted potatoe.

This repast being over and ended, a return upon deck is unanimously voted—some perambulate its ample boundaries—others invoke spirits or cod fish from the vasty deep, whilst the inspiring pages of Shakspeare and of Scott, bring home to the business and bosoms of the rest, the sublime, yet simple subtleties, of intuitive genius.

At four, the welcome sound is again heard, and we sit down to a dinner which Heliogabulus himself would have been delighted to honour, engulphed in wines, the product of every climate from China to the Pole, from the Islands in the Archipelago to the confines of Kentucky.

The dinner and the desert being duly discussed, the deck again receives its honoured guests; the chessmen re-appear in active or passive evolution, until lo! music is heard; Terpsichore puts all to the rout, and on "the light fantastic toe" reigns goddess of the scene.

But time and tide wait for no man. The weather is not always propitious—the tempest is sometimes enacted, and Captain Maxwell shines out at once the Prospero and genius of the storm. The innocent Maria dignifies even Ariel, “ delicate Ariel ;” Paddy becomes Caliban, and Caliban becomes Paddy ; a sailor, ad libitum, enacts Trinculo, and while Miss H., with unanimous acclamation, assumes the characteristics of Miranda, the present, the absent one, alas ! appears but too plainly depicted on the complexion and countenance of the amiable County Guy.

Nevertheless, in sunshine and in storm, the steward still shakes his elbow ; at seven the coffee and the tea smoke upon the board, and the shade of Dr. Johnson himself, revisiting the glimpses of the moon, ever and anon, flits through the cabin, snuffing up the fumes of the fascinating plant, in which his heart and his head equally delighted. (See his reply to Jonas Hanway, where he says) :—

“ The author confesses himself to be a hardened and shameless tea-drinker, who for upwards of twenty years has diluted his meals with only an infusion of that fascinating plant ; whose kettle has scarcely time

to cool ; who with tea amuses the evening, with tea solaces the midnight, and with tea welcomes the morning."

After tea, conversation, cards, chess, are again introduced, calculations are made as to the length of time our voyage will consume, and bets are laid, and lotteries entered into, on the event, and a sovereign each subscribed for and in respect of, that interesting subject. Time flies upon eagle's wings, and little further is enacted in the edible line, except that occasionally you may hear a gentleman invoke the steward to give him a glass of negus, or of grog—"weak, you know what I mean ;" while the ladies, in tones that add harmony to truth, bespeak each of them a biscuit, Captain M. ever and anon politely insinuating to Miss H. that a drop of the "dare cratur" would be no disagreeable diluant to the "rusky Farina," but she, resembling in nature, as in name, England's greatest queen, resists at once the blandishments of spirits and of sense, and sits

"In maiden meditation, toddy free."

Meanwhile, ten, eleven, twelve, are gathered to the tomb of all the Capulets, and each, ad libitum, be-

takes himself to the regions of Morpheus, to dream of the delights of the past day, and of the duties of the next.

“And such is life at sea, so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone.”

16TH AUGUST.—BEAUTIFUL DAY, BUT ALMOST A
COMPLETE CALM.

A month to-day since we left Liverpool.

Writing in the cabin this morning, I heard a cry upon deck—“passenger over-board, boat ahoy;” upon repairing thither, I found that a turkey, which the cook had been fattening for a fortnight, and had destined for this day’s dinner, had flown over-board, and sat upon the face of the waters, like a pelican in the wilderness, in all the pride of philosophic calmness. The captain, at the earnest entreaty of the cook, had ordered out the long boat, but such a length of time elapsed before it could be lowered, during which the turkey had drifted a long way astern, that the captain, not thinking her worth the while, countermanded the boat. Poor turkey remained in sight a quarter of an hour, casting occasionally a

wistful eye at her old habitation—a longing, lingering look behind. I was informed that she might remain in that situation for an hour or more, when her feathers becoming saturated with wet, and her head falling under the waves, she would, ere long, become food for a shark, or a snake, or fall a prey to worms of her own production. And such is the way of all flesh—Yorick, alas! is dead—the turkey is drowned or devoured—and dinner will be ready in an hour and a half, and such is the way of all flesh.

17TH AUGUST.

Eight sail in sight—interesting objects at sea—but none near enough to speak to.

Had some conversation with Captain Maxwell about the foreigners on board, in particular, and about the French and Spaniards in general, in which he said he had sailed with hundreds of them, of both nations, and entirely concurred in the remark recorded by Lord Bacon in one of his essays, that, “The French are wiser than they seem, and that the Spaniards seem wiser than they are.”

Mr. Curran, who visited Paris in August, 1814, and

wrote several able letters from thence, speaking his opinion of the then French character, has the following forcible remarks :—

“ Since my arrival here, (London) my spirits have been wretchedly low, though treated with great kindness ; I find nothing to my mind ; I find heads without thinking, and hearts without strings, and a phraseology sailing in ballast, every one piping, but few dancing. England is not a place for society, it is too cold, too vain, without pride enough to be humble ; drowned in dull, fantastical formality, vulgarized by rank, without talent, and talent forcibly recommending by weight, rather than by fashion ; a perpetual war between the disappointed pretensions of talent, and the stupid overweening of affected patronage ; means without enjoyment, pursuits without an object, and society without conversation or intercourse. Perhaps they manage things better in France : a few days, I think, will make me decide.

(Paris) “ I never so completely found my mind a magic lantern—such a rapid succession of disjointed images—the past, the present, the future possible. One ought not to be hasty in taking up bad impressions ; and I need not say that three weeks can give

but little room for exact observation, but from what I do see and hear from others, who have seen long and deeply, I have conceived the worst of social Paris, every thing upon the surface is abominable—beastlinesses, that even with us do not exist: they actually seem, in talk and in practice, to cultivate a familiarity with nastiness. In every place they are spitting,—upon your shoes, in your plate, almost in your mouth; such a community of secretions, with, I think, scarcely any exception, is not to be borne. Then the contrast makes it worse;—gaudiness, more striking by filth, the splendid palace for the rulers, the hovels and the sink for the ruled, the fine box for the despot, the pigeon-holes for the people; and it strikes me with sadness that the women can be little more than the figurantees, much more the property, and that a very abused property, than the proprietors, receiving a mock reverence, merely to carry on the farce, but neither cherished nor respected. What a reflection, if, as I fear, it is true, that the better half of the species (for such I really think they are when fitly placed), should be so sacrificed; how vile the feeling and the taste that can degrade them from being the real directors and mistresses of man, to be the mere

soubrettes of society, gilded, and smart, and dexterous, and vicious, giving up all that exalts and endears them in their proper character of wives, and friends, and partners in good, and consolers in adverse fortune.

“Even before the revolution, manners were bad enough, but many causes since have rubbed off the gilding;—the banishment of the nobles; the succession of low men to power; and more than all, the elevation of plebeian soldiers to high rank, promoting, of course, their trulls to a station, where manners and morals, too, were under their influence; and this, added to the horrible example set by Bonaparte himself, in his own interior, putting everything honest or sacred out of countenance and out of fashion; add to this, what must have sent down the contagion to the lower orders—the conscription—the wretched men marrying without preference, merely to avoid the army, and then running into that army to escape from their ill-chosen partners; all these causes must have conspired to make a frightful carnage in manners and in morals too. In short, I am persuaded that a single monster has done more to demoralize and uncivilize this country than a century can repair.

"I really wish the thing over with myself; and trust me, that wish is not irreligious, or peevish, but rather a good-humoured feeling, that not wishing to eat more, I may be better for rising from table,—‘enough is as good as a feast.’

"I am every hour more and more convinced as to my ideas of society,—it is not for those who think or feel, it is one fool getting upon the back of many, to fly from himself. In France you can scarcely make even that experiment, for all here agree, that at the present moment all society is dead. Nor, is it wonderful that when all the actors upon the great scene are changed, the parts should be badly performed; but still I have found a society, such as it is called, and met with a great deal of kindness, and some persons of talent; but even then, I found society an orchestra, where the fiddlers were putting one another out, or rather, where every one played a solo, and every other bow was soaped.

"At this moment my friend enters; he differs totally from my opinion, saying, ‘I have lived single in a great city—few friends—many acquaintances. I think I have done right, and shall continue—sameness would cloy. How many happy matches have

you seen ? how many faithful friendships ? too much intimacy lays you bare ; your little infirmities diminish respect, perhaps excite disgust ; perhaps end in hatred. With the same persons, and those few, what chance of having yourself, or finding in them, the attachment, the good temper, and good sense necessary for bearing and forbearing ? You have complained of being spit upon ; but you can easily curse them, make a polite bow, and go away ; but that would be no cause for breaking a closer attachment. Are not you conscious that you have observed since we have been so much together, some faults in me, not observed before ? Have you no suspicion of reprisal ? ' All this I treated as misanthropic cant. He retorted upon me. ' What is your select attachment, but general intolerance ? What is this syrup of concentrated affection, but an extract from the wormwood of embittered irritability ? When has any man ever found the male or the female inmate always equal, patient, and amiable ? or even suppose it, will not sickness or death rend the bond, and leave you or them in a desert ? As to me, I can bear almost every body, The grave digger I laugh at ; I cannot weep over myself when I am gone, and I will not over any

body else.' He pressed me to say, if I seriously thought there was nothing in these topics. I told him that I had frequently been presented with them before, but was not exactly in a frame for an ulterior concilium.

"In truth, it was rather memory awakened than opinion shaken; but of this enough for the present.

"I found myself all abaft. We agreed to go to the *Chambre des Députés*—I continue to feel an increasing dislike of everything here. I probably shan't remain long;—I have left some things in Ireland unsettled, that I must arrange. However I may dispose of myself hereafter, England cannot arrest me long. My malady, a constitutional dejection, can hope for no remedy in water or in wine. In general, the benefit of those places is attributed to the attendant temperance; but, a person little given to excess anywhere, has not much to add in that way; and as to evening parties, I never liked them, nor was fit for them, I have therefore given my evenings to the theatres. I prefer them to the English, notwithstanding the difficulty of a foreign language. I prefer the style of their stage to ours; ours always appears to me flat and dull, with never more than one

or two of tolerable merit; on the contrary, here you never find any very bad, &c.

“I am not sorry for having come hither when I did; perhaps you see society better when cut into piecemeal; as in anatomy, everything is laid bare to the student. Perhaps it is seen to great disadvantage. The best lesson that man can learn, is toleration, and travelling ought to be the best school. There are many points in which this people must be allowed praise: lively, cheerful, a constitutional philosophy, disposing them to be always satisfied. I wish, as to government, they could be brought to an anchor. Whether this is to happen, who can tell? Nothing can be more divided than the general sentiment: the higher military men have got safe into harbour, and wish, perhaps, for quiet; all under them most discontented: long arrears due. They cannot employ them abroad for want of money, and when the devil is raised, and can't be kept at work, we know the story.

“I had almost made up my mind to bestow a citizen upon France, and I am mortified to find any drag upon the intention—yet a drag there is. I have no doubt that the revolution has thrown that country

a century back; yet she has qualities that might have hoped a better destiny. It has been suggested to me that a winter in Paris might answer better.

"A few days must now, I think, take me across. I think of meeting some persons at Cheltenham;—as to waters, I suspect they are seldom of use; I am quite decided against them, until Charon pledges me on the Styx."

Mr. Curran's health was evidently declining when he wrote these letters (he died at Brompton, of apoplexy, on the 14th October, 1817, in the 68th year of his age), which, probably, induced him to look at objects in a melancholy point of view.

And yet, what is melancholy? but:—

"The telescope of truth,
Which strips the distance of its fantasies,
And brings life near in utter nakedness,
Making the cold reality too real."

"A change came o'er the spirit of my dream," on account of Captain Maxwell having presented me to-day with "The Picture of Manchester," embellished with the map of the town, and numerous engravings; an interesting and an acceptable gift, a sort of an

“Oasis in the desert,” it being a pleasant thing to meet with a picture of one’s native town in a strange place—thousands of miles off,—a sort of melancholy pleasure, in which, I verily believe, the soul delighteth. As Savage sings—

“Oh, memory ! thou soul of joy and pain,
Thou actor of our passions o’er again.”

(Our captain says the difference to-day, (our latitude being 41, 39,) between our time and Greenwich, is thus:—When it is one, p. m. to-day with us, it is sixteen minutes past five at Greenwich).

Captain M. also offers to sell me a handsome black girl, seventeen years old, and her (not his) boy, one and a half years old, ready cut and dried, for £7. (Memdum.—think about this.) But had better, perhaps, examine first of all into his title, as I find upon enquiry, that in 1820 the Legislature of New York passed an act, to take effect on the 4th ult., to abolish slavery in that state,—so might buy a “pig in a poke.” He says he paid £6 for Africana before the birth of young Scipio.

23RD AUGUST.

Off Sandy Hook, 25 miles South of New York. Here we overtook (and were in the city one tide or twelve hours before) the packet-ship, Manchester, Captain Lee, which left Liverpool thirteen days before us; but in consequence of his having been frequently becalmed, owing to his making the southern, instead of the northern passage, we gained upon him by all that time. Here a pilot came on board, and took charge of our packet. The sight and sound of a strange face and voice amongst us appeared very singular at first; all eyes rested upon him, and all ears were open and attentive to his news.

Log-book says:—"Light air and pleasant weather; several ships in sight; exchanged signals with the packet-ship, Manchester; bent the cables, and got the anchors off the bows. At four, p. m., in all steering sails; braced up, and at six, tacked to the N. W., sounding during the night every hour. Day-light, a light air from the E; out all steering sails. At nine a. m., made the Highlands of Neversink, bearing N. W., hauled up. Meridian, light but steady breeze from the E., and remarkable pleasant. Light-house in

Sandy Hook; bearing account, W., N. W.; distance, 23 miles; lat. obs. 40, 11 N., wind varying from W., S. W. to N. E."

Log. Pr. Harbour continued.

SAME DATE.

"Drawing fast up with the land; at four, p. m., received pilot from boat No. 5; several ships also at the same time in company. At seven a strong flood making, and the ship proceeding all well towards the city. At half-past nine, p. m., came to an anchor abreast of Fulton Market.—Furled sails."

And so, having arrived in safety at the end of the longest voyage I ever undertook, I can safely say, that I have enjoyed it so much, I almost regret its termination, and have therefore only to express my hopes and expectations, that the devious paths I may tread on land, will be as satisfactory in all respects as those I have recorded and witnessed at sea; that having escaped Sylla, I may avoid Charybdis. I will therefore, only just add in conclusion, that our packet was plentifully found in every respect, material and mental, as well as in other recreations, equally innocent and amusing; and that I believe, in all these vessels, if a passenger can only contrive to keep his

bowels open, and his mouth shut, it will be his own fault if his passage be not a pleasant one.

24TH AUGUST to 3RD SEPTEMBER.

At New York, (of which I shall take some notice hereafter), at the private end of the city hotel, in Broadway.

On that day, proceeded per steam-boat, up the beautiful North or Hudson River, to Albany, the capital of the state of New York, 145 miles off; and the day following, per stage, through Saratoga Springs, one of the most fashionable watering places in the United States, 40 miles farther, to Lake George, 27 miles on north, one of the noblest lions of these parts. A new and elegant inn, called the Caldwell Hotel, about fifty yards from the head of the Lake, presents to the longing and lingering eye of the tourist a tempting specimen of "the Traveller's Rest." The shores opposite are bold belts of precipices, stretching as far as the eye can reach, completely covered with forest trees, called the French Mountains, in which deer and rattle-snakes flourish, and abound. The whole district, during the seven years' war, which ended at

the Peace of 1763, was once, and more than once, the theatre of fierce and bloody strife between the French, English, and their copper-coloured confederates, and between the English, Americans, and Indians during the revolutionary war, which terminated with the treaty of 1783.

Opposite the hotel, the steam-boat "Mountaineer," which plies daily the 36 miles, from the south to the north extremity of the lake, and back, reposed quietly at anchor, an emblem at once of peace, pleasure, and plenty of perigrination.

When one compares the present happy condition of these romantic regions, with the dreadful cruelties committed here during the French and revolutionary wars, aggravated too, by the mutual employment of savage, scalping Indians, one cannot but feel grateful for the contrast that everywhere presents itself to the eye, where peace and plenty, security for person and property, are exchanged for fears, death, and destruction, wars, and rumours of wars.

At ten, the moon having majestically risen from the rear of the French mountains, and who but they who have seen her rise, in such a region, can do justice to the soft effulgence of her beams! I heard

nothing to disturb the sweet serenity of the evening, save the now-accustomed notes of the cricket, the katy-did, and the bull-frog, and above all, a female voice, singing with peculiar pathos, and occasionally at a high pitch, "Robin Adair,"—"What made the ball so fine," &c. ? "Robin Adair."

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank ;
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears,—soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony."

Whether it were the Caldwell ball or the Cheadle ball, that alternately raised her regret, or revived her happy recollection, "I conna tell, for I dinna know," so I extinguished the candle, and went to bed, musing, as St. Paul and Solomon have it, over "many and unutterable things."

About a hundred yards from the hotel, are the massive ruins of Forts George and William Henry, both famous in the wars above-mentioned.

At noon next day we reached, per steamer, Ticondergo town (or Ti., as the Americans, in their business-loving-way, do delight to contract it to), at the

northern extremity of the lake, where several stages and four, were in waiting, to convey the passengers to the famous old fort of that name, three miles off, equally celebrated with the others, in the wars above-mentioned. The carriages, I soon discovered, were like the roads they had to traverse, more rough than ready. De Roos, I see, compares them to the tub of Regulus, without its nails; the drivers were clad in calico. The roads as I said before, were in unison with the tubs; in innumerable instances through marshy places, &c.; they were composed of logs of wood, sadly given to tilting up at one end, and my three fellow passengers (all from the state of Virginia, out on a pleasure trip), respectively denominated them, corduroy gridirons and feather bed roads. The field fences are constructed of split cedar poles, 15 feet long and 7 bars in height, running in an acute zig zag manner thus, \  and are frightfully defensive and offensive.

We soon reached the Fort, the remains of which, including the barracks and the French lines, occupy a hundred acres at least.

I saw nothing alive about the ruins, save a veteran

grey squirrel, which hopped up and down, ad libitum, and seemed to sing or to say—

“I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute.”

What, methought, would the multitudinous masons of former days say, could they now peep from their graves, and see this satirical squirrel lording it over their labours, and reading to all mankind a practical lesson on the vanity and nothingness of all human expectations? What could they do or say, but chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancy, exclaim “*væ, væ, mihi, cui bono?*”

Between Fort Ti and Lake Champlain appears the remains of another celebrated fortress, called Crown Point, erected by the French in 1756, but the heat was so oppressive, that none of us took the hint of Monsieur Calico, that it was customary for travellers to alight here, and examine them. He therefore resuming, at random, his reins of empire, drove at a rapid rate, despite the heat and the threatened dislocation of all our limbs, over corduroy, gridiron and feather bed roads, to a ferry, at the foot of Lake Champlain, here only a mile wide, which we crossed, and found

ourselves at a village called Shoreham, and for the first time in all our lives, in the state of Vermont, one of the six New England States.

8TH SEPTEMBER.

Embarked at Montreal, on board the Richelieu steamer, plying upon the river St. Lawrence, between that city and Quebec, 180 miles.

Near the rapids of Richelieu (130 miles en route) appears a church with two spires, reminding one of the Reculvers off Margate. There, sailing on the silver Thames, I have often mused of Cæsar, and his fortunes; here, steaming it upon the St. Lawrence, I bethought me of Wolfe, and his glorious fate, whose names stand highest in the Pantheon of history? those heroes, who fell for their country in the arms of Victory, Nelson, and Wolfe, or our old Hobgoblin Napoleon, the great fire-eater, who died peaceably upon his pillow at last, after having given himself and the world a deal of unnecessary trouble? And yet, as a grain or two of corrosive sublimate is mixed up with every thing human, it may again be asked, but it would require an abler oracle, than

Odipus himself, to resolve me my riddle, so I'll e'en not set it.

9TH SEPTEMBER, to 9TH OCTOBER.

AT QUEBEC.

The population of Canada, at the period of the conquest, in 1759, was about 60,000 ; at present that of Lower Canada alone exceeds 400,000, about seven-eighths of whom are of French extraction, and profess the Roman Catholic religion, the other eighth being a most extraordinary collection of English, Irish, Scotch, Americans, Germans, and mongrels, and their descendants ; of these the Americans are the most numerous, the Scotch the next. Until recently they engrossed almost all the external commerce of the province. They now share it in unequal proportions with American, English, and Irish merchants. There is hardly an instance of one of the French descendants (who are exclusively called Canadians) being engaged in the foreign trade of the country ; they, however, participate largely in the internal traffic of Lower Canada. There are no manufactories there worth mentioning ; those of leather, hats, and paper,

have, however, been lately attempted. The woollen clothing of the farmers, is always wrought at home, and is called *habitan* cloth. There are two iron foundries, in the neighbourhood of three rivers, on the St. Lawrence, half-way between Montreal and Quebec; and it is said, that their castings of stoves stand the heat better than those that come from Carron.

The owners and occupiers of land are chiefly Canadians, and few or none hold upon lease. The great bulk in fact, are owners in fee, subject only to the payment of a small fine, to the Seigneur, or person holding immediately of the crown; and to a finer fine of one-twelfth on the occasion of a sale, or of an act equivalent to one; one-fourth of which one-twelfth again, is usually deducted for prompt payment. The other conditions attached to these tenures, are more tedious than onerous. They consist chiefly in grinding corn at the Seigneur's mill; in paying one-fourteenth for grinding; and in the farce of repairing the highways and byeways that infest these regions. Farms held by Roman Catholics are also subject to a tithe of one-twenty-sixth part of all grain, for the support of the curates, and to assessments for the building and repair of churches and priests' houses.

The great mass of Lower Canadians are agriculturists, and are warmly attached to their country, religion, laws, customs and manners, and utterly averse to all innovation.

They partake of the French character in about the same degree, that a native of the New England States does to his original country. Both are modified by circumstances and climate, and now differ in degree, rather than in kind, from their respective progenitors. In the New England States, the independent spirit of the Anglo-Saxon often degenerates into coarseness; in Lower Canada, the servility of the Frenchman disappears. The Canadian peasant acknowledges and is respectful to his superiors, but expects a corresponding degree of attention in return; an omission in this respect, is not easily forgiven. Their politeness (which I sometimes thought a nuisance) is characteristic of their origin, and they hardly ever meet each other, or a stranger, without taking off their hats, and saying, "Bon jour Monsieur." Every habitant keeps one or more huge dogs, to draw his sledges over the snow in winter, which at other times, are apt to rush yelling out of the whitewashed cottages, at any horse, carriage, or pedestrian, that may chance

to pass by; and if a gentleman should kill or hurt one of these animals, even in self-defence, a Canadian jury would make him remember it.

The peasant in person is of middle size, firmly knit together, and active: there is no race of people capable of enduring greater fatigue. In this respect, they are singularly supported by the gaiety of their constitutions. Their education is neglected; their ideas are limited; their capacities are excellent. In worldly concerns, they reason and act only from experience, feeling, or some family maxims. They are very suspicious of what they hear or read, especially when it comes from those out of their own sphere. In spiritual affairs they are guided entirely by their curates, who, if they wish to stand well with them, will meddle with nothing else.

The lands granted by the British crown are almost all in Upper Canada, where the English rules of descent prevail, except that the law of primogeniture has been abolished. A person may devise his estate to whom he will, or entail it under certain circumstances; but if he should die intestate, the law divides his property equally among his children, or his next of kin, in a legal course of distribution. And, in point

of fact, few wills are made, and still fewer entails intentionally created. A widow cannot by any legal manœuvre be deprived of her dower. The lands in Upper Canada, are settled chiefly by British and Americans. By Americans, I mean the natives of the United States, whose parents or themselves did not adhere to the royal cause during the revolutionary war, or who have migrated there since the peace of 1783. They are permitted to settle in Canada, and to become British subjects, by virtue of an act of Geo. II, entitled, "An Act for Naturalizing such Foreign Protestants and others, as shall settle in any of his Majesty's Colonies in America."*

I consider that our conquest of Canada occasioned the loss, if loss it be, of the United States; that during the French ownership of it, the English government dared not have passed the Stamp and Tea Acts, lest the discontents that might be expected to be engendered from such obnoxious imposts, should be fomented by their restless and intriguing neighbours but when the fortune of war had declared against them, and the greatest part of the North American

* The author is indebted for most of these particulars, to the Quebec Almanack, for 1827.

Continent owed allegiance to one flag, then it was that the British Ministry were tempted to try their hands at those short-sighted measures, which led to the eventful change above alluded to.

13TH OCTOBER.

Sailed in the "Dalhousie" steamer, 20-horse power, from Prescott to Kingston, both at the Lake Ontario, extremity of the St. Lawrence, and seventy miles apart. The river, the live-long day and way, looked more like fairy land, that is, water and land, than any thing else, reminding one of the romantic realities of Lake George. Mr. Galt (the author) and Mr. Dunlop, commissioners of the Canada Company with whom I had some conversation, were on board; the doctor informed me that the government surveyor had counted not fewer than 1500 islands in this entrance of the St. Lawrence, which is commonly called and known by the name of "the Thousand Islands."

We frequently threaded such intricate narrow passages, that upon looking back at the distance only of a quarter of a mile, it was impossible to discover the particular outlet through which we had sailed.

The whole Archipelago, to-day, in fact, presented the most beautiful and extraordinary sight I ever beheld. It was feathered close to the water's edge in innumerable forms and divisions with foliage, in every possible variety of autumnal tint and change, wafted about by the wind, and burnished by a brilliant sun. In fact, as all beauties are apt to cloy, the only objection predicable of this species of American scenery, is, its exceeding richness and sameness, not tameness.

Having seen so many smaller specimens of this kind of scenery, this "fall," I take the opportunity to copy the following glowing and accurate description of it, from the pen of Mr. John Neal, a native of Portland-in-Maine, where I afterwards spent about a week with him (in consequence of a letter of introduction I carried to him from his friend, Mr. Willis, of Boston, author of "Pencillings by the Way," &c.), late resident in London, and author of the able articles upon America, which appeared in "Blackwood" in 1824-5, &c., the perusal of which induced me to take in that work.

"The autumnal beauty of a North American forest cannot be exaggerated. It is like nothing else on earth. Many a time have we gone through it, slowly

tilting over a pretty blue lake there, among the hills, our birch canoe dipping with every motion of the paddle in the water, beneath us, all the mountain about, all unknown to the world, in a solitude, a quiet, profound as death, and bright as heaven, the shores overhung with autumnal foliage, and a sky so wonderful, so visionary, that all the clouds and all the mountains were of a piece in the clear water, and our boat was like a balloon.

“Say what you will, there is nothing to be compared to a scene of this kind, about an hour before sun-set, in the depth of a great North American solitude ; a vast amphitheatre of wilderness, rock and mountain, after the trees are changed by the frost. People may talk of their fine Italian skies ; of their hot East Indian skies ; of the deep midnight blue of the South American skies : we have seen them all, slept under them all ; slept under a sky, like one great moon ; worshipped them all ; seen them through all the changes of storm and of sun-shine, of darkness and of light ; and we say, that in reality, they are dim, heavy, clouded, and uninteresting, compared with the North American skies, a little before and after sun-set.

“ And so too, of the garniture of a North American wilderness, after two or three clear frosty nights; there is nothing to compare with it under heaven. The mountains, vallies, woods, all burst into flowers, all at once; other countries are in a better state of cultivation; their trees are less numerous; their wild shrubbery less like a vegetable inundation over the land, covering every foot of the earth; or the changes of their colour from season to season, are slow and gradual. It is not so in America (North America), there the transformation is universal—instantaneous; a single night will do it. In the evening of a fine day, perhaps all the great woods will be green, with hardly a red, brown, or yellow leaf; a sharp frost will set in at night; before the sun rises again, the boundless verdure of the whole province, a whole empire in truth, will be changed: in the morning there will hardly be a green leaf to be found. Before the week is over, go where you may through the superb wilderness, you will meet with nothing but gay, brilliant scarlet, purple, orange, with every possible variety of brown, light blue, vivid crimson, or blood colour. Of all the trees, none but the evergreen tribe will keep their integrity. They will shew among the

battlements of the mountains, darker than ever, more cloudy than ever; like so many architectural ruins, or surviving turrets, in the splendour of the surrounding landscape. No, no, it is not saying too much of all this beauty, of all this great magnificence, when the fresh cold brisk wind of the season gets among the branches, after such a night, and blows upon the superfluous leafing, to the warm sunshine, like a tempest among prodigious flowers, tearing and scattering the tulip-coloured foliage over the earth, and over all the waters. No, it is not saying too much, merely to say, that under heaven, throughout all the vegetable creation, there is no spectacle of beauty, or show of richness, or of grandeur, to be compared with it.

“Imagine (we do not mind appearing a little absurd, if thereby we may give the stranger a true idea of their appearance) imagine, therefore, a great wilderness of poppies or tulips, outspreading itself on every side, reaching quite away to the horizon, over hill and over valley, or a wood, literally encumbered, heavy, with great gorgeous live butterflies.

“We have been a traveller—we have looked upon the dark Norwegian woods, their dull evergreens

towering up into the sky, covering whole provinces; woods, too, of stupendous oak; each tree of the soil was divided, overshadowing a man's inheritance, flourishing bravely through whole territories, more than one quiet, solitary place, entirely shut in by the hills, flowering all over, all the year round. But we have never met with, never heard of, never looked upon, elsewhere, that profusion of glorious vegetable beauty, to be seen every FALL in the woods of North America, heaped up upon all the banks of all the rivers, up to the very skies, upon the great mountains, or accumulated over the low countries, weltering there all the day through, in the light or shadow, or wind, or sunshine of the season."

The eloquent author of the above, wrote also in "Blackwood" (for February, 1825,) the lives of living American writers, and among others, his own, amusingly enough, in the third person, as follows:—

"Neal John, a New Englander, a real brother Jonathan, or Yankee, one of those audacious, whimsical, obstinate, self-educated men, who are described by Dr. Ferguson, the self-taught astronomer, while giving an account of himself, as the scholars of God Almighty. Neal has written more volumes, if those

he does acknowledge, be his, or one-third part of those which he does not acknowledge, though laid with all due solemnity at his door by the beadles of literature, than perhaps any other four of his countrymen; yet, he is only thirty-two years of age, with a constitution able to endure any kind of hardship; has only been writing at intervals for seven years; has only gone through his apprenticeship as an author, and set up for himself within a few months. His life has been a course of continual adventure. It will be one of great profit, we hope, now that he is out of his time, to the present generation at least.

“ He is a Quaker, or was, till the Society read him out for sundry transgressions, to wit: for knocking a man, who insulted him, head over heels; for paying a militia fine, for writing a tragedy, and for desiring to be turned out, whether or no.

“ He was born, we believe, in Portland-in-Maine, formerly a part of Massachusetts proper; was put into a retail shop when about eleven or twelve years of age, where he learnt, he says, without his poor mother's knowledge, how to sell tape, lie, cheat, swear, and pass counterfeit money, if occasion required, as it would sometimes, in a country, where

that which was counterfeit, and that which was not, were exceedingly alike, not only in appearance but in value; grew ashamed of cheating, he says, in a small way, and after many years of adventure, became a wholesale dry-goods dealer, poet, painter, auctioneer, &c. &c.; failed,—undertook to study law, and, as if that were not enough to employ his faculties, to support himself meanwhile by his pen (a thing unheard of in America), while he was learning Latin, French, Italian, German, Spanish, Portuguese, &c. &c. He succeeded in all that he undertook, and is now a counsellor-at-law in the Supreme Court of the United States."

18TH OCTOBER TO 24TH OCTOBER.

AT FORSYTH'S HOTEL, A HUNDRED YARDS OFF THE
SUMMIT LEVEL OF NIAGARA FALLS.

The most striking view of this sublime spectacle, is probably to be found at the foot of the Canadian Fall, a stupendous convex curtain, of constantly descending water, enveloped in enormous wreaths of foam, 2040 feet in width, by a fall of 146 feet. This is the British, or Canadian Fall. Opposite to you is

the American, a straight perpendicular sheet, of 900 feet in width; the weight of water precipitated down both cataracts, in the course of an hour, has been calculated by Dr. Dwight to exceed one hundred millions of tons, occasioning a noise that may be heard at the distance of fifty miles, shaking the ground upon which you stand; and, when the sun shines upon the spray, creating two rectangular beautiful rainbows, of the richest and most brilliant hues.

Goat Island, also upon the summit level, enjoys different, but exquisite views, of both falls. It is the cause of the cataract separating into two parts; is a small uninhabited island, studded with a variety of trees and shrubs, of which the shumac and the hackmatack are the most prominent; the latter, which bends its branches down to the ground naturally, in a greater degree than the weeping ash in England does artificially, supplied Mr. Moore with the simile contained in the following beautiful lines, he presented to his mother, in a pocket-book, on his or her birth-day:—

“They tell us of an Indian tree,
Which, howsoe'er the sun and sky

May tempt its boughs to wander free,
And shoot and blossom wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
Downwards again to that dear earth,
From whence the blood, that fills and warms
Its grateful being, first had birth.
'Tis thus, when wooed by flattering friends,
And fed with fame—if fame it be—
My heart, my own dear mother bends
With love's true instinct back to thee."

I am not at all surprised if he was seized with inspiration in such a situation. As I surveyed the stupendous sight around me, I could not forbear to repeat passages out of Milton, such as—

"These are thy glorious works, parent of good,
Almighty."

In fact, it is worth while to visit Niagara, were it only to taste the sublimities of that author. I never entered so thoroughly in the spirit of his strains before. Therefore, I repeat, Milton's the author to read or to recollect at Niagara, Burke "on the Sublime and Beautiful" is a fool to it: I call the British Fall the sublime, the American, the beautiful. I compare the water of the British Fall to a sea of liquified crystal

and garnet stones, elaborated in a crucible of nature's own invention.

But as extremes are apt to meet, and as there is only one step between the sublime and the ridiculous, perhaps the American gentleman, mentioned by De Roos, was almost justified in tapping him upon the shoulder, and saying, "Pretty droll this, Mister," &c. &c. Some fustian of the same kind I heard to-day, but it is not worth while to repeat or record it.

On the 23rd October, on my return from Chippewa, two miles off, the view of the falls, between Brown's and Forsyth's hotels, as every one knows, who has seen them in sunshine, was most beautiful. I saw the whole of the American Fall, and that half of the British that adjoins Goat Island, the other half, owing to its perpendicular position, under my feet, being present only to my mind's eye, Horatio, while a rainbow, a Niagara rainbow, spanned the river, as Cassius says, Cæsar did the world.

"Why man, he doth bestride the narrow world,
Like a colossus, and we, petty men,
Walk under his huge legs, and peep about,
To find ourselves dishonourable graves."

On my return, another time, to Forsyth's, I gathered

as many mushrooms (mementos of Old England) in a field adjoining the road-side, as dined the table-d'hôte, to the number of a dozen. And caught a beautiful butterfly, fast prisoner, and fluttering about with its four fine wings, to a piece of clay, on which, having alighted, the action of the sun's rays had attached its feet, by evaporating the moisture. On my crumbling away the clay, the butterfly wanted to fly away, but I said, "No, thank you, you're so pretty, I can't let you go; your beauty's fatal to you; I must kill and book you by double entry;" so saying, and suiting the action to the word, the butterfly exchanged a transient, for a perpetual, imprisonment—the stocks for the grave. The people on the road gazed at me, with the same look of pity and contempt with which the waggoner surveyed *Lame Jervis*, on his escape from the mine; he laden with stones and thistles, I with mushrooms and a butterfly; but I turned the tables on them, by laughing at their ignorance.

After spending one short week at *Niagara Falls*, incredible as I should almost have deemed the fact at first sight, I came to regard them at last, with that utter indifference, which length of time always entails upon human enjoyments; the greatest pleasure in life is in the

prospect and pursuit,—possession always cloy, and points to the moral proof, that what every mortal is always in search of, is unattainable in our present imperfect state of existence; that in short, nothing temporal or material, can satisfy the cravings of that essence, which is, in its nature, spiritual and immortal.

24TH OCTOBER.

Left Forsyth's in a tub and four for Black Rock, near Lake Erie, and in the State of New York, seventeen miles off. We reached a village in Canada, opposite Black Rock, just in time to be too late for the ferry-boat, which had crossed the Niagara river, for the last time that evening, a quarter of an hour before we arrived, and I was obliged, in consequence, to remain all night at the ferry-house. I had been reading Sir Walter Scott's life of Napoleon ever since I left New York, on the 3rd September, and by a curious coincidence, had arrived this evening, at his able and animated account of the battle of Waterloo. Happening to enquire the name of the village I was at, I was informed it was Waterloo; so that I was reading an elaborate account of that battle, at Waterloo

itself. It was the scene of a severe skirmish between the British and American armies, during the last war, and acquired its illustrious name in consequence; though probably, their engagement in comparison of its vast and varied original, was like a storm in a tea-spoon.

25TH OCTOBER.

Left the village of Waterloo at eight, a. m., and crossed the Niagara river, here half a mile wide, in the steam-boat "Cossack," worked by four-horse; passage-money, a York (N. Y.) shilling, (currency) about 8d. sterling. At Black Rock, where we landed, I waited patiently, an hour and a half, for the arrival of the boat, plying upon the Erie canal, from Buffalo to Albany, a distance of 362 miles, and beguiled the time by speculating upon that variety of the human species I had seen, in considerable numbers, at the Falls, and on the route, yesterday, from Forsyth's to Waterloo, called "Borderers," who, in common with their brethren, all over the world, I suppose, rejoice in the characteristics of smuggler, swindler, and sworn enemy to every thing in the shape of subordination

~~and voice.~~ Their ~~demeanour~~ appears extremely rude and repulsive, and is marked generally by a licentious ~~manner.~~

A great bane to Canada, as well as to the States, is the cheapness of spirits, foreign and domestic. Whiskey, distilled from apples (which are so abundant about the Falls, that they are hardly thought worth the trouble of picking up, though as excellent in quality as they are copious in quantity), is retailed proof at 1s. a gallon; and too many of the lower orders, as well as of the upper, indulge in them to excess; and you may always detect a confirmed dram-drinker, as well by the air of desolation that accompanies his figure, as by the tenuity and ferocity of his features, rendering his *tout-ensemble* truly repulsive.

The drams are distinguished by a variety of cant names, such as gum-ticklers, gall-breakers, gin-sling, mint-julops, cock-tails, anti-fogmatics, &c. &c.

I was also struck with the extraordinary difference that presents itself in a variety of ways on the United States' side of the Niagara river, in comparison with that upon the opposite, or Canadian shore; or, in other words, with the activity of the one, and the apathy of the other. In the States, the general rule

seems to be, for everybody to be wide awake ; in Canada, on the contrary, for every one to be fast asleep. No doubt, the difference in the two forms of government sufficiently accounts for the discrepancy. In the States, the people are sovereign, and rule themselves, or are governed by representatives of their own choice. In the province the people are subjects ; have very little power in their own hands, and two-thirds of the government are appointed by parties, over whom they have little control, and so complete is the soporific, that whenever permission is procured from head quarters for the prosecution of some semi-public and private scheme, they all go fast asleep together. A case in point is furnished by the La Chine canal, near Montreal, nine miles in length, cut to avoid some dangerous rapids on the St. Lawrence. It was commenced several years before the Erie canal, but was not completed until that great communication (more than thirty times its length) had been finished and opened. The Americans, in derision, used to send their neighbours word they'd go over some night, after they had left off work, and finish it for them.

Whether the Federal Government of America can endure, & as it is, or it derives into possession of the advantages that negroes enjoy, is a problem to be solved, if it is to solve. It is I believe, for any one to see, & thus to set to the determination of that great question, and therefore—time. Not that I think the Federal Government is unjust—far, very far from it. On the contrary, it is beset with serious and great difficulties, though enshroued with a veil, that makes it seem the only line of constitution that has been advanced, but not finished in the Eastern Hemisphere, since the day that the wise heads of Virginia, Adams, and other worthies, framed the present instrument of government. One of its greatest evils consists in the constantly recurring question of the presidential election, which sets such multitudes of people, both in public and in private life, by the ears, & questions that is for everlasting fishing or mending its nets, in or about troubled or hot waters; & still greater evil lies in the little liberty accorded by the majority to the minority, the United States is, no doubt a land of liberty, but it is monopolized by the majority who are so partial to it, that they will let no

body else have any if they can help it, which completely nullifies Burke's ideas of what liberty ought to be.

He defines it to be "that state of things in which the liberty of no man, and no body of men is in a condition to trespass upon the liberty of any person, or any description of persons in society."

Junius, also, in his 58th letter, published in 1771, twenty years before the promulgation of the present American constitution, tries his hand at a definition of liberty, strictly republican, though, I doubt, with rather a utopian result. He says:—"Yet, though I hope the English constitution will for ever preserve its original monarchical form, I would have the manners of the people purely and strictly republican. I do not mean the licentious spirit of anarchy and riot; I mean a general attachment to the common weal, distinct from any partial attachment to persons or families; an implicit submission to the laws alone, and an affection to the magistrate, proportioned to the integrity and wisdom with which he distributes justice to his people, and administers their affairs. The present habit of our political body appears to me the very reverse of what it ought to be; the form of the con-

stitution leans rather more than enough to the populace branch, while, in effect, the manners of the people (of those at least, who are likely to take a lead in the country) incline too generally, to a dependence on the crown."

Well said, old "*stat nominis umbra*," otherwise, "*vox et præterea nihil*." He seems to dream of possibilities, till he thinks they are probabilities, and then asserts them as facts.

I assert, plainly and positively, that there is far more real liberty in England, in public and in private life, than there is in the United States; even setting aside the transcendent plague spots of slavery and knavery, in the shape of repudiation and otherwise.

It is against the honour of Mississippi, forsooth, and such swindling States, to discharge their just debts! What a perversion of the English language! What a stain upon the stars and the stripes; upon the whole union in short, whatever they may choose to vociferate to the contrary. Hardly a session of Congress happens, but the president hastens to inform them of some stringent measure he has on hand, for squeezing real or imaginary demands, in dollars, of American citizens, in general out of some foreign

country ; while the gross delinquencies of their own defaulting States are passed over without remonstrance, remark, or rebuke of any kind whatsoever. How edifying it must be to witness the holy horror, the upturned hands and eyes of the senators and representatives of the defaulting states, at the bare mention of the enormities enunciated by the president. The inference however, seems inevitably to be, that he and his, find it convenient to have a rogue or two in the firm ; and to my mind, amply demonstrates, that a late writer was not far off the mark, when he asserted the patent fact, that the two Americas comprise two vast swindling shops, from Maine to Mexico, and from Mexico to Cape Horn.

Talleyrand's ideas of America, during his eighteen months' exile, from 1794 to 1796, during part of which time he kept a dry-goods store in Philadelphia, may not be uninteresting. He says, in a letter to Madame de Genlis, from that city :—

“ This country is a place where honest men may prosper, though not, to be sure, quite so well as rogues, who, as may be expected, have many advantages on their side. I wished to write and send you something about America, but I soon saw that it was

a senseless project. I shall defer the few observations I intended to have made, to the conversations which I propose to have in the long evenings I hope to pass with you hereafter. There are a few great facts known to every one, from which a Copenhagen cabinet may guess at the whole of America. You know the form of its government. You know there are large and immense tracts of uninhabited land, where you may obtain a property at a rate which bears no proportion with the price of land in Europe. You know the newness of the country; no capital, and yet great ambition to make fortunes; and no manufactures, because labour is, and must long remain too dear. Combine these circumstances, and you are better acquainted with America, than the majority of travellers, including M. de L——, who is here making notes, inquiring for authorities, and writing observations, and who is a much greater bore with his questions, than the inquisitive traveller described by Sterne.

“ My health has been tolerable, notwithstanding the rigours of the winter, and the change of weather, which passes suddenly to the mildness of spring, and then returns to ice and snow. These changes are

incessant. The insalubrious heats of Philadelphia oblige me to pass the summer at New York. Happy, say you, is the country, where the inhabitants desire to avoid maladies only and the natural causes of decay. In many parts of Europe violent causes of destruction are so frequent, that we ought to count for nothing, whatever only follows the order of nature.

“I await here with impatience the work which you mention, together with some miniatures which you allow me to hope for, which will afford me the highest pleasure. You may address anything to Mr. John Parish, American Consul, Hamburgh.”

That the American constitution is a wise and wonderfully written work, the age it has attained, and the failure of so many other subsequent schemes, in other and older countries, sufficiently attest; whether it will prove as permanent in duration, as its ardent admirers in America (where, by the way, all geese are swans) assert that it will, appears to me, to depend entirely upon the precedent, established and elucidated in the history of the Israelites of old, who, as long as they were deservedly the favourites of

heaven, flourished, as soon as they ceased to be so, fell.

I would fain persuade myself, that there is sufficient salt in this country to preserve it from such a catastrophe, but I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that it is fearfully overlaid with infidelity on the one hand, and with a vast deal of imposture and indifference on the other.

But hark! the horn, not of Caspar, but of the Erie canal boat.

Soon after ten, I took my departure in it. In size and shape it resembles those that ply on the old river navigation, between Manchester and Runcorn.

This canal is 40 feet wide at the top, 28 at the bottom, and four deep. It is the property of the State of New York, having been executed by them, or rather by Irishmen in their employ, in about eight years' time, at an expense of £2,000,000 sterling. There is a great traffic upon it, until "old father frost" lays his heavy hands upon it, in boats of the burthen of between 35 and 45 tons, of which we frequently saw half a dozen in sight at once: and it is abundantly supplied with water from Lake Erie, and other such sources. In fact, the present is the time, as the

Americans appear to be aware, for cutting canals, and such sort of communications, for although labour is higher than it probably will be fifty years hence, yet the price of land is nothing: the law here is, if the landowners require it, the canal commissioners will join them in naming an arbitrator, to determine whether the canal has improved or injured the property; if it has improved it, they have to pay something for the improvement, besides losing their land; but I understand hardly any transactions of the kind have been entered into.

At night the passengers, amounting to twenty-five, were accommodated with berths, by placing mattresses upon the benches, upon each side the boat, which benches again, by means of hinges and supports, were rendered double their daily width; above these again, hammocks are suspended by staples, driven into the cabin roof on purpose, and which during the day time are concealed in the cavities of the benches. As necessity is the mother of invention, nothing can exceed the ingenuity of these sleeping accommodations. My perch was small enough in all conscience (smaller than any I ever crept into before) but I slept soundly and long in it.

26TH OCTOBER.

On rising this morning at six, I found the ground covered with snow.

Our boat is drawn by three horses, the driver riding upon the last, and holding the other two with reins, a species of tandem, I never saw before. Average speed 96 miles in the twenty-four hours; not quite four miles an hour.

At ten, we arrived at Rochester, where there is an aqueduct, 802 feet in length, supported by eleven arches, carrying the canal over the Genessee river: about 700 yards north of the town, that river precipitates itself down a cataract 90 feet deep, which furnishes an invaluable water privilege, used to turn a multitude of cotton and other mills. Rochester contains upwards of 10,000 inhabitants, appearing to be a bustling, thriving place, ten years ago it was a wilderness; the canal and the cataract are the magicians that have wrought these wonderful changes: besides, it is upon the borders of the Genessee country, where the finest wheat in the world is grown.

As the boat stayed an hour here to pick up passengers, I took the opportunity to perambulate the

town; in the course of which, I overtook a man driving a team of huge oxen, to quicken whose paces he kept singing out, "Gee up my puppies.!" Matthews, in his satirical mode of dealing with journalists, would have taken out his tablets, and entered thus:—"N. B.—In America all oxen are called puppies." No doubt it is too much the custom everywhere, and especially in this country, to take the exception for the rule. On my return to the boat, I mentioned the circumstance to the company, who laughed heartily, but said it was quite original.

In one place the canal ran close to, and parallel with a road, where we beheld an unlucky wight, with his dearborn, or carriage of the country, drawn by a couple of horses, stuck fast and deep in some most tenacious mud. This made us quite satisfied with the slow but velvet pace of our accommodation, as contrasted with the Slough of Despond in which our pilgrim had made such slight progress.

At Little Falls, there is another aqueduct of three arches, and 214 feet in length, carrying the canal over the Mohawk river, equally celebrated in Indian warfare and in song. It is constructed of hewn limestone, and is inferior only to that at Rochester; the

centre arch is 70 feet wide, and spans the space the river occupies, with a deep and rapid current; the outside arches are 50 feet span, resting upon abutments and pieces of solid limestone, surmounted upon each side by coping stones, and iron railing. Great taste and judgement have been displayed in the construction of this work; and connected with the romantic scenery of the "Pass of the Mohawk," it is unequalled in interest by any other point upon the canal.

There are persons now resident upon the banks of the Mohawk, who purchased their lands of that powerful nation; who, as recently as the treaty of peace of 1783, were numerous in these parts, as the Indian names of towns and villages adjacent, help to testify. At present, with the exception of 2000 Tuscaroras, who are tolerated near Niagara, and a few Oneidas, near Camistota, the Indians are now altogether extinct. They faded away, imperceptibly, before the face of the white man, brandy and all sorts of bitters having had a sufficient share in their civilization and catastrophe.

We performed 332 miles in four days and three nights; in three boats, which, though all of the same size, yet minute differences in the internal accommo-

dition of each, were discernible. Each had a library on board, including several bibles. On Sunday I observed the passengers made no distinction between perusing religious and other books; and on weekdays, they read the bible, &c., under circumstances which the *mauvaise honte* of most Englishmen would have hindered them doing; there was little, and no general conversation, among them; the reserve of the English, rather than the garrulity of the French, being the prevailing feature.

On the first night, twenty-five passengers were accommodated with berths; about the middle of the voyage they had increased to thirty-three, and at the conclusion, they amounted to forty. I heard one of them observe, that if it were not for nineteen or twenty inconveniences, travelling in a tow boat would not be unpleasant.

I slept one night from ten to six, a. m., when happening to awake, and to cast my eyes upon the strange scene around me, I began at first, to wonder where I was, and then, that I had enjoyed such profound rest in such a situation.

Bare heads (the Americans wear no night caps), disordered clothes of all descriptions; hats here, other

integuments there, lay jumbled together "in all the mazes of metaphorical confusion." "These," as Junius continues, "appeared to be the creatures of a disturbed imagination, the melancholy madness of poetry, without its inspiration." You are a scholar, brother Jonathan, I calculate, Mister. The scene altogether, extracted from the catacombs of my brain Henry Fourth's soliloquy, and Macbeth's exquisite description of sleep.

"Sleep! the innocent sleep,—

Sleep, that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast."

Nothing again, can afford a greater contrast than the nocturnal and diurnal appearance of an Erie canal boat; it reminded me much of the contrast that the every-day appearance of the avenues of Westminster Hall and Abbey present, to what they did, when fortified at the Queen's trial, or fitted up for the King's coronation.

At seven, all are up and doing, walking the deck, or washing in the steerage, while the steward, with the assistance of his black satellite, throwing all the win-

dows wide open, soon reduces the cabin from its chaotic state into one of neatness, simplicity, and order; breakfast is abundantly spread upon the tables, and I should not like to be a beefsteak in the way of brother Jonathan.

On the morning of the 29th we reached Schenectady, where our voyage terminated; the distance to Albany thence by the canal is 28 miles, by the road only half that distance. Partly on that account, partly by reason of the number of locks upon the line, the packets always stop here, and the passengers are forwarded to Albany in tubs and four. Schenectady is the largest and only old town on the route. It was founded about the same time as Albany, and, like it, rejoices in the possession of many party-coloured old Dutch houses, with pointed gables and painted beams.

The canal between Schenectady and Albany crosses the Mohawk again twice. The "Upper Aqueduct," as it is called, is 748 feet long, built upon 16 stone piers, and abutments 25 feet above the river; the Lower Aqueduct is 1188 feet long, and has 26 stone piers.

The following is a list of the places the canal passes through, between its extremities, with their

respective distances from Albany and from each other :—

			FROM PLACE TO PLACE.	FROM ALBANY.
Albany	...	...	0	0
Troy	...	...	7	7
Junction	...	...	2	9
Schenectady	...	...	21	30
Amsterdam	...	...	16	46
Schoharie Creek	...	...	7	53
Caughnawoga	...	...	4	57
Spraker's Basin	...	...	9	66
Canajoharie...	...	...	3	96
Bowman's Creek	...	...	3	72
Little Falls on Mohawk			16	88
Herkimer	...	...	7	95
Frankfort	...	...	5	100
Utica	...	...	10	110
Whitesboro'...	...	...	4	114
Oreskany	...	...	3	117
Rome	...	...	8	125
Smiths	...	...	7	132
Loomis	...	...	6	138
Oneida Creek	...	...	3	141

			FROM PLACE TO PLACE.	FROM ALBANY.	
Canistota	...	...	5	146	
New Boston	...	...	5	150	
Chitteningo	...	...	4	154	
Manlius	...	...	3	162	
Orville	...	...	3	165	
Syracuse	...	...	6	171	
Geddes	...	...	2	173	
Nine-mile Creek	...	...	6	179	}
Carton	...	...	6	185	
Jordan	...	...	6	191	
Weed's Basin	...	...	6	197	
Port Byron	...	...	3	200	
Montezuma (Lake Port)	...	...	6	206	
Clyde	...	...	11	217	
Lyons	...	...	9	226	
Newark	...	...	7	233	
Palmyra	...	...	13	254	
Fullom's Basin	...	...	6	260	
Rochester	...	...	10	270	
Ogden	...	...	12	282	
Adam's Basin	...	...	3	285	
Brockport	...	...	5	290	

			FROM PLACE TO PLACE.	FROM ALBANY.
Holley	...	...	5	295
Newport	...	...	10	305
Portville	...	...	4	309
Oak Orchard		...	5	314
Middleport	...	...	7	321
Lockport	...	...	12	333
Pendleton	...	...	7	340
Tonawanda	...	...	12	352
Black Rock	...	...	8	360
Buffalo	...	...	3	363

Two-thirds of the above are very small places, consisting only of a dozen or so of frame or log houses; the great majority of them, nevertheless, being doubtless the nucleus or embryos of extensive towns.

The canal, about one-half of its route, is formed through the primeval forest.

The concatenation of English, Scotch, American, Indian, Mexican, ancient, modern, classic, sacred, profane, Chinese, French, German, Sicilian, Dutch, Turkish, and original names in the above list, are amusing enough. Like Mosaic work, it attracts

attention, as much by its variety as its use, and, for amusement's sake, may as well be analyzed by negatives as by affirmatives, as follows :—

At Black Rock I saw no spires, steamers, or smoke, from Liverpool; at Pendleton, no pole; at Palmyra, no dates, priors, or ruins; at Lyons, no silk; at Clyde, neither Glasgow nor Greenock; at Montezuma, no patient, patriotic emperor; at Holley, no curate, or christmas-box, or Fox; at Port Byron, no Child Harold, Don Juan, Ada, or Pedrillo; at Jordan, no miracle; at Canton, no crape; at Syracuse, neither Dromio nor Antipholus, massacres, masses, matins, or vespers; at Orville, no lord; at Canistota, no Indian chief; at Mohawk, no tomahawk; at Rome, no Romulus or Remus, Cæsar, Cataline, or consul, Leo, Boniface, young Napoleon, or ruination; at Utica, no Cato; at Frankfort, no fair, though plenty of females; at Amsterdam, no droll Dutch dolls; at Troy, no siege, Priam, Hector, or Andromache; at Schenectady, no blue ruin, otherwise Holland's gin; at Albany, no Duke of York.

At Albany, where I slept, the state legislature was in session, but had adjourned before our arrival for dinner. An amusing satire was published on

its proceedings at New York, in June, 1828, entitled, "A Guide to the Springs of Saratoga; by an amateur—Adieu, la boutique," in which he says:—

"Albany is the capital of the State of New York, having been the seat of government for about half a century; formerly the Legislature met in New York, but in process of time it was discovered that the members being seduced into huge feedings, by the attraction of oysters, turtle, and calves' head soup, did incontinently fall asleep at their afternoon session, and enact divers mischievous laws, to the great detriment of the community; therefore, they resolved to remove to Albany; but alas! luxury and dissipation followed in their train, so that in process of time, they fell asleep oftener than ever, and passed other laws, which nothing but their being fast asleep, could excuse. In my opinion, it would tend greatly to the comfort of the community, and go far to prevent this practice of legislating with the eyes shut, if these bodies were to meet in council like the Indians, under trees, in the open air, and be obliged to legislate standing. This would prevent one man from talking all the rest to sleep—unless they slept like geese, standing on one leg—and thereby arrest the passing

of many mischievous laws, for mending rivers, mending manners, mending charters, mending codes, making roads, making beasts of burthen of the people, and fools of themselves. Truly, saith the wise man, ' too much of a good thing is good for nothing,' and too much legislation is a sly, insidious oppression; the more mischievous as coming in the disguise of powers, exercised by the servants, instead of the masters, of the people. Commend me to king log rather than to king stork. Every legislative body, in my opinion, should have a majority of good, honest, sleepy, patriotic members, whose pleasure it is to do nothing a great portion of the time during the session: your active men are highly mischievous in a government, they must always be doing something, meddling with every body's concerns, and so busy keeping the wheels of government going, that they don't care how many people they run over; they are like millstones in motion, when they have no grist to grind, will set one another on fire. In my opinion, the most useful member that ever sat in Congress, was one, who never in his life made any motion, except for an adjournment, which he repeated every day just

before dinner time. Truly, the energy and activity of a blockhead is awful."

30TH OCTOBER TO 7TH NOVEMBER.

Stayed four days at the public end of the City Hotel, New York, and three days in going to and from, and staying one day in Long Island, at a village, with the Indian name Pachogue, (pronounced Patchhog.)

On the 3rd November I went there.

We left Brooklyn at nine, a. m., and at twelve arrived at Jamaica, twelve miles; proceeded thence through Islip to Babylon, twenty-eight miles further, which we reached at six, p. m. The coachman drove one team, of four horses, tacked to a wretched tub the whole forty miles, and we had, the greatest part of the way, twelve inside passengers, and an immense quantity of luggage. The road, of course, was good, dry, and level. The weeping willows, we passed in abundance, looked equally beautiful, pendulous, and pensive, the most graceful trees I ever saw, well worth a voyage from England to examine, superior in grace almost to ostrich feathers.

At Hampstead, where we dined, I saw the farm Cobbett occupied the last time he beat a retreat to this country, though he decamped without paying any rent for it.

The principle of his morality, as indeed he plainly avowed to Sir Francis Burdett when he reclaimed £2000, he had been simple enough to lend him, being, that if it is not convenient for a man (meaning only himself) to discharge a debt, that is a receipt in full of all demands.

A short distance further on, near a bay, a passenger pointed out to us a mound, under which are interred the remains of another noted political English adventurer, Paul Jones and his wife. He directed them to be deposited there, to the end, that at high tides the waves might wash the place of their sepulture.

During the day we passed thousands of turkies, in flocks of a hundred and upwards, fattening for the New York market, on the shed Indian corn. I thought what fun a fox would have among them. The straw of Indian corn after the cones are separated from it, is stacked for winter use, for cattle to eat, and is said to be extremely nutritious. When a field has carried a crop of Indian corn, it is common-

ly ploughed the following year for oats. Corn all over the country, means Indian corn, all other kinds of grain are specifically mentioned.

At Pachogue there is one church, erected at the joint and equal expense of the Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Congregationalists, who each enjoy it one Sunday a month in full sovereignty, the others meeting at a paper mill adjoining, and other such sort of places, of which there are, a cotton mill, a woollen mill, a fulling mill, a grist mill, and a saw mill, all worked by water, procured from several natural creeks and ponds adjacent, and artificial diversions of the same.

Pachogue is a great resort during the summer season, for the citizens of New York, on account of the fine fishing in the pools and streams adjacent, and of the abundance of deer in an adjoining forest, seven miles in diameter, the property of any person clever enough to snare or shoot them.

7TH NOVEMBER.

Proceeded to Northumberland, in Pennsylvania (or Pa, as the Yankees do delight to contract it to), viâ

Philadelphia (of which, more anon), 94 miles, per steam-boats and stages, where I stayed one night; through Harrisburgh, per stage, the capital of the State, 100 miles off, and so, to Northumberland, 52 miles further.

12TH TO 23RD NOVEMBER, AND 5TH TO 12TH
DECEMBER.—AT NORTHUMBERLAND.

It stands upon the junction of the east and west Forks of the Susquehannah, which rising in widely different directions, several hundred miles apart, unite their waters here, and flow in peaceable possession and partnership 100 miles farther, into Chesapeak Bay, and so lose themselves in the vast Atlantic. It is nearly a mile wide here, and is the largest river in the United States to the east of the Alleghany mountains.

Occasionally, there is a flood upon one branch and not upon the other, insomuch that at the junction, there will be a wall of water upon one Fork several feet higher than the other. I saw this phenomenon myself on the 11th December, when the water of the west branch dammed up those of the east, forcing

them upwards several feet in perpendicular height, and flooding the meadows adjoining. At the estuary of the east bridge, in the centre, is a small beautiful island, with the Indian name, Shamokin, which is invaluable, as the means of communication between two covered elliptical bridges (with windows), of four arches, each one, on each side of the island, connecting Northumberland with the district of Sunbury adjoining.

On the 14th November, I accompanied Mr. J. P. (grandson and namesake of Dr. Priestley, whose kindness and attention, I here again take the opportunity gratefully to acknowledge), to his farm, four miles from Northumberland. He has 800 acres there, partly in wood, but principally in meadow and pasture, buck and common wheat, Indian corn and orchards.

Labour is here so high, and the people so idle, unless they are directly interested, that a gentleman, to farm to advantage, is obliged to do it in shares. Mr. P. puts a farmer into possession of the premises, who is at all the expense of cultivation, and gives Mr. P. two-fifths of the produce; but this plan is evidently open to great objections.

They have a distillery on the farm, where whiskey

is produced from apples, the process of making which I witnessed; it is repeated until it is concentrated to "Baltimore proof," when it sells for 25 cents a gallon, but will pay at 20. Above the distillery is a granary, which, a short time since, was greatly infested with rats; all at once they disappeared, without Mr. P. being able to assign any cause for their so doing, until one day, going up stairs, he found coiled up, and asleep upon the floor, a rattle-snake, which had done him this service. Probably, thinking the remedy worse than the disease, he killed his rat-catcher, and found in its stomach two rats. Rattle-snakes abound here most, and are most dangerous in the autumn, but it is a long time since any accident has happened from them. Three were killed on Mr. P.'s farm in 1826. On the approach of winter they retreat into the rocks, woods, and hills, and as the face of the white man multiplies about them, they, like the Indians, disappear altogether.

On the 19th, I accompanied Mr. P. to Sunbury, where a Court of Common Pleas, for the county of Northumberland, was held: Judge Chapman, the regular district judge and a Quaker, having been summoned to Harrisburgh, Messrs. Gerhart and Schæfer,

his associates, presided. They are neither of them lawyers by profession, the first being a farmer, the last an innkeeper in Sunbury; but being used to it, I suppose, they looked quite *comme il faut* upon the bench, and got through the day's work, in the absence of their chief, very creditably. I was certainly struck with their sense and sagacity, in speaking as little, and as low as possible; when any question of difficulty or importance arose, they adjourned it, the Prothonotary being their mouth-piece of the Court.

It opened at eleven, in a similar manner to that observed in England; at Quarter Sessions; the crier shouted "O, yes! O, yes! O, yes!" then followed the presentation of reports on the state of roads and bridges, swearing in constables, the grand jury, and charging them; afterwards followed a few motions from barristers and attornies, there being hardly any distinction between them; one was for a summons for a man, to shew cause, at the next January court, why his wife should not obtain a divorce from him, by reason of cruelty. The facts were disclosed by her affidavit, and deposed to, by a third person; the summons was granted, and if he does not appear, or does not disprove her statement,

the remedy will be granted her. If a man in Pa, desert his wife, and is absent two years, without her hearing from him, she can obtain a divorce, and her property be secured against his claims.

At twelve the court adjourned till three, during which time, the judges, juries, witnesses, and spectators discussed some most agreeable dogmas, in the shape of divers good dinners, the staple commodity of our's being a hot oyster pie, containing some hundreds of fish, and most excellent it was.

At three, this most amusing of all courts resumed; most of the spectators had their hats off; about a dozen kept them on, upon the same principle that the king of England, in Westminster Hall, would wear his, that the judges are his servants.

One sovereign, smelling strongly of whiskey, put his arm round my neck, as I was reading a book, and on my shoving him away with my elbow, he said, "well, there's no harm done, mister."

Judge Chapman succeeded Judge Cooper, as district judge. He was an eminent barrister at Manchester, who soon after the commencement of the French revolution, emigrated to America, on account of his Jacobinical principles, and abstract

fondness for liberty and equality : but alas ! he had not been long in his adopted country, before he discovered that he had been quarrelling in England with his own shadow. Like all pseudo patriots, the upshot of his theory was, to depress all above him to his own level, and to keep in their wonted stations, all beneath him. Seeing one day in Sunbury Court a man with his hat on, he ordered him to pull it off, under pain of commitment. But he reckoned without his host ; the sovereign he addressed, defied him to do his worst, and brought down the high looks of the proud, by reporting him to the governor, and getting him dismissed. Like all his tribe, who quit old England in a transport of republican rage and universal philanthropy, he shortly became more violent against the United States' government than he had ever been against his own. He is now president of Columbia College, in South Carolina, and has just published a violent tirade against the tariff, in which he recommends the citizens of that State "to calculate the cost and value of the union." If he had remained in England, undisturbed, with the phantoms of politics and philanthropy, his talents would have raised him high in his profession, and realized him a

large fortune: as it is, he is as poor as Job's turkey, and deemed a double-dyed renegado in both countries.

23rd NOVEMBER.

Left the temple of hospitality, I have been staying at, last night at ten. I slept at Forsyth's hotel (in order to proceed at three in the morning, in the stage towards Philipsburgh), in a double-bedded room, with another gentleman.

Good often arises out of real or apparent evil, as my room fellow, a young medical student, on his return home from Philadelphia, or *the city*, as he called it, among other interrogatories, he addressed to me while dressing, of course asked me where I was going to. "To Williamsport and Belfonte," I replied. "Williamsport and Belfonte!" echoed he, in astonishment; "why, its thirty miles round; I'm going near Belfonte, myself, but shall take the Penn's valley, not the 'Williamsport stage.'" Upon this hint, I spoke to my landlord, who corroborated what my companion had communicated, and although I had taken my place to Williamsport, kindly allowed me to change it to Potter's Fort, nine miles from Belfonte, and

thirty-seven from Philipsburgh. I therefore take this opportunity to recommend "The Tales of a Traveller," as well as those of "My Landlord," to all future tourists.

The morning was bitter cold, and at three I left, with my informant and two other gentlemen, in a pair-horse "tub," carrying the mail. (Since changed into a coach and four.) We rode eight miles, in pitch and perfect darkness, crossing the Susquehannah by a long, wooden, covered bridge, somewhat similar to those at Harrisburgh and Northumberland, and which always reminded me much of a toy representation, I have seen in London, of the Thames Tunnel, and reached the small village of Deers-town, where we stayed about ten minutes, at the post office; we thence proceeded nine miles further, to Youngman's-town, where we arrived at a quarter past eight, and breakfasted at the sign of the "Horse," Jacob Maize, who amazed me with the excellence of his Indian corn cakes.

On our way to the inn, Jack's Mountains and Buffalo Mountains rose high in the horizon, feathered with foliage, that is, trees. Five miles further on is Hartleton, a small village, built all of wood, except one house, the inn.

Between Hartleton and Youngman's-town, on the left hand side of the road, is a German church, which is reputed to be haunted, and in consequence, is closed, desecrated, and deserted; the congregation, of course, being very superstitious.

All the region round about is excellent lime-stone land, in a high state of cultivation, owned and occupied by the Germans, a dirty people, who, instead of keeping themselves clean, or using small-tooth combs, were very busily occupied disturbing the peace of many worthy families, operating one upon another with their finger nails. I thought how a slight solution of corrosive sublimate would have saved them a world of trouble, unless the pleasure, as usual, lies in the pursuit.

Four miles from Hartleton, we reached Rouse's tavern, a lonely house, at the commencement of the "Narrows," as the valley, between the ridges of the Buffalo Mountains is here called. Here we stayed an hour, to feed the horses, which had brought us from Youngman's-town, and had to carry us to Aaronsburgh, fourteen miles further. These mountains are lofty precipices, covered with trees, principally pines.

Eight miles further on, at the termination of the Narrows, stand Moat's tavern, and mill, worked by a

small water power ; immediately beyond which again, is Penn Valley, a tract of lime-stone land, in a high state of cultivation, thirty-six miles long, by five or six broad.

About six miles further on, is Aaronsburgh, a small town, which we reached at half-past four, and put up for the night at Pennington's Columbian hotel, a log-house. At six we had dinner, tea, and supper, all at once. At night I slept in a large room, up stairs, the crannies between the logs being stopped up with mud or marl, wind and moonlight entering in at a few chinks, notwithstanding. It was an exceedingly cold night, but my bed was warm, clean, and comfortable. Pennington told me his father emigrated from Liverpool.

24TH NOVEMBER.

BEAUTIFUL DAY, BUT BITTERLY COLD.

Left Aaronsburgh in the same stage, at six, a. m., and at half-past arrived at Millheim, otherwise Mud-town, otherwise Dreiksteckle, a Dutch or German settlement, where we were detained three quarters of an hour, by the obstinacy of Wasson, the postmaster,

who shouted out, "he would not get up before it was light for any body," and whom the passengers described, to be half Dutchman, half devil, and the laziest fellow in the United States. I delighted them all exceedingly, by taking out my tablets, and saying, "I'll book him," which I did, by lunar aid.

We proceeded at length, through a forest of splendid pine trees, 150 feet high, along a turnpike, stretching before us for several miles in a straight line, until it looked extremely taper, to Cook's-town, an embryo settlement; thence we passed Spring Mill, a large brick grist mill, worked by the water of Penn's Creek, which rises here.

Here are also a post office and a store, kept by one Duncan, an emigrant, from the "Land o' Cakes," where we alighted to warm ourselves, by the stove in the centre of the room, whilst the driver and Duncan, did the needful with the bags.

The Store presented a grotesque collection of almost every article under the sun, either useful or ornamental, consisting of (inter alia) drapery, crockery, stationery, grocery, hardware, tinware, toys, tapes, and other smallwares; hats and bonnets, boots and shoes, brushes and blacking, lamps, lanterns, and

looking glasses, saws, spits, and all sorts of spirits, pitch forks and toasting forks, besoms and watch ribbons, physic and mops, ropes and rattletraps, horse gearing and maps, mugs, mouse traps, almanacks, and fizzes. The gracious Duncan only detained us a tenth of the time the camelion of Millheim had done ; and at ten, we arrived at Potter's Fort (a comfortable brick inn, kept by one George Withington), to breakfast.

Opposite to our route from Cook's-town, were the Nitney, and on our left lay the Tussey Mountains.

Our party in the stage consisted of the medical student, already mentioned, named Barber ; a music-master, of the name of Baldwin (a Yankee), that is, a native of the New England States, and Colonel Johnson, owner of the stage, and brother to the driver, a civil, obliging, and intelligent man, so that, in fact, we had no filthy dowlas amongst us, all being of the learned profession, disciples of Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Minos, and Esculapius.

At Potter's Fort my journey in the stage terminated ; which, after breakfast, proceeded to the Colonel's house, at Boalsburgh, seven miles off, where it would remain the rest of the day, and proceed to-

morrow to Alexandria, thirty miles off, where it would fall in with the Pittsburgh line of stages, and on the day following, return towards Northumberland.

(On the 1st January, 1828, "the march of mind, and the progress of public improvement" (as the Yankees have it), accelerated the speed of all these conveyances, changing pair-horse stages into four, and tubs into coaches.)

At Potter's Fort, terminates a new turnpike, on the Mc Adam principle, just completed, between here and Youngman's-town, a distance of 33 miles, cut at the expense of 65,000 dols., supplied in part, by an appropriation of the Pennsylvania legislature, and, on the other part, by private individuals, on the security of the tolls.

Potter's Fort is so called from a fort that formerly stood here, built by a gentleman of that name, to repress the incursions of the British and Indians during the revolutionary war. The surrounding country has been cleared and cultivated about half a century.

The rattle-snakes, which, until then, flourished here, held for many years, more than a divided empire, with the first settlers; but ere long, the subtle sophis-

try of the serpent, "charm he never so wisely," quailed before the pecuniary passions of the European. The serpent and the Indian saw him set fire to their native fastnesses, and fled, howling, into the western wilderness. He bruised the head of the one, and the heel of the other, for mind will prevail over matter.

The driver of the stage (*credat Judæus Apella*) wanted to make me believe, that I should have to wait a whole week for a conveyance from Belfonte to Philipsburgh; but I told Bacchus "I'd rather walk first:" his nods and winks, however, putting me on the *qui vive*, I made an agreement with Withington, that he should drive me in a dearborn to Belfonte, and if I could procure another conveyance there, all well and good, otherwise that I would proceed with him to Philipsburgh.

Accordingly, at eleven we left Potter's Fort, and proceeded along an excellent road, savouring strongly of the romantic, until we stumbled upon Messrs. Valentine and Thomas's iron works, which effectually dissolved that idea, with the ore, transmuting romance into dull reality, and about one reached Belfonte, nine miles from Potter's Fort, and dined at Miles's hotel, the "General Washington."

Belfonte derives its name from a beautiful, pellucid spring of water, that rises here, affording action to the wheels of the iron works above-mentioned.

Finding that no other conveyance was obtainable, I agreed with Withington to give him six dollars, and to pay the toll bars between Potter's Fort and Philipsburgh and back, to-morrow, on which he undertook to drive me there to-night.

The fare from Northumberland to Potter's Fort, 52 miles, including my expense at Aaronsburgh, was 3 dols., and a five-penny bit; the dollars being national; the bit, state currency; amounting in English money altogether to about 13s. 9d.

Accordingly, soon after two, we quitted Belfonte, and three miles beyond, passed through the village of Milesburgh, where are iron works, the property of Mr. Miles, and at four, arrived at Hinton's tavern, a log house, at the foot of the Alleghany, where we alighted to refresh our good grey horse; to give which a further benefit, I walked up the mountain, beyond the Rattle-snake tavern, near the top, $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The rays of the setting sun, gilding the tops of the trees, on the Nitney and Tussey Mountains, were most beautiful. In America, there is little or no

twilight; as soon as the sun sets, if there be no moon, it is dusk.

Half way up the mountain, a man overtook me who said, he was "whipped," that is, drunk. He was a pioneer of civilization, on his way to the western frontier; of course an Irishman, or of Irish birth, parentage and education; he guessed, that my name was John, that I was two-and-thirty, and a preacher of the Gospel. I guessed his name was Timothy, that he was six-and-thirty, and a knife-grinder: if he told true, we were both right as to our christian names and ages, wrong as to the rest. He said, he was "wide awake, Mister," and defied me to wrestle with him, either in arts or in arms; so seeing the Rattle-snake tavern, a stone's throw from the road, and my conveyance being neither within sight or sound, I persuaded him to go and enquire the name of it, and saw him no more.

Five and a half miles from the Rattle-snake, we reached Cradock's tavern, where some more pioneers of civilization were carousing it, lustily. Being both of us cold and hungry, with ascending the Alleghany, we each eat two slices of bread, and drank a wine-glass full of genuine mountain dew, distilled from rye,

and unpolluted with water. In short, we eat and drank till we were "quite crowded."

The whiskey produced such an effect upon Withington, that we reached Philipsburgh before he thought we had compassed half the distance; in fact, it was "touch and go" all the way: we rolled rapidly down the western side of the Alleghany, like a house on fire, lighted only by the beams of a small parish lantern, the rays of which were at times totally obscured by the pines and precipices, that everywhere surrounded; us and at eight, nine miles from Cradock tavern, we reached Philipsburgh, and put up at the Philipsburgh hotel, J. Mc Girk, where we had coffee and cake, and where, agreeably to my text, I proceeded to sum up the heads of this day's discourse, not as a "preacher of the Gospel," but as an obscure and humble journalist.

25TH NOVEMBER TO 2ND DECEMBER.—AT
DR. PLUMBE'S, AT PHILIPSBURGH.

He was heretofore surgeon of the 3rd Royal Lancashire Militia, and partner with Messrs. Thomas Patten and Co., in the Cheadle copper works.

During my stay, he shewed me mourning rings, he had for my grandfather and his elder brother, and accounted for his possession of them, by saying, that they were also partners in the Cheadle copper works, and that it was the custom of the company, on the death of a partner, for his representatives to give the survivors rings; but, it was certainly a curious and interesting circumstance, to meet thus unexpectedly, with such reminiscences on the westerly side of the Alleghany.

He and Mr. H. P. (from whose family the place derives its name) are the only English gentlemen in the place; their ladies, most agreeable, are from the respective counties palatine of Lancaster and Chester.

Philipsburgh is situated upon the small river Mushannan, amidst a forest of pines, a few hundred acres of which only are cleared; and even then, as occurs in most of the fields in America, decayed and blackened stumps of trees, two feet in average height, spring up in every direction, a short distance from each other, like the spectres in Hamlet, Macbeth, and Richard III, shadows of their former greatness.

Mr. P.'s and Dr. P.'s houses, though not "as like as two peas," are the only good ones in the place; they

"stand upon a hill, a gentle hill, green (I don't think), and of mild declivity," within a stone's throw of each other, and are respectively, wholesome, substantial, English-looking, whitewashed, mansion houses, appearing to the practised eye of a Briton, like an oasis in the desert; Mr. P.'s (which is called the "big house") being stuccoed and angular, Dr. P.'s rough-cast and square. I must confess I prefer the square to the angle, as affording more points of protection against the extremes of summer, autumn, and winter, the only seasons you have here, where you are alternately frozen and fried; a concatenation of clothing being the proper protection against both, although others are not to be sneezed at, unless you've a cold.

The rest of the houses, with the exception of the inn, and a Mr. Levers, clerk to Mr. P., (formerly an officer in the British Navy) are log houses and frame houses; the difference between the two consisting in this, a log house is built of good sized logs, notched at each end, so as to intersect each other, the interstices being filled up with mortar or marl. They would make capital houses, if they could, by any

possibility, be reduced to one compact mass; but, alas! the mortar or marl often comes out, admitting, of course, a current of fresh air into the apartment, and then, where are you? A house of this description would have been just the thing for Pyramus and Thisbe, as they might easily have made holes in the mortar, &c., big enough to have put their fists through; or if they had wished a closer adjudication of the affair, they might, perhaps, have removed a log or two, without running any great risk of danger, difficulty, or detection.

A frame-house, on the contrary, is one compact mass of boards, well nailed together, and occasionally plastered inside. Pyramus and Thisbe might easily have scratched holes through the plaster of a frame-house, but they would have found their finger nails at fault against a three-inch board,—they must have looked out for the chink again. There is a small wooden white-washed church, at once useful and ornamental, to the place, built by Mr. P., capable of containing 150 persons; but no clergyman. A Methodist preacher, whom Mr. P. described as highly respectable, occasionally officiates; but there was no

service the two Sabbaths I was there. A sunday-school is, however, taught in the church, which is attended by eighty children.

The coal, which abounds here, is bituminous, rather resembling the Lancashire than the Lehigh (which is anthracite), yet of a more smothering quality than either. It is not worked by perpendicular, but by horizontal shafts, drawn into the sides of hills.

Accompanied Mr. P., one day to his screw mill, where I was much pleased. In England screws are headed by manual labour, here they are made wholly by machinery, with mathematical precision; yet the price of labour here is so high, that English screws are sent out, and sold at a cheaper rate than the American.

Afterwards, walked with him along the banks of the mill-race, conveying water from the river to the mill; thence to his iron works, passing by a small log-house which he told me he inhabited for several years, on his arrival here. There were then no roads, only a track through the forest; and he could not calculate on a dinner, till he had gone into the woods, with his gun, and killed it. If he had been no shot, as Charles

Burton says, "I am not," he might have starved in the midst of plenty, but providence proportioned the "fleece to the storm."

At his iron works, he prepares the metal for the screws, and for sale at Pittsburgh, the Birmingham of America. He purchases his ore at other works, 13 miles off; casts it by means of a furnace heated by charcoal, which renders it more malleable than coal. He prepares his charcoal (for which the adjoining forest affords ample materials) in pits hard by; there were several of them burning, each pit containing the enormous quantity of 25 cords of wood; a cord being eight feet long, four feet wide, and four high, same as in England; and taking from eight to ten days to burn.

He has also a saw mill, and a store, where he pays the workpeople their wages in barter, a tommy-shop in fact.

The reason is, that there is little or no metallic currency in this part of Pennsylvania, consequently, paper money is at an awful discount, and almost every transaction is reduced to its primitive element, barter. This gives a man of capital and credit, an enormous advantage, as much, I should think, as 50 per cent.

This pernicious system is owing to the over-banking and speculation which prevailed all over the United States a few years ago ; but the evil now is in course of correction, and cash and confidence are expected shortly to reappear ; to disappear, again and again, as often as knavery causes the wheels of fortune and of misfortune to revolve their sad vicissitudes of things.

All the cows about here have bells fastened to their necks, so that if they should be lost in the forest, they may be heard, and found. The church has no bell, but the cattle have plenty, and drowsy tinklings lull young Philipsburgh.

The beaver dams, adjacent, are well worth a visit. This is an area of several hundred acres of excellent land, with not a tree or stump to be seen growing or decaying upon them. The dams were constructed by the beavers, who, by building them over a small stream called the Beaver Run, inundated the count upon each side to a considerable distance. The dams after having stood the test of ages, beir abandoned by their velvet tenants, have at last given way, in consequence of which, the water has returned.

to its original channel, leaving the above quantity of land, level and rich, as a farmer could wish.

2ND DECEMBER.

Left Philadelphia, on my return to Northumberland, 116 miles, by Williamsport, "thirty miles round," as well to see a different line of country, as to call at Muncey, seventy-six miles on the road, for my fair cousin, the Miss H., of the Atlantic voyage.

At Milton, fifteen miles from Muncey, we procured a fresh pair of horses, answering to the names of Judge and Shakespear, and proceeded along the beautiful banks of the Susquehannah, passing one end of Deer's-town Bridge, already commemorated, and crossing Chiliesquaque Creek, reached Northumberland, twelve miles further, where we had the pleasure to find our good friends well, and eager to hear our respective adventures. I asked the driver which Judge it was, Cooper or Chapman? He said, "Cooper, to be sure; Chapman's an old woman." I could, indeed, tell some amusing instances of his pompous inanity, but I forbear.

12TH DECEMBER.

Left Northumberland for Philadelphia, per stage, to Berwick, 33 miles. We kept in sight, the whole way, the waters of the eastern branch of the Susquehannah; and the next morning, about one, proceeded in a stage, drawn by three horses, abreast, to Mauch Chunk, a celebrated coal mine, 32 miles on. Soon after setting off, the moon, an American moon, arose, to enlighten and cheer us with her beautiful beams.

About ten miles further on, we commenced the ascent of Bucks Mountain, by means of a newly Mac Adamized road, sorely afflicted with stone and gravel, wending its weary way through an extensive forest. It is well called, as half-way up the mountain, two fine bucks crossed the road close to us, as cool as cucumbers; they are greatly larger than the English fallow deer; larger even than the red deer in Marlborough Forest.

At half-past seven we reached "Caspar Horn Inn," a handsome hotel; immediately after which, our eyes were gratified with that most splendid of all earthly sights, the glorious orb of day, gradually displaying itself above the horizon, heralded in by its harbingers

of long silvery streaks of light, developing themselves in a fan-like form, almost as beautiful as their great original.

The sun, rising after the moon, on the self same morn, seemed to reverse Addison's beautiful lines—

“Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale.”

Methought, also, well might Milton make Satan soliloquise the sun, in his celebrated *Invective or Apostrophe*—

“Oh, thou that with transcendant glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion, like the God
Of this new world, at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads. To thee, I call,
But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
Oh, Sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
Which bring to my remembrance,” &c.

At the eastern foot of Buck's Mountain, Spring Mountains almost immediately spring ; at the eastern foot of Spring Mountains, Broad Mountains takes up the thread of the discourse. It is six miles across, and on the summit, the Blue Mountains bound the horizon, a small range appearing between.

Two miles from the foot of Broad Mountains, we reached Mauch Chunk, situated in a most extraordinary sequestered spot. It appears to lie at the bottom of a punch-bowl, formed by the round sterns of several terminating and lofty ranges of mountains, dotted with pines, the river Lehigh flowing at their feet.

14TH DECEMBER.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.

The report of the rapids, or ford of the Lehigh, as I lay in bed, last night, reminded me somewhat of the uproar of Niagara; that of the Lehigh, which kept me awake for an hour, is shrill; of Niagara, profound.

At nine, went to the shoot, in order to visit the extremity of the railroad, and the mine, by means of a carriage constructed on purpose; it resembles a sleigh, and has four wheels of 18 inches diameter drawn by one big bay horse: at half-past nine, we set off, the driver occasionally winding a French horn, to inform his hearers that Christians, not coals, are coming, the echoes of which reverberated at the tops of the mountains, in a most extraordinary manner.

The scenery was, as if a railway were constructed through the centre of Threapwood, although Mauch Chunk Mountain is more than three times the height of the Weaver; the hills opposite, covered with trees, being Diminsdale, the Lehigh of the foot, the pools and falls.

Three miles off, we reached a turn-out, extending 150 yards, where waggons occasionally meet and pass each other.

About two miles farther, we overtook a long train of empty waggons, which retarded our route greatly; there were six sets of eight waggons each, each set being drawn by three mules, or by two mules and one horse; when laden, their freight is $1\frac{1}{2}$ ton each wagon; the diameter of most of their wheels is 18 inches, of a very few, 24, which do not answer as well, being apt to bend; width of the tires, 3 inches: between the two left-hand wheels is a mechanical scooter, attached to an upright wooden staff, like a dyer's pole, to the top of which again, a rope is fastened, running the whole length of the train, by which means one man can, as they descend, stop or regulate the motion of the whole at his leisure and pleasure.

At the "Eight-mile Tree" there is a double turn-out, extending to the extremity of the mine, one mile; it is, in fact, an inclined plane downwards that distance, so that waggons, once set in motion, go that length themselves, and when laden, are drawn up again to the "Eight-mile Tree," by mules or horses. Here we came in contact with ninety loaded waggons, ready to descend as soon as the coast should be clear.

Our vehicle getting entangled among a crowd of waggons, I walked to the mine, being several times overtaken, and once almost overturned, by strings of empty waggons, travelling by themselves, with mathematical precision, and proving, if proof were wanting, how mind prevails over matter.

The mine presented a very different aspect indeed, to any I ever heard of before, being, in fact, a cavity excavated to the average depth of fifteen feet, extending over an area of several acres, and from its clear and shining appearance, resembling a black lead, rather than a coal, mine.

The mineral lies three feet below the surface, and the proprietors have bored to the depth of a hundred feet, without finding a bottom to it, extending far and

wide for several miles. It is of the anthracite kind, having no bitumen in it, and consequently, although intensely hot when once kindled, neither blazes nor smokes; it requires a grate of a very peculiar construction, with a great draft in it, like a furnace, or it will not ignite, any more than a stone would; that circumstance rendered it useless until a very few years ago, when chance accidentally developed its utility. I consider it a providential coal for the country, when the climate runs into extravagant extremes, and where the cold in winter is so intense, that English coal would be of little avail, an English fire place of very little use; the grand desideratum being a close stove, in the centre of the room, affording equal heat to all, the result of anthracite, which emits a heat, many, many times greater than common coal.

At ten minutes past twelve, we quitted the mine, drawn by the big bay horse aforesaid, to the "Eight-mile Tree;" at half-past twelve we commenced our descent, in the wake of a dozen loaded waggons, to take advantage of their velocity; at five minutes to one, they stopped ten minutes to grease their wheels and at twenty-five minutes past one, we reached the

shoot again, thus performing the nine miles, deducting stoppages, in one hour, though it has been done in half the time. The descent from the "Eight-mile Tree" to the shoot is 1000 feet, but in several places the descent is so very gradual, that were it not for the momentum, the waggons would stop.

Fare to the mine and back, 50 cents.

Price of coal at the Shoot, 5 dols. per ton.

„ „ at Philadelphia, 7 dols., or £1 11s. 6d.

The coals are shot down the shoot, into boats on the Lehigh, which, discharging itself into the Delaware, they find their way to Philadelphia, 100 miles off.

Ironstone in abundance lay upon the mountain sides, placed there by nature's hand. The proprietors have a furnace, where they forge iron enough for their own consumption, only deeming it prudent, probably, not to have too many irons in the fire at once.

All the region round about, 150 years ago, was a great resort for the Indians; and their war-path, across Mauch Chunk Mountain, is still preserved; their province, pleasure, and profit, as they deemed it, lay in war; that of the present proprietors, in

our prospect being perpetually variegated, with mill-seats, mountains, meadows, an embryo canal, woods, and wilds ; and at six arrived at the Gap, ten miles from Mauch Chunk ; here we quitted the stage and four, and one-half the company (including the infant, and to my great regret, the Squire), proceeded in a stage, drawn by three horses abreast, to Easton, while the rest of us set forward, in a similar vehicle, for Bethlehem, eighteen miles off. The road was muddy, the night murky dark, but "it's a long lane that has no end ;" and at length our eyes were greeted and gratified by the sight and light of a lamp, scattering its rays far and wide, which brought to my mind, memory, and understanding, Shakspeare's beautiful lines,

"How far that little candle throws its beams,—
So shines a good deed in a naughty world ;"

which were particularly appropriate upon our approaching a place, called after our Saviour's birth place, Bethlehem, a Moravian settlement, which we reached at half-past twelve, and put up at the sign of the "Sun," Matthew Christ. There are several German families of that name, resident here, who though

they spell their name as above, pronounce it short, thus, "Krist;" but in this land of liberty, it appears to me, very probable that they have assumed the name to set off the place; how far filthy lucre may be concerned in this possibility, it is not for me to predicate.

17TH DECEMBER.

At seven, left Bethlehem in a tub and four, for Philadelphia, 52 miles off, with seven other passengers, including a Miss H., cut shorter; a young Irish lady, resident for nine years of her life, at Bethlehem, but now in North Carolina; a squire, but as inferior to Squire Beech, in every respect, as the Witch of Endor was to Balaam; but that's his misfortune (if it be a misfortune, for "who knows," &c., and "then I returned," &c., as Solomon says), and not his fault. A third had a churchyard cough, which he said he had had for 40 years; so, it's a slow coach. One gentleman said to him, "I wish you'd fill your elbows sir, they're very sharp." Thinks I to myself, "I'll book that chap."

The driver, and most of the passengers, were jab-

bering German all the way, which appeared in fact, to be as indigenous to them, as Mrs. Malaprop says, an allegory is on the banks of the Nile. Miss H. cut shorter, also chimed in among the rest, as I occasionally heard the tones of her sweet voice in chorus, although it is some time since she exchanged Bethlehem for North Carolina; and Mrs. Malaprop, in another place, does say, that "such violent memories don't become young ladies;" but I believe it is as difficult to live in Bethlehem, and not be a German, as it is to live in Philadelphia, and not be a Quaker.

The people, the whole way, to-day, looked handsome and healthy, which I attribute to the high state of cultivation and drainage their farms are in. They are principally under the plough; green, with next year's wheat, in fields of fifteen or twenty acres, undulating in gently swelling hills, on each side the road.

We changed tubs and horses at every ten-mile stage we came to; and at half-past six reached the Paradise, or Purgatory of Quakers, where I put up for the night, at the "White Swan," Mc Callas, in Race-street, where the last tub drove to.

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tion; the old lady made her house quite a home to me. She told me she was a native of Wilmington, in Delaware, and that, in her youth, General Washington resided many months next door to her father's house. After his defeat, at the battle of Brandy-wine River, in 1777, the Hessian general, Kniphausen, in the king's service, dwelt in the same.—(This was exactly the same device that the Duke of Wellington treated Napoleon to, at the Elysée Bourbon, in 1815.)

Her inmates varied in number considerably, even during my short stay, but were never fewer than the Graces, or more than the Muses. I could perceive little difference in her establishment from any other boarding-house, except "thee-ing" and "thou-ing," calling one another by the christian name, and also by the proscription of all musical instruments. A lady and gentleman came, and left Mrs. P.'s whilst I was there, because she could not be permitted to bring her piano; though they removed to another Quaker's, where the introduction of that wicked instrument was winked at; but then, as my good old lady charitably said, "their poverty, and not their will, consented." A change, nevertheless, is taking place in this respect, even among friends; and Mrs. P.

would have indulged the lady on the occasion, only that her maiden daughter, who was the tighter laced of the two, objected, for she exclaimed, like a dutiful, truly religious, affectionate daughter, "if the piano comes into the house, mother, I'll go out."

Philadelphia, though still strongly tinctured with Quakerism, seems much more indebted to old associations—to "auld lang syne"—for its drab coloured distinction, than to the present generation; for though still a numerous people, in comparison to other cities, they form but a small proportion of the present population, and, unless their intestine disputes are speedily settled, seem destined to dwindle down to nothing, at no distant day.

On Sunday, 23rd December, I accompanied a friend to the principal meeting house, in Arch-street, once the temple of Jerusalem, the holy place for the whole body of Quakers, scattered over the wide world, to think of, and dwell upon; but now, alas! sadly shorn its beams: nothing indeed could exceed the dreadful dullness, inanity, and twaddle, that reigned there on that day. They are of the old school; and all appeared as if they stood in apprehension of the appearance of the awful shade or substance of Elias Hicks

and others, writing upon the walls, the dreadful words, "Mene, mene, tekel upharsin." "Thou art weighed in the balance, and found wanting," &c.

On Christmas-day, I worshipped at Christ Church, which was built long before the revolution, and the interior of which presented the solid, substantial, and somewhat sombre style peculiar to Queen Ann's churches : it also possesses a lofty spire, with a sweet peal of bells, which often gratified my ears with their melodious sounds. The only other churches in the United States, similarly gifted, are Trinity Church, Broadway, New York, and St. Michael's, Charleston.

The Episcopalian and the Roman Catholic Churches were the only places of worship, attended on that day ; two-thirds of the shops were open, as well as the theatre, at night. On New Year's Day, on the contrary, all the churches were open and crowded. On my asking a lady the reason, she answered, "to return thanks for the mercies of the past year, and to pray for their continuance." A very conclusive reply, methought.

The Presbyterians and Baptists appear to be the most numerous here ; the Episcopalians, next ; besides, that it is the most fashionable form among first-class

people ; the splendour of the British hierarchy being, in some degree, reflected upon it. New York city, however, appears to be the head quarters of American Episcopacy.

The government is vested in the bench of Bishops, and the Houses of clerical and lay Delegates, which form the general Convention, and the consent of both Houses is requisite to enact or repeal its canons.

A bishopric, though esteemed a great honour, is no great object of emolument, as Episcopal salaries seldom exceed, and do not always equal, \$4000 a-year, or £900; and the duties of a church, as well as of a diocese, are always added to one, otherwise pluralities and non-residence are both unknown here. The Episcopalian congregations are rapidly increasing, as well in number, as respectability, all over the Union.

The ministers, of all denominations, are supported by pew-rents and voluntary contributions. The salaries in cities vary from \$2000 to \$4000 a year, to which a house is often appended. A pew, in a good situation, in a favourite church, frequently sells for \$1000. The voluntary contribution, is in the shape of an annual assessment, of which public opinion compels the payment, whether it be, in reality, volun-

tary or compulsory. One important item in all ministers' emoluments, in the large cities, arises from marriages; on which happy occasions the officiating clergyman is always remunerated by the richer classes, in a much more liberal manner, than he is in England; \$50 (£11 5s.) being frequently paid; \$100, occasionally: whole multitudes, who cannot afford it, present \$10, \$15, or \$20. In the country such golden showers hardly ever fall; there, the ministers' salaries are much smaller than in the cities; sometimes raised by a penny-a-week association, or paid in Indian corn, or other produce; and, when the great man in the village happens to be a Nabal, the minister has a good chance of being starved. I heard one at Northumberland proclaim from the pulpit, his approach to that unpleasant point.

The appeal seemed to fall upon heedless or accustomed ears. The response to be collected from the cold, impassive countenances of the congregation, clearly being to the effect:—"You may starve, and be * * * it's no business of mine: what's everybody's business, is nobody's business." The secret electricity of the Quarterly Reviewer was altogether dormant or defunct.

The same differences prevail in the American Church, as do in England—High and Low Church—Orthodox and Evangelical.

Mr. Bedell is the great favourite among the last. One evening, I attended his church, St. Andrews, in Eighth-street, and heard him deliver one of a series of written discourses, from the stirring text in this particular city, contained in the 3rd chapter of Revelation, from the 7th to the 13th verses, both inclusive; "And to the angel of the church in Philadelphia write; these things saith he that is holy, he that is true, he that hath the key of David, he that openeth, and no man shutteth, and shutteth, and no man openeth; I know thy works: behold, I have set before thee an open door, and no man can shut it; for thou hast a little strength, and hast kept my word, and hast not denied my name," &c. &c.

He preached forty minutes; the church was extremely crowded, and excessively hot; and no wonder, for his matter was eloquent, and his manner most impressive; and I liked the whole of his discourse, except two uncharitable flings he had at the Pennsylvania bishops. He said, "the door is open, and neither kings (and with a loud emphasis) nor bishops

shall close it." He is now a bishop himself, and has been so for many years, of one of the south-western sees.

Having brought letters of introduction from my Northumberland, and other friends, to some of the first families here, I took the opportunity thus afforded me, of being present at several private and public balls and parties. The public one was at the Washington Hall, considered to be the Almacks of America, in an elegant apartment, eighty feet by forty.

The method of admission to these assemblies is as follows:—The gentlemen, who are permitted to subscribe (for Philadelphia, though a Quaker city, and part and parcel of a republic, possesses no less than six or seven different grades of society), pay \$20 each for the season (three balls), for which they are entitled to take the ladies of their families, gratis; and the eight annual managers, whose names are engraved upon a card, issue free admission-tickets for the season, to strangers, sufficiently introduced.

The grades of society, above-mentioned, although perfectly well understood and acted upon, by the citizens, are, with the exception of the extremes, equally imperceptible and incomprehensible to strangers; yet, the boundaries are sufficiently well defined,

and known to the nation; and it is as difficult for individuals in the fourth or fifth classes to mingle familiarly with the first, as it is for plebeians in London to associate with the nobility. They have, in either case, only an *ad eundem* admission among them.

If you wish for a solution of this apparent enigma, you must apply to human nature.—“Seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you.”

Wealth alone is not a sufficient passport into the first society here; I suspect its direct influence is less felt and acknowledged here, than in London, where it is, or always can be, neutralised by hereditary rank; affinity to some revolutionary families, or achievements in arts or arms, appear to be its ruling characteristics. To be connected with a family, rejoicing in the name of “Chew,” appeared to be one principal fountain of honour, the “open sesame” to every door, though I never heard of any person of that name, which is perhaps a dead letter, a “*stat nominis umbra*,” in direct descent.

Different degrees of enterprise, of skill, tact, talent, and wealth, discrepancies in religion and political affairs, form and fill up, I apprehend, the remaining ranks. Human nature is everywhere the same, in

a democracy, as in a monarchy, or despotism. Man is the most docile of all animals, and prefers rather to become the creature, than to fall the victim, of circumstances, he can neither counteract nor control.

Two Misses Carrol, cousins of the Marchioness of Wellesley, were distinguished ornaments at all these balls. At their mother's house, in Walnut-street, I saw the portrait, by Sully, of their grandfather, Mr. Carrol, of Carrolton, the only survivor of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, now ninety-two years of age. I asked one of them at a private ball, the name of a beautiful young lady, dressed in pink; she said it was "Otto," and that they called her the "Otto of Roses." At one private, and the public ball, I met Commodore Hull, in his naval uniform, a stout gentlemanly man, with a good, open countenance. In the "Constitution" frigate, he captured the British frigate, "Guerriere," Captain Daeres, the first prize the Americans made during the late war.

I believe that the tea-parties are the pleasantest of all, and that the ladies shine the most, in domestic life; they are all enthusiastically attached to their country, a great argument with me, in favour of its comfort and civilization.

On Christmas-eve the city was all alive; the confectioners' shops and windows were crowded with cakes and customers, the former ornamented after the fashion of such shops in England; while "from morn to dewy eve," shoals of school-boys, and a constant succession of lively young ladies, with their merry faces, enlivened the streets. The boys, in general, wore different kinds of uniform, as adopted at different schools, most frequently a sort of military undress, with bell buttons. I was much struck with the genteel and manly appearance of most of these youths.

The signs over some of the shops, eating houses, oyster cellars, and taverns, are admirably painted; and it is enough to "make one's mouth water" to look at some of them, long. I question whether their owners or occupiers are not the greatest patrons of the art. In Philadelphia, a sign over an eating house in Dock-street, cost \$150, and depicts almost everything edible under the sun: Dick Tinto would have been in clover here, both in fact and fancy, and starvation would no longer have stared him in the face.

Returning to roost one night, about twelve o'clock, from a party, on the 7th January, my ears were

saluted with the welcome sound of Christ Church bells, ringing a melodious peal; at first I was quite at a loss to account for such a circumstance, until I bethought me that the 8th January, the anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, had just dawned; as a bee can extract honey out of soot, so could I separate the cause from the effect, and derive pleasure from the animating sound of church bells, breaking in upon the silence of the night; otherwise, if I had not known that it was done, as much for an electioneering purpose, as any other, to promote General Jackson's interest in the next presidential election, at the expense of Mr. Adams, I should, indeed, have smiled at the amusing vanity of the Americans. In England, not a tenth part of the notice taken here, of this hedge or cotton bag battle, is bestowed upon the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, a fair stand-up fight, and pregnant with vast political consequences, of which the one in question was wholly deficient; but all brother Jonathan's geese are swans; so

"Let the galled jade wince,
My withers are unwrung,

though the bells are not.

Philadelphia differs from New York in several

respects ; it is quieter, and less showy, more substantial, uniform, and wealthy ; having more gold and less glitter. At New York, there are not the materials in society for such select assemblies as are holden at Washington Hall, Philadelphia. The reason is, that there are more speculators than capitalists at New York, men who dash away one year, and disappear the next.

Philadelphia resembles Edinburgh in several particulars. They have both assumed to themselves, or have had inflicted upon them the name, style, and title of "Modern Athens ;" and a degree of dandyism in literature prevails in both cities, equally striking and entertaining to an Englishman.

Both are celebrated for their printers and engravers. What Constable and Blackwood are to Edinburgh, Carey, Lee, and Carey, are to Philadelphia. What Lizars and others, are to Edinburgh, Messrs. Murray, Draper, Fariman & Co., are to Philadelphia.

In fact, all the principal American cities, with some points of resemblance, present in other respects, great discrepancies. Considerable jealousy, or rather, perhaps, a wholesome rivalry, prevails among them all, in

commercial, architectural, and other respects, testing the truth, and proving the cost and value, of the political adage—"Competition against monopoly."

10TH JANUARY.

I quitted the Quaker city with regret; and, furnished with letters of introduction to the big wigs at Washington, set out on my travels again, in a steamboat, from Callow Hill Wharf, to Wilmington, in Delaware, forty miles off, by water—twenty-seven, by land. The Delaware, which conveyed us the principal part of our route, is broad, but its banks are altogether flat and uninteresting.

The next day I proceeded in a curricule to Greenway, three miles from Wilmington, to call upon Mr. James Brindley, a native of Alton, who emigrated about 1792, when he was seven years old, with his father, a nephew to the celebrated engineer. He resides in a substantial two-storied house, built of free granite, and has 170 acres of freehold land, principally under the plough. He is a remarkably handsome man, in the prime of life, and I knew him and his two little girls at once, from their resemblance to their relations at Alton. In fact, I stopped

the driver at the garden-gate, on seeing his children there, knowing them immediately, from their resemblance to their Staffordshire relations.

He spoke of the rapidly rising state of the country, and said, that the only drawback he had—the only thing he longed for—was the sight of some of his Staffordshire relations ; a permanent benefit which I had the pleasure to assist in procuring for him five or six years afterwards.

12TH JANUARY.—SATURDAY.

Being market-day at Wilmington, I left that city for Baltimore, eighty-six miles off; the first twenty-one miles of it were overland to French-town, (on the Elk river, an arm of Chesapeak Bay, very commodious in the carrying trade between Baltimore and Philadelphia) the last sixty-five miles in two steam-boats. A broad canal is in course of completion between Delaware and Chesapeak Bays, which will afford the greatest possible accommodation to the merchants trading between those cities.

The fog was so dense at ten, p. m., that the captain of the second steamer thought it prudent to anchor for the night, and one lady and thirty gentlemen

were, in consequence, accommodated with berths, as comfortable as possible.

Travelling in stages, and sailing and sleeping in steam-boats, appeared to me like the renovation of an antecedent mode of existence, combining at once the advantages of novelty, with the pleasures of memory. I ran over in my mind the names and number of all the steam-boats I had sailed in, since I came to America, with endless other circumstances of equal, greater, or less importance, until at length, I was numbered among the lumber that slumber. On the 13th, at half-past eight, a. m., we reached our destination at Baltimore, and I put up at Barnum's, the largest building there, as well as the largest hotel, in the United States. It is the property of a joint-stock company, and Barnum pays them \$6000 a-year rent, to increase \$1000 a-year, until it amounts to \$10,000.

Baltimore is the third city in the United States, for size and population, which exceeds 70,000. It has a unique and imposing appearance, and from its numerous domes, the variety of its steeples, and the massiveness of its public monuments, gives one the idea, rather of an Italian, or an Oriental, than of an

American city. Under these circumstances, the good people of New York and Philadelphia, somewhat sneeringly, I suspect, are wont to distinguish it by the appellation of the "Monumental City."

It derives its name from Lord Baltimore, a Roman Catholic, who, in 1632, procured a patent for the territory, now called Maryland, and immediately evinced the liberality of his sentiments, by proclaiming universal liberty of conscience to all denominations of Christians, who should settle in his colony.

It enjoyed a great carrying-trade during the course of Bonaparte's career; and, while the late war with England continued, was celebrated for schooners of a peculiar construction, which puzzled and baffled the British cruisers. They are built in the form of a wedge, and cut through the water with surprising swiftness.

The staples of Baltimore are flour and tobacco, which, growing in Maryland and Virginia, are exported here, to Germany, and Holland.

The public buildings are numerous and handsome; among them General Washington's and the Battle Monument, are very conspicuous. The first is a column of white marble, 170 feet high, placed in a command-

ing situation, at the summit of a steep street, called Charles-street; it is fourteen feet in diameter at the top, and twenty feet at the bottom, with a base, twenty-three feet in height, and fifty feet square. It is only waiting for the full-length figure of the General, to surmount the whole, and render it complete.

The Battle Monument is near Barnum's hotel, and is seventy feet high; it consists of a scroll, worked upon a fluted marble wreath, encircling a pedestal, and containing the names of the citizens who fell in the battle with the British, off North Point, in 1814. It is an excellent and elaborate performance, the work of Copellano, an Italian artist.

The Roman Catholic cathedral is a modern granite building, of the Doric order, in the shape of a small cross, surmounted by a dome, built of bricks, and covered with cement, which, chipping off here and there, gives it a sordid and shabby appearance, detracting greatly from its real dignity: the style, strictly speaking, is of the Roman Doric, and the Baltimoreans do say, that it was built *after* St. Peter's, at Rome, respecting which, there can be no doubt. Nevertheless, as it has already cost £100,000, there must be, and is, something to shew for the money.

Some portions of the city are steep, though not so much so as Quebec; but about equal, in that respect, to Boston, or Stockport, in Cheshire.

The inhabitants pride themselves on their hospitality; the women, on their beauty. Mr. Neal, already and hereafter mentioned, who resided here several years, makes the following observations upon some of the American ladies.

“The New England women and the Philadelphian are well educated; the rest are only accomplished. The Baltimorian ladies dance delightfully, talk French, work muslin, paint, sing, and walk the streets, like so many beautiful apparitions. Not one in fifty, however, can do a sum in the Rule of Three, tell the size of her own state, or put a capital in its right place, when writing a note.”

Nevertheless, severe as the above is; when resident here, he filed the following declaration in favour of a beautiful apparition, who appears to have captivated him:—

“My heart is gone, I can't tell how,
But pure's the flame I feel;
To richer girls let others bow,
To Mary Anne I “Neal”

On the 14th I sailed in a steamer, to visit the Delaware man-of-war, lying off Annapolis, the capital of Maryland, and destined for the Mediterranean.

Twelve miles from Baltimore, we passed North Point, where General Ross disembarked his troops, preparatory to his abortive attempt upon the city, in 1814. The river Patapsco, opposite the Point, is three miles wide, and off the Point are two light-houses, about a quarter of a mile asunder, where that river joins the Susquehannah; a few miles lower down, they form, together, Chesapeake Bay, fourteen miles wide.

We arrived off the man-of-war, at one p. m., after a pleasant sail of four hours, when the band we had on board, struck up "La Fayette's March," and "Hail Columbia," the national air of America; which were responded to by the band of the Delaware.

The officers sent the ship's boats for us, and we remained on board until the return of the steamer from Annapolis, at half-past three.

An officer shewed us over most parts of the noble ship, and concluded, by inviting us all into a cabin, where refreshments were set out.

She is the finest man-of-war, in full trim, I ever

saw, is rated as a 74, but is pierced for 102 guns, and had 98 forty-two pounders mounted. She had thus an immense armament and crew more than to correspond. It consisted of 1100 sailors, 10 lieutenants, and 50 midshipmen; many of them amateurs. She had been lying off Norfolk, in Virginia, and other harbours, and had been inspected by thousands of visitors, in every place she called at. Every particular was given, chapter and verse, in all the newspapers, and every individual in the United States seemed to take a pride and pleasure in her proceedings.

She was anchored on the same ground in Annapolis Roads, that a British squadron occupied during the late war.

While we were on board, her captain (Downes) returned from shooting, having bagged half a dozen canvass back ducks, the greatest delicacy in all America; well worth the attention of all epicures,—well worth the while of lord mayors, aldermen, common councilmen, and all with mace, to come over in solemn procession, to discuss, taking care to bring with them the Rev. Mr. Dillon, as chaplain, to bless the meat—to dwell and descant upon its inimitable delicacy,—to publish an account of their proceedings,

and bind it up with his, and that learned London body's, excursion to Oxford University, per steam-boat and Thames.

Joseph Bonaparte and suite, with Murat's two sons, and sundry other Frenchmen, were staying at Barnum's while I was there. They came to see a son of Lucien's embark in the Delaware, on his return to Europe; they formed a very interesting group, as connected with recent historical events, of the most absorbing interest, affecting the four quarters of the world, but were as ordinary a looking set of men as I would wish to see on a summer's day.

On the 19th the ex-king and suite returned to Philadelphia, per steamer, and I quitted Baltimore for Washington city, per stage and four, with eight others. At twelve we reached Waterloo, twelve miles off. A gentleman in the stage, who had been in Flanders, said that the localities of this Waterloo greatly resembled its illustrious namesake in the Plain, the public road running across it, the dingles, and the wood. Fourteen miles further, we passed the seat of Mr. Calvert, a descendant of Lord Baltimore's, which, with its lodges, gates, park, and deer, all neatly kept, was the only aristocratical looking domain I

saw in America. A little further on, we reached Bladensburg, where, in 1814, the British army, under General Ross, defeated the Americans, as described by the subaltern, whose glowing pages were present to my mind. The subject, excited a great deal of conversation among the American passengers. At five we arrived at Washington city, the lofty dome of the capitol forming a conspicuous feature in the horizon, at the distance of several miles previously.

The road, the whole way, was heavy and bad; the country exhibiting few marks, either of cultivation or of occupation. The exceptions were in respect of a few tobacco grounds, about which stand a few miserable sheelings, or Irish-looking huts, inhabited by still more dejected and miserable slaves, of a haggard appearance, vacant aspect, and averted eyes; the comforts of the country, or agricultural slaves, being every where much less attended to, than those of the city, or domestic slaves.

Being nauseated with the noise and numbers at Barnum's hotel, I procured at Washington, the evening of my arrival, accommodation in a private family, where five members of Congress also resided. At Barnum's my expenses (though I dined out more

than every other day), amounted to \$16, almost three times as much as I paid at Philadelphia, with far less comfort to boot.

19TH JANUARY TO 2ND FEBRUARY.

At Washington city; where I gave diligent heed to the doctrines of their legal and political pundits, in the capitol and elsewhere. In the House of Representatives, consisting of 213 members, I found the old song of reform and refreshment, was being sung to a new tune, occupying the orchestra a whole month or more; the first fiddle being played by a Mr. Chilton, a young member from Kentucky, who has got a maggot in his head, and ought to take the benefit of the Chiltern Hundreds forthwith; he actually wants them to work for nothing, and find themselves; a nut rather too hard for brother Jonathan to crack.

The annual average salary of a member of either House is £200, and most of them will lay by as much money out of that, as will keep the wolf from the door at home, during the rest of the year. It requires a majority of the members to form a House, and the majority present decide the question among them.

The practised eye may distinguish the polite southern, the learned New Englander, the commercial character, from the Middle States, and the shock-haired agriculturist, from the western; all elected upon the most equitable principles, and however opposed in constituent or individual interests, all concurring in the result, as holy, just, and true. Each member receives \$8 a day, wages, and \$8 for every twenty miles there may be between his home and the capital and back; and most of them contrive to realize a handsome per centage out of that also. The representatives are elected for two years, the senators for six, and the president for four years.

In general, when a member speaks, all the others appear perfectly indifferent to what he says; there are no cheers, no shouts of "hear, hear," as in the British parliament, be his speech long or short, good, bad, or indifferent, his intents wicked or charitable; he is heard to an end without encouragement, interruption, or impatience, while all the others are either lolling in their easy chairs (every member having one such, and a small mahogany table to himself), listening, probably, to the gentleman on his legs, though they don't appear to be; or reading, writing,

spitting, or with arithmetic, calculating how many dollars the speech or motion, or the days it is likely to consume (for some gentlemen will spin a yarn of three or four days on any subject, however trivial), will put into their pockets, by way of wages. Nevertheless, whenever Mr. Randolph addresses the House, the reverse of all this is the case ; attention is then the order of the day, both in the body of the House, and in the galleries, which are then, always extremely crowded. He is one of the oldest members of Congress, sat in the Senate for many sessions ; until during his last term of six years, he talked so much at random, that the legislature of Virginia got tired of him, and refused to re-elect him ; whereupon, he took refuge among their constituents, who returned him to the House of Representatives. He is a Jackson man ; in fact, he always opposes the government for the time being, and said in the Senate, that the last presidential election (of which more anon,) was the result of the intrigues of a puritan (Mr. President Adams) and a blackleg (Mr. Clay, his secretary of state) whereupon, he and Mr. Randolph fought. He is by far the greatest legislative lion in Congress ; speaks with that precision and distinctness that seem

peculiar to men of genius ; all, however, marred by an eccentricity, that makes him distrusted by government and all parties ; but which is his reason or excuse for uttering sarcasms, that delight one portion of his audience, and wither to the very quick, the other. He is also a man of large private fortune ; gives his dirty \$8 a day to the person with whom he pecks and perches, and prides himself upon his descent from the Princess Pocahuntas, who, at the time of Sir Walter Raleigh's visit to Virginia, was the "observed of all observers" in that part of the world. He rides about on a roan horse, being Mr. Randolph of Roanoke (the place where the princess resided), as his calling-card has it ; wears short kerseymere inexpressibles, and top boots, a dress I never otherwise saw in America, where trowsers are all the fashion, and is followed by a groom on horseback, after the manner of Englishmen of fortune. He is a tall, thin, wizened, Don Quixote-looking man, as if he were much the worse for wear, or as if "his soul o'er informed its tenement of clay."

The city of Washington appears to be a vast overgrown village, with enormous rents and chasms in it, like a disinterred Mammoth, recently discovered, and

laid out in detachments, upon the ground to dry'. It stands upon the forks of the Potomac, and is exhibited (like Eden, in Chuzzlewit) upon charts, in streets, avenues and squares, as if it were all completed: the streets run exactly east, west, north and south, and are distinguished alphabetically, from A to Z; the avenues run diagonally, in different directions, and are called after the names of the several states in the Union, and form squares at the intersections. The principal street at present, the life and soul of the place, is Pennsylvania Avenue, 140 feet wide, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile long, extending in a straight line, from the capital to the president's house; about two hundred yards from the capital, the avenue crosses the classical stream, Tiber, heretofore called Goose Creek, which a child might jump over, and which filters its filthy waters amongst reeds and weeds, until it wends its way to the Potomac.

George Town, a short distance off, was founded, in the same year (1800) as the city. They were called after the great man, who served and saved his country, George Washington. Alexandria, ten miles further, was also created at the same time, and the plan of the city (that is to be, "when little birds build

in old men's beards") embrace till three, and represent them as compactly fitted together, and forming one harmonious whole. This, probably, gave rise to T. Moore's satirical lines.

"In fancy, now, beneath the twilight gloom,
Come, let me lead thee o'er this modern Rome,
Where Tribunes rule, where sunny Davi bow,
And what was Goose Creek once, is Tiber now.
This famed metropolis, where fancy sees
Squares in morasses, obelisks in trees;
Which travelling fools and gazetteers adorn
With shrines unbuilt, and herons yet unborn,
Tho' nought but wood, and * * and * * they see,
Where streets should run, and sages ought to be."

I attended a levee at the president's house, with a distinguished gentleman, to whom I had a letter of introduction. It began at eight, p. m.; the only lions my friend pointed out to me, were, General Brown, who distinguished himself in the Canadian campaign, and the Russian ambassador, Baron Kru-dener, who seemed quite a young man; I also saw our ambassador, Mr. (afterwards Sir Charles) Vaughan, who said he hoped to see me at his house the Monday following; he is brother to Baron Vaughan, and Sir Henry Halford. I was introduced

by him to the president, Mr. Adams. He is a short bald-headed, literary-looking man, seemed very much like a "fish out of water," as if he devoutly wished himself up to the neck between a pair of sheets, or all alone in his study, or discussing the delights of solitude with Zimmerman. He shook hands with me, as he did with all others, who paid their respects to him, but said not a syllable, appearing always to be "absent without leave," or "looking out for squalls," or for the entrance of his great political opponent in the presidency, General Jackson. Mrs. Adams, to whom I was also introduced, took things much more comfortably, though she appeared in indifferent health, but then she sat down, while Mr. A. stood in the centre of the room, like a bull at the stake.

Tea and coffee were handed round upon trays. The crowd becoming very dense at nine, I left; a number of carriages rolling up at the time.

The principal apartment is an oblong, handsome room, with a full-length portrait of General Washington, at which nobody looked. The suite of rooms, altogether, appeared too small for the accommodation of the company; though there may be policy in that, as inducing them to leave the sooner. The ladies

looked, as the American ladies always look, especially in an evening, elegant and genteel; in a morning, perhaps, they dress a little too much. The gentlemen, on the contrary, were quite the reverse, as most of them appeared in morning frocks, travelling caps, boots of all hues and conditions, striped waistcoats, worsted stockings, &c. They may well sing out, "Oh! give me death or liberty." No list of presentations is kept.

The way Mr. Adams came to attain the presidency, is this:—At the last election, in 1824, there were five candidates—Mr. Calhoun, now Vice-President; Mr. Crawford, the Secretary of the Treasury; Mr. Adams, now President, then Secretary of State; General Jackson, and Mr. Clay, now Secretary of State. The General had the most votes of the five, but had not a majority over the other four candidates, whereupon the selection of one, among the five, devolved upon the House of Representatives, who chose Mr. Adams, to the great disappointment and chagrin of the General and his friends; who do not scruple to say, that the result was owing to an intrigue between Messrs. Adams and Clay, which they, however, utterly deny. Certain it is, that up to that period, they had been bitter political enemies; and

that, immediately after his election, Mr. Adams made Mr. Clay, Secretary of State, which has always hitherto been considered to be the stepping-stone to the presidency.

I consider Mr. Adams to be the last real statesman of General Washington's school (the only one to be trusted), and that all the rest are speculators, to say the least, and most, of them.

When General Jackson, on his attaining the presidential throne, was informed, that his hostility to the banks, would have the effect of breaking most of them up, and of introducing the greatest possible inconvenience to the country, his soldier-like, rather than his statesman-like reply, was, "Let them break, and be * * * ." Then, their constant hankering after Oregon, Mexico, Texas, &c. &c., and pilfering other people's territories, especially in the south, by precipitating the discussion of the slave question, will, probably, conjure up a demon withal, too powerful for them to cope with, and which will, probably, give them a "Roland for their Oliver," a little retributive justice, in the shape of a dissolution of the Union.

Then, again, his introduction, for the first time, of

the pernicious system, adopted afterwards by his successors, of ejecting from their situations all public officers whatsoever, from the Secretary of State to the merest village post-master, to make room for their political partisans, without any reference whatever to their respective fitness for the places, has proved a measure fraught with the greatest possible injury and injustice, to public and private interests.

His stipend is \$25,000 a-year.

On the 28th, at eight, p. m., I went to Mr. Vaughan's, where all the beauty and fashion of Washington city were congregated. He is a great favourite here, and well supports the character of his king and country, by the elegance of his manners, and the excellence of his entertainments.

There were four rooms open on the occasion; one for dancing, another for the display of prints, pictures, pianos, &c.; another for cards and chess, and one for supper. The dancing-room was hot and crowded. The band consisted of ten musicians, in royal liveries, perched up in an orchestra, though they did not all play at once. The supper was not spread upon tables; but at one end of the apartment there was a gradation of benches, covered with all kinds of orna-

mented eatables, confectionary, wines, &c.; while at the foot of all, which formed a sort of box, were eight or ten servants, assisting the applicants. I heard one limb of the legislative body boast, that he had drank twelve glasses: I contented myself with a couple. All the gentleman had the grace to appear dressed for the occasion.

I was shewn, among other lions, the Baron de Stacklenburg, Swedish ambassador; who, though as grey as a badger, waltzed away, with equal agility and avidity; Baron de Krudener; again, who looked equally disconcerted and displeased at somebody, who had trod upon his toe; Mr. Calhoun, President of the Senate; Mr. Stephenson, speaker of the House of Representatives (afterwards ambassador to London), a good-looking man; Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall, whom I knew at Quebec. He is a son of the Bishop of Worcester; she, a daughter of Lord Charles Somerset; Mr. Clay, Secretary of State, to whom I was introduced, by a mutual acquaintance, and who invited me to his house, on the 30th. He is a tall, thin man, with an intellectual cast of countenance. At eleven the company began to disperse rapidly.

On the 30th, at half-past seven, I went to Mr.

Clay's, where pretty much the same company was assembled, as at the ambassador's. I also called one evening on our old shipmate, the County Guy, who keeps a dry-goods store here, and drank tea with him, with Miranda, and some little curly-headed young counts and countesses. In the evening, we went to the house of Thomas Wetherall, the butcher and Washington Divine, with whom we had a long conversation, and a very shrewd sensible man he seems. The day following, Mr. Guy drove me in a gig to Mount Vernon, once the property and residence of General Washington, sixteen miles off. The day was clear and cold, the thermometer down at 17; the sky, bright blue, transparent, and altogether unclouded. We crossed the Potomac, about half frozen over, by a bridge of piles, three quarters of a mile broad. This bridge, during the late war was burnt by the British at one end; by the Americans at the other.

We passed through Alexandria, which was captured by the squadron of Sir James Alexander Gordon, about the same time that Washington was taken by General Ross.

At two we reached Mount Vernon. There are two small, indifferent-looking lodges at the entrance

to the grounds (a natural wood), and driving about half a mile through it, we approached the house. It is built of wood, carved into the form of oblong stones, and white-washed; two stories high, with a colonnade on each side, and is now, with its domain of 4000 acres, the residence and property of the General's nephew, the honourable Bushrod Washington, one of the associate judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. It has, upon the whole, a neglected appearance. We were shewn into the General's study and suite of rooms, in which are several indifferent busts, in plaster of Paris, of himself, Neckar, and Paul Jones; and numerous engravings and paintings, including the prints of the defence of Gibraltar, by Turnbull, a portrait of Louis XVI, &c. In one of the rooms is a miniature of General Washington, in a frame, once part of an English earthenware pitcher, which is considered by the family to be the best likeness of him extant.

In the entrance-hall hangs up the key of the bastille, and under it, is a representation of the destruction, with an inscription, purporting that they were presented by La Fayette. Near them, is the telescope which the General used in his campaigns,

and through which, I distinguished, at a considerable distance, the colour and capers of innumerable canvass-back ducks, disporting themselves on the Potomac, which, otherwise, were next to invisible.

We also visited the garden and green-house,—the General's favourite retreats. The former is of a semi-circular form, $1\frac{1}{2}$ acre in extent; the hedges are composed of cropped cypress, apparently his favourite tree. In the green-house, the coffee plant, or shrub, which he cultivated extensively, grows luxuriantly, as do the lemon and plaintain trees. In the summer, they are removed into the garden.

A short distance from the house, southwardly, and near the verge of a precipice, is the tomb of General Washington, under the shade of a small grove of cedars. It has much the appearance of a Dutch oven, seems small, unadorned and neglected.

It is the custom of foreigners to decry his countrymen exceedingly, for not erecting a suitable monument to his memory, but it appears to me very unnecessary to do so: in the first place it would be a very difficult one to execute, and in the next, it seems to me to be altogether uncalled for; his monument already exists and extends itself over all the country,

the inscription, the same as that to Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral.

“Si monumentum ejus requiras, circumspice.”

2ND FEBRUARY.

Left Washington in the mail stage for Pittsburgh, 240 miles off, intending to proceed thence to New Orleans, 2000 miles farther, and on the sixth, arrived at Washington, in Pennsylvania, 229 miles from Washington city, where I stayed thirty hours, at the “Travellers’ Rest,” Samuel Denniston; when two miles from it, we crossed Chartier’s Creek, where Mr. Robert Carlisle, of Woodford, county Kentucky, was murdered on Friday, 1st February, (as the coroner’s inquest found), by his runaway but recovered slave, Kit. On that morning, early, they set out from Washington, to walk to Wheeling, Kit being handcuffed, and proceeded to the Creek, where Mr. Carlisle was found murdered. Kit went to an adjoining house, and stated, that two men had come down from the woods, and murdered his master; but the jury, on examination of witnesses, and upon circumstantial evidence, came to the conclusion that

Kit was the culprit; and he was tried, and hung at Washington, on the 24th November, following.

Happening to call at a grocer's shop, close by, kept by a Mrs. Minikin, a Quakeress, she told me that her late husband was an Englishman, "that he was the best husband that ever lived, that he was," raised in Lancashire, and last from Kendal; that she was acquainted with great numbers of English in the neighbourhood, who liked nothing better than to talk about the old country. When I informed her, that I was a native of Lancashire, I thought the Spirit would have moved her to give me a kiss. She made me promise, if ever I came that way again, I would give her a call, though I thought there was mighty little chance of my ever doing so. From a Gettysburgh (Pennsylvania) paper she gave me, I copy the following *jeu d'esprit*.

THE PRINTER.

" Who is it, gentle reader, who,
That labours hard in pleasing you,
By telling all that's strange and new?
The Printer.

Who is it brings you from afar
Intelligence of bloody war,
Or feats of some immortal tar?

The Printer.

Who tells you of the affairs of state,
Whilst legislators legislate,
And are engaged in warm debate?

The Printer.

Who is it that with stick and rule,
Chastises well the knave and fool,
And keeps in awe the party tool?

The Printer.

By whom is it that learning's got,
And genius to perfection brought,
Oh! reader say, say is it not?

The Printer.

Say ye who always wish to know
How the concerns of nations go,
Who do you for that knowledge owe?

The Printer.

Ye politicians, too, can tell
Who makes you understand so well,
The affairs on which you love to dwell,

The Printer.

Then in no case should you delay,
Though many do, from day to day,
With punctuality to pay

The Printer.'

On the 8th February, I intended to have proceeded by stage to Pittsburgh, thirty-one miles ; but at one a. m., mine host of the " Traveller's Rest " entered my apartment, and disturbed my rest, by informing me, that owing to the wretched state of the roads, caused by the late rains, and the uncommon openness of the season, the stage to [redacted] would not travel again for some weeks, but, [redacted] the one to Wheeling was at the door. I immediately determined to proceed in that, and in half an hour's time, was off, with two fellow-travellers, one a midshipman in the United States' navy ; the other a Kentuckian farmer, exceedingly well versed in English and European history.

The approach to Wheeling is up a very steep hill, at the summit of which, we beheld the town ; underneath both, is the beautiful river Ohio, flowing at its feet ; the state of Ohio opposite, in fact, the " far, far west."

The town is small, but of great importance in the carrying trade ; indeed, it derives its name from the innumerable waggons that are continually in motion about it ; containing the produce of the western states, about to be exchanged for English manufac-

tured goods, &c. It is in Virginia, a slave state, of which I saw sad and sufficient evidence.

After breakfast, took my passage on board the "Rein-deer," a small steamer, of 40-horse power, high pressure, to Louisville, in Kentucky, 520 miles off; fare, including meals, \$13.

All the steam-boats upon the Ohio and Mississippi are of a different construction to any I have ever seen before, or since. They have all two, some three decks; and consequently have more or less, the formidable appearance of men-of-war. In the cabins, the passengers who pay the most are accommodated; above them upon deck are the engines, boilers, &c., and deck passengers, who have a wooden ceiling over their heads, the sides being open by day, and closed with tarpauling curtains at night; above them, again, are stowed away negroes, hen coops, lumber, and all such kinds of oddments.

On the tenth, early, we reached Cincinnati, in the State of Ohio, 348 miles from Wheeling. It was founded about 1790; and in 1845, contained fifty thousand inhabitants, forty churches, &c. We stayed here twelve hours; and on the day following, reached

Louisville, in Kentucky, where, and in the opposite State of Indiana, I remained five days.

The French called the Ohio, "*La belle rivière*," and it well deserves the name. It flows, in February, at an average width of half a mile, between high lands and hanging woods, "o'ercome with moss and baleful mistletoe," approaching, in general to the water's edge, occasionally retiring half a mile's distance; the sides and summits of some of the hills being "capped and jewelled" with protruding points of rocks, peeping through the trees.

I had thus an opportunity, by conversation, observation, and otherwise, to form some opinion of the character and conduct of the Kentuckians, of whom one has heard so much; and the result is, I believe, they are belied. It appears to me that the rough and tumble character attributed to them, is the result of old excesses, perpetrated by the pioneers of civilization, who have migrated to the more modern and congenial states of Alabama, Missouri, &c.; men of desperate fortunes, and of dissolute lives, who have sold the pasture, to keep the horse. As Shakspeare says,

"The evil that men do, lives after them,
The good is oft interred with their bones ;
So is it now with" Kentuck.

The present inhabitants appear to me, to be a mild, shrewd, sober, speculating, milk-drinking, race of people ; speaking very pure English, and what's more, speaking to the purpose. There are very few guessers, or reckoners, among them. Ask a Quaker a plain question, such as, for instance, " Is the post come in ? " He will probably answer it by another, " Dost thou expect letters, friend ? " Put the same question to a Kentuckian, and he will answer, " Yes, I'll be * * * if it is'nt ; " the one aping simplicity, the other, sincerity, and both missing their marks ; as the Kentuckian, proud of his perspicacity, is wont to clench it with offensive oaths, as above ; and as to the Quaker's simplicity, " it's all my eye and Betty Martin."

The pioneers of civilization above mentioned, appear to have both mirth and method in their madness ; as it is said that, on mounting their steeds, and adjourning from an older to a newer State, they are apt to sing :—

" Hail Columbia, happy land !
If I'm not ruin'd, I'll be * * * "

Upon the whole, I consider these Western States, to be fully as interesting as any other section of the country, though that interest is derivable from causes different from the rest; they have few, or no associations to recommend them; their spell arises from peculiar, yet powerful causes—from the character and conduct of the people, formed under such different auspices from those of the older states—from the rapid increase of inhabitants, and the development of immense resources, in the cultivation of the soil, and the navigation of the rivers, and from the remarkable remains of ancient and obscure nations, existing amongst them; these, their present hopes, and future prospects, combine to render this portion of the country, a source of such strong, and peculiar interest. In it you may see the rudiments of towns, and of societies, as analagous to that of the first English emigrants, as the diminished distance of the officinæ gentium. The march of intellect, and the prostration of the Indian power, will admit of the present settlers, being equal in energy, though inferior in morality, to their puritanic predecessors.

In it I saw several towns, county towns, that had evidently a start at first; but, for want of sufficient

strength to support it, have fallen into premature decay. Excitement followed by depression. In fifty years' time, in all human probability, the Western States will play the first fiddle, and New Orleans be the *entrepôt* of the United States. It already rivals the Havannah, and is fast treading upon the heels of New York, the three principal ports in these seas.

What reasonable person, then, in pondering over such positive results as these, but will rejoice that America was successful in shaking off her colonial dependence; for assuredly, the British government would not, and could not, have achieved a thousandth part of what independent America has done in civilizing and settling these westernwilder; while the pioneers of civilization, having perished, or become provident, will be heard of, but seen no more. Perhaps some future bards, noble or ignoble, will arise to celebrate their amphibious actions, as Lord Byron has already done those of General Boone, the pioneer of the west, and founder of Kentucky, see page 70.

The Mississippi is almost in every respect the complete contrast of the Ohio; although only a third part wider, it contains many times its volume of water,

making up in depth what it wants in width, and imperceptibly losing itself on each bank, amongst green cane brakes, ten feet high, reaching up to the angles of tall, stately forest trees, all leafless, except the beautiful, pendulous, and pensive weeping willows, which are just in incipient leaf; foliage that will enrich the scenery in spring and summer, endure the autumnal heats and not expire until November: the branches of most of the tall trees, are either overgrown with mistletoe—the berries of which are as white and bright as pearls—or with the Spanish moss, which hangs from them, occasionally like streamers; at other times as circular as spiders' webs, but all of such tenacity, that birds can with difficulty struggle through them: in outward appearance it resembles hurds or tow, and seems dry, but is green and damp inside. It is used for a variety of purposes; for making mattresses, cordage, and other articles. About the embryo towns, also, the gay and luscious peach blossoms, add light and lustre to the landscape; while the only specimens of humanity, discernible in these dismal swamps, are at the wood yards, on the banks, where cords of wood are deposited and dis-

posed of, by the wretched owners, to the steam-boats, at \$2, \$3, and \$4 a cord, as the price of labour and other incidental circumstances, warrant.

On the 20th February, we were off Vicksburgh, in the State of Mississippi, 533 miles from the estuary of the Ohio, situate upon the sides of several high hills, called the "Walnut Hills." They are the first elevations of any consequence, that we have seen, since we had the misfortune to exchange "*la belle rivière*" for the mighty and melancholy Mississippi; they stretch about two miles along the bank of the river, rising boldly, but gradually, with alternate swells and otherwise, to the height of 500 feet; and being in a considerable state of cultivation, form the fairest landscape to be found in the Lower Mississippi. Six years ago, Vicksburgh was a swamp; now it contains several hundred houses, a gaol, and 1000 inhabitants.

I saw, standing upon the bank above the boat, whites, blacks, and copper-colored Indians, of the Choctaw nation, in three distinct divisions; upon the everlasting principle, perhaps, that "birds of a feather will flock together:" whilst others of the self-same specimens of humanity, were mingled promiscuously together, engaged in conveying merchandise to and

from the boat. I thought the whites looked like the lords of the creation ; the blacks, the serfs : the Choctaws, as they stood with their folded arms, apparently in deep cogitation, at the sight of the steamboat, pondering, probably, over the past pre-eminence of their ancestors, and their own utter prostration, the connecting link between both.

There is a degree of dignity in an Indian, that a Negro can never, and a white man seldom, attain ; a mercurial motion of the body, which is truly fascinating.

I purchased from one of them, a bundle of darts, a foot long, made of cane, and feathered at the top. The Choctaws put them into cane tubes, which they had also on sale, but which were too cumbersome to carry far ; and can blow them, so as to kill birds upon trees or on the ground, at a considerable distance.

On the 22nd February, we were at the city of Natchez, where we stayed six hours. It consists of two towns, the upper and the lower ; the latter appearing to be a very dissolute place. All about here, the same tumuli, so frequently discovered in different parts of the Western States, are very often found. In every estate, where fresh plantations are made,

broken earthenware, in great preservation, is constantly dug up, retaining distinctly the ornaments originally impressed upon it, though none of it ever appears to have been glazed. From the fact of the Indian ware, as it is called, being so frequently discovered, it would appear that this country was settled ages ago, by a people, much better acquainted with the arts of civilized life, than any of the supposed aborigines of America ever did, or do now, pretend to boast. This subject has been frequently handled by historians and speculative writers, but hitherto with very little success; all appear equally in the dark as to the period when these settlements were made, the people who formed them, or the cause of their utter extinction or expulsion; and finally, they are all equally bewildered at the loss of this link in the great chain of human events; like the sea, whose waves are limited by Divine power, the same Voice prescribes to both, "hitherto shalt thou go, but no farther."

One of the passengers brought with him on board, several numbers of a Natchez newspaper, called "The Ariel," the motto of which is as follows:—

“ Our forest home is sweet,
The mighty stream we love,
That rushes by our village seat,
Where freemen live, and Indians rove,
Unawed by any power, but Heaven.”

NEW ORLEANS,

Which we reached early on Sunday morning, 24th February, 1828, is a pleasant city enough, in spring, to strangers with good introductions, and I had half a dozen of the best, otherwise I believe it to be as dangerous in character, as it is motley in complexion; for it requires a charity that covers a multitude of sins, to tolerate many things of common occurrence there, as the following list (inter alia) will shew.

Every Sunday morning, from nine to twelve, a public cricket match is played: the Sunday afternoon I was there, a bull was baited. Balls and theatres, and nearly all the shops, were open on that day: besides that it is the great market day. Gambling goes on, night and day, and every hotel has a licensed establishment of that description, within its walls. Green peas had been at market a month; new potatoes had just shewn their pretty faces; there, claret is currently drunk at breakfast time; and

men are ill, and well, dead, buried, and —— all in twenty-four hours; it's touch and go, there, with a witness.

Nevertheless, the people you meet in the streets look healthy enough; and the Orleanists have got a crotchet in their heads, that their city is belied, and that it is, *par excellence*, one of the healthy ones of the world. It will be well, I think, if the ensuing autumn does not take this shining conceit out of them; at all events, it will test the truth of their theory. It appears to me that the comparative freedom from fever, they have enjoyed for the last two years, is the result of the uncommon drought that has prevailed over the face of the earth, for eighteen or twenty months, ending last autumn, when the wells were as low, or lower than have ever been known within the recollection or record of man. If the wells were low, so were the marshes; now the wells are replenished, so are the swamps; the decomposition of vegetable matter will go on this year, as actively as ever, and if those who have the misfortune to breathe it, can bear the yellow and other fevers, consequent thereon, the effort of nature to expel it from their vitals, why they've better

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constitutions than I have, and I wish them joy of their's on their recovery.

The city is lighted, when there is no municipal moon, with dingy-looking lamps, suspended, at intervals, upon chains or ropes, hung across the streets, as is sometimes the case in European continental cities. Most of the old houses, especially in the suburbs, have verandahs in front, or all around them, and *jalousies* or blinds, to the windows, which carry the mind back to the duennas of old, and to the best days of French and Spanish novelists. The courts of justice are held in a large pile of building, erected by order of the Regent Orleans, when he founded the city, in 1717, the corridors, apartments, and staircases of which, have the atmosphere and appearance of by-gone days. Close by it, is a large Roman Catholic cathedral, erected at the same period; and although I frequently passed by it, and endeavoured by enquiry and otherwise, to effect an entrance, I was altogether unable to do so. Adjoining to it, again, are the police office, and the place d'armes, a large green plot of ground, railed off, where the perpetual presence of military, with artillery, all ready for action, shows that the plague-spot of slavery is never absent

from the sleepless eyes or imaginations of the inhabitants. A large gang of slaves was disposed of by public auction, outside the exchange, during my stay; I saw the poor creatures ranged up against a wall, for public inspection, but I could not bring myself to stay the disgusting sequel: an unwilling witness told me afterwards, that it was something worse than common, that the auctioneer was drunk, and that seeing a young girl, about to be sold, weeping bitterly, he asked her what she was crying for, she answered, "because she was going to be separated from Aunt Peggy," whereupon he ordered Aunt Peggy to stand up too, and sold them both together, amidst the jeers and laughter of the audience.

The heat, the first few days, was to me, very oppressive, though the thermometer only ranged 72 in the shade, yet I suffered more from it at that, than I have done elsewhere at 82; thus proving the truth of Mr. Bruce's observation, "that the degree of the thermometer does not convey any idea of the effect the sun has upon the sensations of the body; that cold and heat are terms merely relative, not determined by the latitude, but the elevation of the place."

The low situation of New Orleans, sufficiently proves his postulate.

The Mississippi now, is three feet higher than the highest point of the city, being hindered only from overflowing it, by an artificial embankment, or levee, as it is called; an effectual, though apparently a feeble barrier.

New Orleans is an extravagant place, as I paid \$14 a-week for board, that had nothing particular to recommend it; not half so comfortable, for instance, as Mrs P.'s, at Philadelphia, who, though a third higher, is only half price; a conundrum you can untwist at your leisure and pleasure: though it is hardly fair to compare them, inasmuch as they are in nature, though not in name, wholly different establishments; you might almost as well compare a church to a tom cat, but sensation is sensation after all.

Nothing, indeed, is more remarkable, than the different prices asked for board and lodging, in different parts of the Union. At Cincinnati, for instance, I could get as good (claret excepted) for \$5 a week, as Mrs. Herries charges here \$14 for; at Louisville, for \$3; Philadelphia, \$7; Boston, \$8; New York, \$10.

Nevertheless, I believe it may be said of Louisiana, and of all the New South Western States, that knowledge is increasing; the means of instruction abundant, and society in an improving state, though still sufficiently obnoxious to Cowper's celebrated apostrophe to London:—

“ Oh! thou resort and mart of all the earth,
Checkered with all complexions of mankind,
And spotted with all crimes; in whom I see
Much that I love, and more that I admire,
And all that I abhor,” &c.

Louisiana was so named in 1683, in honour of Louis XIV.

By the treaty of 1763, all Louisiana, east of the Mississippi, was ceded to England, together with Mobile, and all the French possessions in that quarter. At the same time, the French settlements west of the Mississippi, were secretly conveyed to Spain. In 1783, England ceded the Floridas, and her portion of Louisiana to Spain. In 1800 a secret treaty was concluded at Paris, between France and Spain, by which Louisiana was surrendered, upon paper, to France; Bonaparte undertaking to indemnify the Spanish monarch, with territory in Italy (Parma

and Placentia) which he could retake whenever he chose, and which, in point of fact, he never surrendered; thus early portraying that judicial blindness, that providential tenaciousness of territory, which ultimately worked his ruin.

In 1803 he sold Louisiana (a country more than half the size of Europe, extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific, a country he was never in possession of) to the United States, for fifteen millions of dollars. He netted something under thirteen millions by these knavish tricks. The British bankers, who discounted the loan, had two millions.

In 1812, that part of the ceded country which lay south of the parallel of thirty-three degrees, was admitted into the Union by the name of Louisiana.

The rest of Bonaparte's cession comprised the vast State of Missouri, the still vaster territory of Missouri, the States of Arkansas and Oregon, or the western territory.

1ST MARCH.

Quitted New Orleans in a hackney-coach, for the steamer "America," lying at anchor on Lake Portchartrain, seven miles off.

After clearing the city and suburbs, I rode six miles on a good turnpike, but of the most serpentine shape I ever saw, formed across a morass, abounding in swamp palmata, other aquatic evergreens, and stagnant water. Though so early in the season, I smelt a strong effluviuim to arise from it, and drew up the windows in self-defence. I saw, or fancied I saw, the demon of fever, gaunt and haggard, stalking among his favourite thickets, chuckling in anticipation at the thoughts of the ensuing campaign; counting his chickens before they are hatched, laughing to scorn the lancet, and the whole tribe of tonics. A part of the marsh is cleared, and is under rice cultivation.

I paid four dollars for the hackney coach, and the driver grumbled that I did not give him five; and immediately on alighting, repaired on board the steamer, "America," and took my passage to Mobile, in Alabama, 150 miles off. We had only five passengers on board, including the individual, as Captain Sheffield informed me, heretofore the owner of the forty slaves that were sold by auction, at New Orleans, on the 28th February; Gaunt, by name; grim and gaunt, by nature. He quartered himself at Mrs. Herne's establishment; and, on his entering the room where

we were at dinner, I said in my soul, that man's a negro driver. I regarded him with instinctive aversion, from the bare possibility, perhaps, that he might black my face, and sell me. Nevertheless, during the voyage, I held the candle to the devil so far, as to lend him Dodd's Beauties of Shakspeare. He quitted the boat at Cahawla, till lately, the capital of the State of Alabama (now Tuscaloosa, on the Black Warrior river), 191 miles from Mobile; but his most damnable face, figure, &c. following, haunted my mind for many a day.

Lake Portchartrain, is forty-seven miles long, by twenty-five; the waters are brackish, as it communicates by Lake Borgne with the Gulf of Mexico, which we entered at three, p. m., on the 2nd. Here the wind and the waves were very high, and all the passengers, including myself, were very sea-sick. The American steam-boats were not then at all adapted for sea-navigation; they had not one boat in all the Union that would bear many voyages to Dublin or to Greenock, let alone Cadiz or Lisbon. At one time our captain appeared under considerable apprehension, lest the high sea should fracture the engine, the boiler being upon deck, instead of in the hold, as it

ought to be, for sea navigation. The piston, also, instead of being below, rose twelve feet above the deck, and was very near, more than once, causing the centre of the vessel to fall out of the line of direction, in which case, we must inevitably have been capsized.

When the British attacked New Orleans, in 1815, they approached it in small craft, through Lake Borgne, but by a different route to ours.

After toiling eleven miles in the Gulf, we entered, at length, Mobile Bay, where, though the wind was high, the water was comparatively calm.

3RD MARCH.

Most beautiful day at Mobile, where I landed with the captain at seven, and repaired to Austin's hotel to breakfast. Afterwards, perambulated the town and suburbs. There was a delicious breeze from the bay, and I sat me down on a bank, and enjoyed the fragrance of it much. The sea-gull, the sand-piper and the crow, were flying about the beach, and I heard them utter notes, that were familiar and friendly to my ears.

Returning to town, I entered a large building.

where the cotton, which is cultivated in great quantities in this neighbourhood, and is known in Europe by the name of Alabamas, is packed up in the state in which we see it in England, in long bags and square corded bales. It is first put into a bag upon the ground-floor, where, by means of a powerful press, worked by horses, in the room above, it is squeezed comparatively, into a very small compass; while the bales are pressed, the cords are passed round them, and as the press keeps diminishing the bulk, the ropes are drawn tighter. The yard is surrounded by sheds, in which the bags and bales pressed, compressed, and hot pressed, are deposited previous to shipment; the whole process being entirely superintended by blacks, either bond or free.

Near the warehouse are the remains of the old Spanish Fort Charlotte, above an acre in extent, the walls of which, were of brick and mortar, two yards thick, huge detached fragments of which, lay scattered about in all directions, as much as to say, with the Marquis of Stafford's motto—"Frangas non flectas." It is, for the most part, almost even with the ground, but sufficient of it remains to form a striking contrast with the commercial establishments around, and to

proclaim, with the voice of a stentor—"Tempus edax rerum."

5TH MARCH.

Left Mobile in the same steamer, the "America," for Montgomery, in Alabama, 450 miles by the river, 250 by land; the river Alabama being about as serpentine a stream as I ever met with or heard of. We frequently fell in with rafts descending the stream, laden with cotton, and navigated by Creek Indians. They dress differently from the Choctaws, inasmuch as they wear little else but their own elflocks, whereas the Creek rejoices in a sort of turban.

We also frequently passed alongside spacious cotton plantations, in appearance resembling a shrubbery of black currant trees. They are about four feet high, and are planted thickly together. The cotton grows in great abundance, all over the bushes, in pods, not unlike an artichoke; the leaves are shaped like the holly, but are not prickly. The cotton is gathered at all times, between the 1st August and 1st March. The shrubberies that I saw, abounded in gleanings, of last year's crops; in a few days' time they will be

uprooted, and burnt upon the spot; the land ploughed up, and sown with fresh seeds by the 1st April. The cotton plant is therefore an annual. The first that was cultivated in the United States was as recently as 1792. The sugar cane, which is a triennial, was not introduced until the cession of Louisiana, in 1803. On an average, 350 acres of good land will produce 400 bales of picked cotton, of the value, at Mobile, of \$15,000. It requires an acre of good land to grow 400lbs. of picked cotton. Before picking, it weighs four times as much as it does after the seeds are extracted, by means of gins, worked by horses; a gin, with two horses, can clean two bales, of 400lbs., a day; a common water gin, three bales. After the seed is extracted, a sufficient quantity is kept for seed; the rest is either added to the dung-heap, or given to the cows, who are very partial to them, on account of the oil they contain. A method has also been discovered lately of distilling spirits from them.

The banks of several plantations we passed by on the 9th, were quite crowded with slaves, dressed in their white Sunday-clothes; the contrast of colour between which and their complexions was sufficiently striking. The banks also, and the deck were alive

with innumerable butterflies, of every possible variety of size and shape, common to the climate; and the former, also, with innumerable wild fowl, including both black geese and black ducks, and above all, with small paroquets, of singular activity, and of gay and gaudy plumage—green and gold, uttering a note between that of a pigeon and a plover. Fine feathers make fine birds, but never, I suspect, sweet songsters.

10TH TO 12TH MARCH,

At Montgomery, in Alabama, a small town of yesterday; a considerable mart for cotton, a sort of jackall or feeder to Mobile. Returning one day, from a walk into the country, I overtook a long train of Creek Indians, marching into the town; some few mounted on horses, but most of them on foot, reminding me of a print we have at home, of "Banditti Prisoners;" men, women and children, scarcely two of whom were dressed alike, some looking like tragedy kings, others like harlequins, more like jays; a few wore kilts, others, brogues, with vest and gown of patchwork. They immediately began to barter their poultry and peltry, fowls and furs, with the store-

keepers, for all sorts of articles, necessary and unnecessary; the men were the vendors, the women set apart with the children, upon the ground, in the streets. Pots and pans appeared in considerable request at first, but whiskey won the day: each man had a bottle in his hand, corked with the inner rind of the Indian corn cone, which he got replenished at a favourite store, often drinking like Caliban, and occasionally exchanging bottles with his brethren. The women came in for a very small share, and it was evident, from their submissive looks, that there were no grey mares among them. The Creeks are so proud or shy, that they will not speak a syllable of English, until the whiskey has made them frisky, when they talk it fast enough; and the store-keepers, whose interest it is to be civil to them, have sufficient knowledge of their language, to carry on a conversation. There is, however, method in their madness, as they never all get tipsy at once, but always leave a sufficient number of Philips sober, to take care of the Philips drunk. If two enter a town, only one gets drunk. In fact this excessive fondness for whiskey is fatal to the poor Indians, and helps to hasten on the inevitable catastrophe, their complete and

utter extinction. There is the same dignity of demeanour among the Creeks, as among the Choctaws and others, &c. They never condescend so much as to look at the whites and the blacks that congregate around them, appearing to be altogether absorbed in their own party and petty pursuits: but, query, was not all this apathy, ignorance, in the shape of want of curiosity?

They quitted the town, on their return home, at three, p. m., and as time is no object with them, as they don't go by steam, lighted by gas, they would take things comfortably, and not hurry themselves. I was informed that they had to travel about 100 miles.

At meals a little negro boy kept describing the circuit of the table, and with a flapper in his hands, composed of a bunch of peacock's feathers, busked away the flies, which were at once numerous, active, and troublesome; the thermometer in the shade, standing at 78. Among other culinary curiosities, we had "hog and hommany;" hommany being Indian corn, ground coarse, and boiled like rice; the merits of which, a gentleman present, enlarged upon, in such good set terms, that it brought up a Tennessean

farmer, at table, who replied, "Yes, hog many is very good: but, hommany and fat! oh!!" We had also a cake called "w" resembles a thick slice of Yorkshire pudding ornamented border.

The State of Alabama, in which Montgomery was situate, was obtained by the United States by conquest and cession, by hook, and by crook, from the Creek Indians, all except Mobile and its dependencies, which fell to the lion's share, as an appurtenance to Louisiana—at least so it suited them to say.

A Court of Common Pleas was being held at my stay at Montgomery; and happening to be sitting, talking to a gentleman under the piazza of the hotel, a negro of the most jet-black hue I ever passed by, to whom he shouted out, in Spanish, "Ball, you'll be hung this court." Having just purchased a very black pony, still in my original condition, in a high state of preservation, I called him "Black Ball," in commemoration and consequent honor of the circumstance.

12TH MARCH.

Left Montgomery at four, a. m., in a

four, for Chatchouchy, 84 miles off; it was almost pitch dark at our departure, yet the driver would not light his lamps. Our route lay through a narrow road and a forest, and the ground was so beset with stumps of trees, that nothing but great good luck, combined certainly, with careful driving, and complete knowledge of the road, could have prevented an overthrow.

At eight, we crossed a narrow, but deepish stream, called Lion Creek, nineteen miles off, and entered the territories of the Creek nation. Here the forest assumed a more dense and regular appearance than ever. The pitch pine was the prevailing tree, rising 160 feet and upwards, and pruned by nature's hand, forty or fifty feet up the but. Two miles on, we passed a large cottage; built, I suppose, by the whites, but occupied by crowds of Indians, gossiping and gazing idly about them—a kind of royal exchange for lounging lazy Creeks.

At nine we reached Polecat Springs, eight miles from Lion Creek, to breakfast. This is an agency established by the American government, with the consent of the Creeks, to instruct them in the arts of civilized life, or rather to see what they are about. A crowd of Indians was lounging about the court,

who spoke good English. They all seemed to be in want of advice or assistance.

At ten we resumed our route. At eleven we had a violent hurricane, accompanied by heavy rain and frequent flashes of forked lightning, and claps of thunder, which seemed to describe the circumference of the heavens. It continued a couple of hours, and then, either it left us, or we left it, as the road we then traversed was quite dry; but it was sandy, and would easily absorb moisture. There was something vastly novel and interesting in travelling through this extensive forest: there was no underwood to obstruct the view, and no sights or sounds but what were analogous with the associations of the scenery and subjects around us.

We occasionally heard the noise of a waterfall, or caught the picturesque sight of a solitary Indian, with a rifle in his hand, stalking after the deer, or with a fishing rod, at a brook, fascinating to their destruction the foolish fish,—sights and sounds, that at once added life and lustre to the landscape, and marked its solitude. The air was dry, balmy, and delicious; the ride reminded me of the magnificent glades of Marlborough Forest, except, that we occasionally caught a

sight of red men instead of red deer. Among the trees and flowers I recognised the magnolia, rising fifty feet high and upwards; the azalia, the snow-drop, and the crocus, all growing in and about the vallies, which were moist and swampy; about them sported innumerable butterflies, of all sizes, and every possible variety of tint, apparently easy to catch, but not to be caught by hand, handkerchief, hat, or otherwise, howsoever.

“All tinged with varied hues, arrest the eye,
And dull were his, that passed them heedless by.”

I saw scarcely any birds, and those few were without note. The tree-toad aloft, and the frogs in the swamps, were the only vocalists; the little green lizard crawled about the trees, and the lively squirrel skipped about their branches.

The Creeks, both men and women, were, as usual, dressed in all sorts of fantastic finery; most of the men wore printed cotton bed-gowns, fastened round the waist by a red belt, with an ornamented border on it. Some of the women wore kilts, and were more unsuccessful in discovering the longitude even than

the **Highlanders** themselves. The children, under fourteen, were stark naked, and as red as lobsters.

At five, p. m., we reached Lewis's tavern, at Bainbridge Fort (heretofore a grass-green American encampment), kept by a white man, where we put up for the night, fifty-eight miles from Montgomery. Here occurred a repetition of the thunder-storm, we had in the morning, diversified with corruscations of the most brilliant sheet lightning, the blue-forked flashed from the left,—the loud reverberating thunder again described the circumference of the heavens; nevertheless, the people under the piazza of the inn took no more notice of it; and for the self-same reason, probably, that the good people of England do to the sun at noon-day, because they are accustomed to it.

At seven we had dinner, tea and supper, all at once; consisting of poultry, venison, potatoes, cheese, coffee, and pancakes.

At eight the eastern stage arrived, full of passengers, who finished the eatables we had left: altogether there were seventeen, travellers and tourists, collected within the compass of our Creek Inn, and only eight beds to apportion among them. How-

ever, "where there's a will there's a way," and by means of shake-downs, after the Scotch fashion, made up in the parlours, &c., all difficulties of that nature were speedily obviated. The accommodation was nothing to boast of; but everything is by comparison, for the night was most tempestuous, and we should otherwise have had to console ourselves with bivouacking in the wet woods.

13TH MARCH.—MOST BEAUTIFUL DAY.

Left Lewis's tavern at four, a. m., with only one fellow-passenger.

Our driver was a wag, with an imagination worthy of an Irishman. He said his horses' names were Rock, Peat, Duel, and Ball: "they're masons, all belong to the lodge." I asked him which murdered Morgan.* He said, "the roan." "Which is the roan?" "Rock." "Rock's a rogue, then?" "Yes,

* Morgan was a man who disappeared in a most mysterious manner in 1827, in the State of New York, and was supposed, by most people, to have been murdered by masons. His fate furnished food for all the journals in the Union, for months; and, at length, like everything else of any note, real or imaginary, got entangled in the web of the everlasting next presidential election.

you're right, there—Rock's a rascal, there's no mistake in that." I asked him why he did not stop up a large air-hole, or window, behind me. He said it would not fill up, unless it grew up. "Why?" "Because the owner of the tub did nothing, and his men helped him—that the tub he had brought the night before, had broken down, and he had sent it to the silversmith's to be gilt—that the masons would return to the lodge to-morrow, and rest awhile—that they had the best of everything to eat and drink, and plenty of it." He watered them three times, with a can, he carried with him, and said it was Adam's ale, not whiskey. He said that Walker, at Hall's Fort, and Lewis, at Fort Bainbridge, and other white men, had all married squaws—that it made a good cross, only had too much of the tanyard in it—that black and tan made the best terriers. I told him that I did not come from the old country to learn that. I asked him if he was not an Irishman. He laughed, and said, no, he was a Philadelphian, Kello, by name.

At nine we reached Uchee Bridge, 27 miles, to breakfast; the road we traversed, was a repetition of yesterday's forest. We only met four Indians, the rest being, perhaps, at rest, as extreme idleness is one

of their besetting sins. They occupy indifferent houses, wretched hovels, and still worse wigwams. We frequently passed temporary huts, on the roadside, composed of forked sticks, set up on each end; but it ought to be observed, that almost all we saw, stationary and otherwise, are used only as conveniences by those Creeks, who have poultry and furs to dispose of; which done, they disappear into their more congenial element, the depths of the forest, and make way for others. They have very little land in cultivation, not enough to support themselves, and that little is the counterpart of the garden of the sluggard, as sung by Watts. They prefer to keep their extensive domains, as a deer stalk, instead of growing corn and cotton; on the same principle, probably, that some wise-acres in other and older countries, I wot of, will not drain their lands, for fear they should lose the pleasure of shooting snipes, at a pound a-piece.

The Creeks, in common with all their race, have the greatest possible repugnance to regular labour; they can endure with the greatest equanimity, both fatigue, fright, and famine, when engaged in war or hunting; but the labour of agriculture, as a regular

Before the late war, their territory was very considerable. They joined the British, and were defeated in several engagements, especially in one at the Great Bend, on the Alabama river, which completely threw them into the power of the Americans. In 1814 a treaty was concluded between them, by which the Creeks ceded the principal part of their country, to defray the expenses of the war; they conceded the privilege of opening roads through their territory, of navigating their rivers, and of admitting among them American agents. The United States, on the other hand, agreed to guarantee their remaining territory, to restore their prisoners, and in consideration of the destitute state of the Creeks, to provide them, gratuitously, with the necessaries of life, until they could cater for themselves.

This imperium in imperio at present is reduced to a state, of about sixty miles square, owned and occupied by about 20,000 Creeks; a territory too small for such a number to subsist by hunting, but large enough, in all conscience, if it were turned to a better account.

There still are within the limits of the United

States, 55,947,458 acres, owned by Indians of various nations.

At Ouchee Bridge I saw about a score of most squalid, wretched-looking creatures, squatting upon the ground, a remnant of the once powerful tribe of the Ouchees, heretofore conquered and brought into captivity, by the Creeks.

I also saw there, a Scotchman, of the name of Gordon, employed, as he said, by Mr. Mackay, nurseryman, Clapton, to collect American plants for him. He said he should return to London, at Christmas, that being the best part of the year to transport his plants. As we stayed half an hour at Fort Mitchell, an American agency, he shewed me his garden, and took me to a deep valley, where he said most of the magnolias in England came from. He said he could have got as many plants, near Ouchee Bridge, in a quarter of an hour, this morning, as would sell in London for £50. Fort Mitchell and Ouchee Bridge are five miles apart. On our return to the Fort, he pointed out to me an Indian of high degree, commonly called, or known, by the name of the "Little Prince," his Indian name being, Tustanga

Hapoy ; he seemed to be about 70 years of age, and resembled, both in himself and his steed, Mr. Hill, the surveyor of the Cheadle turnpike, and his pony : he dismounted, hung his bridle on a gate, and walked away, without looking either to his right hand or to his left, followed by two remarkably tall, handsome Indians, elegantly, though fantastically dressed ; each of whom again, was followed by two females. The Creeks, who were standing around, never offered him the slightest assistance, to dismount or otherwise, or paid him the smallest obeisance ; but it was evident, from his being the “observed of all observers,” from the eager manner in which they all eyed him, how intense was the interest, with which he inspired them. He distinguished himself during the war, along with two other chieftains, Macintosh, and the renowned Tecumsah, both since dead. He had yesterday received a present from the American government, of a sword and a clock ; and to shew his respect for the donors, drank such an immoderate quantity of whiskey at the presentation, as to have become “drunk and incapable.” His highness, however, to-day, carried his liquor very discreetly, and seemed to be neither sick nor sorry at the debauch.

(Whiskey, however, proved too much for him, as he died a few weeks afterwards, in the month of May, 1828.)

Leaving Mr. Gordon and the Indians, therefore, we proceeded a mile further, to the Chatahouchy river, a boundary of the Creek territory, and having crossed it, upon a ferry-stage, found ourselves in the State of Georgia.

It was a most beautiful day, not a cloud was to be seen in the whole blue vault of the heavens. To cut a long tale short, we proceeded to Perry's Fort, twenty-four miles from Fort Mitchell, and on the 14th reached Macon, on the Ocmulgee river; on the 15th we arrived at Milledgeville, the capital of Georgia, thirty-four miles from Macon; proceeded thence, to Sparta; and on the 16th, at two, a. m., we posted through Powelton, fourteen miles, to Warrenton, twelve miles further, where we breakfasted at the "Eagle Tavern," General Dawson. My fellow-passengers in the stage, consisted of two gentlemen and (mirabile dictu) a coloured woman and her daughter; our route describing the very worst road I have travelled on, since leaving Montgomery. Torrents of rain had ploughed up such deep furrows in the sandy

soil, that it was surprising how we escaped an overthrow. The stage was upset last week, an occurrence which happens, on an average, about six times a-year. The road is so much altered in appearance after every hurricane, as greatly to puzzle both the drivers and horses, otherwise it is a providential circumstance for these southern states, that sand is the staple of the soil, for the people are so idle, and so benumbed by the blighting influence of slavery, that were the ground of a more retentive quality, the roads would be impassable. By the custom of the country, it is impossible for a white man to gain an honest livelihood by hard labour, in a subordinate situation; everything of the kind must be done by slaves, or be left undone. It is a providential thing, also, that the roads, generally speaking, are level, on which account, I prefer them to those in Pennsylvania, which are of a more mountainous nature, as well as of a more retentive quality.

Georgia is the most fractious State in the Union, and is almost always in hot water with the general government, about boundaries, slavery, or some other question.

The thermometer, since we left Montgomery, had

averaged 70, in the shade, during the day-time, but last night we had a sharp frost, and it was down at most of this day.

After warming ourselves before a good fire in the r-parlour, we were ushered into a large wooden apartment, with five doors in it, and a thorough draft, the centre of which sat Mrs. General Dawson, in state, and in "specks," at the head of the breakfast table.

The room was so bitterly cold, that I shivered like an aspen leaf, and was bold or saucy enough to tell the amazon, that if I were the General, I'd have five more doors in it. She would not allow the coloured

woman and her daughter, though free, to breakfast with us, but consigned them both to the outbuilding, in the yard, invariably set apart for slaves, and sent them from our table, cocoa and coffee, in china bowls. On our return to the stage, we found the coloured lady, in consequence, in a towering passion. She appealed to me, if it was not a shame; though I knew where the shoe pinched, I pretended otherwise, and told her, I could not say whether it was a shame or not, unless she would tell me what her grievance was; but this she would not do. A gentleman in the stage, a native of North Carolina, told me her history;

that she was a free woman—born free—because her mother was a white woman, her father a slave ; and that there were not half-a-dozen such instances of freedom in the United States. He added, that he had travelled thousands of miles in the southern States, and had never sat in a stage with a coloured person before ; and that four years ago it would not have been tolerated : another proof how time is insensibly loosening the shackles of these unfortunate people.

We journeyed on from Warrenton, forty-two miles, to Augusta, which is 300 miles from Montgomery. We saw hardly any houses, and nearly all the persons we met were blacks, going to, or returning from, Augusta, with cotton waggons ; turtle doves, in abundance, swarmed in the woods ; pigs innumerable roamed about the forests, and along the road-sides, feeding upon the mast, and apparently belonging to nobody, though, doubtless, well known, and easily apportioned.

On the 18th, we quitted Augusta, in the “ Macon ” steamer, for Savannah, 132, and for Charleston, 240 miles off, and reached the former city at noon, on the 20th.

There are several extensive rice grounds in the vicinity of Savannah (quite flat, for the sake of irrigation), but neither dull nor unprofitable. Large gangs of slaves, superintended by a white overseer, whip in hand, were tilling the soil; their long rows of white-washed cottages, having chimnies in the centre of the roofs, enlivening, or otherwise, the scene. A Mr. Haywood is one of the principal proprietors; he owns 2000 slaves, and raises annually on an average 3000 tierces of rice, each weighing 650lbs tret. Rice,

at present, is more profitable than cotton, as rice at \$2 50 cents per 100 lbs., is equivalent to cotton at ten cents a pound. Rice has averaged, this year, \$3 25 cents per 100lbs.; cotton, 9 cents; the difference is in favour of rice.*

Resuming our route, and steaming sixteen miles more, down the Savannah river, we entered Caliboga Sound, nine miles wide, by thirty; being the commencement of a curious concatenation of salt water creeks, leading to Charleston; which city we reached at two, p. m., on the 22nd March. The approach to it, is not altogether unlike that at New York; Ashley

* These particulars were furnished to me by a Manchester gentleman, on board the boat, engaged in the cotton trade between that city and Charleston.

and Cooper rivers (so called, from the first and famous Lord Shaftesbury, one of the original proprietors), answering to the Hudson and East rivers; but the bay at New York is broader and much more beautiful, its islands at once more numerous and picturesque.

22ND TO 31ST MARCH.

At Charleston, so called in 1663, in honour of Charles IX, King of France, under whose auspices the coast of South Carolina had been discovered, in 1563.

This tract was conveyed by the charter of King Charles II, to Lord Clarendon, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and six others, who thereby acquired an absolute property in it. Two years afterwards the charter was enlarged, so as to embrace the whole territory, now comprising the two Carolinas, Georgia, and the Floridas.

Charleston was founded in 1678, at which period the conundrum of a constitution, prepared at the request of the proprietors, by the great Mr. Locke, was attempted to be put into practice; but alas! it proved a perfect failure, a standing satire upon Mr. Locke, and the human understanding.

He appears to have overlooked altogether the

self-evident axiom, that the only security for the duration of any political institution, good or bad, consists in its conformity to the condition of society, into which it is introduced.

It was, probably, much better calculated for the low, solemn, and ancient Incas of Peru and Chili, than for the good people he thus blindly attempted to legislate for, who very soon found it to be a silly concern.

By it, a president of a Palatine Court, to consist of the proprietors, was to be chosen for life; an hereditary nobility was to be established, consisting of Landgrave Caziques; a parliament chosen once in two years, was to be held, consisting of the proprietors, of the nobility, and of representatives from each district; all were to meet in one room, and to have equal voices. No business, however, could be proposed in parliament, until it had been debated in a grand council, to consist of the governor, nobility, and deputies of the proprietors.

This constitution was almost immediately discovered to be impracticable: the main spring was missing, and the works would not move. The greatest opposition was manifested to it, and an attempt to

put it in operation, produced an insurrection, in consequence of which, it was consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets;" and the previous proprietary government was restored in lieu of it. This remained in force until 1729, when the proprietors surrendered their charter to George II; the province was then divided into the five States already mentioned, and councils were appointed for them by the crown.

It thus appears, that the great Mr. Locke had no better luck in the art of extemporising a constitution than the Abbé Sieyes, or other conjurors of that description, so vast is the difference between theory and practice, the closet and the camp. The constitution of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, granted by Charles II, in 1663, was a very different affair, and still continues to lay down the law in that State; the people being so well satisfied with its operation, as to have lately refused, by a large majority, to call a convention, for framing a new one. The powers of government, as exercised under the charter, are the model, and therefore, greatly resemble those of the federal, and state constitutions, and are legislative, executive, and judiciary. The legislative power is exercised by a council, and by a House of Represen-

tatives, both elected annually by the people. The governor and lieutenant-governor are also elected annually by the people, form part of the council, and there are ten others. The House of Representatives is elected by the several townships, in the precise ratio prescribed by the charter. The legislature sits alternately in the different towns of the State. The judiciary is composed of a Supreme, and of County Courts, and the judges are annually elected, or rather re-elected by the legislature, who also appoints yearly, all the executive officers. The charter is very liberal, and proclaims universal liberty of conscience; and the effect of it, as will easily be seen, is extremely democratic.

It is curious, to consider how this constitution, so much in advance of the age, and of the king, from whom it emanated, came to be composed and conferred in 1663. It was, probably, the handiwork of some one or other of the hard-headed republicans of Cromwell's time, who had been simple enough to believe, that he was as good a man as he was great. They had lived long enough to see all their expectations in England frustrated by the event; experience pointed out to them the reason, and a fellow-feeling,

which makes us "wondrous kind," probably prompted them to give their brethren in the western world, the benefit of such experience. The result, however, has amply proved, that whoever composed the charter, was a profound and practised statesman; and it is well known, that Charles and James, in order to conciliate the dissenters, affected a liberality, to which they were strangers.

During the ten days I was at Charleston, the thermometer ranged 70 in the shade, which rendered walking exercise, until towards evening, unpleasant to me.

On the 31st I left that city, in the packet ship "President," Captain Halsey, about 200 tons burthen, for New York, 800 miles off, by sea—fare, \$30, meals included—which city we reached on Easter Sunday, 6th April, about one, p. m.; the thermometer being down at 30, and snow falling fast. All the ships in the harbour had their flags flying half mast high, out of respect to the memory of Captain Solomon Maxwell (brother to the Captain George Maxwell, of the "William Thompson"), who died on the 5th.

7TH APRIL, TO 12TH MAY.

At New York, and its vicinity; my head-quarters being at Mrs. Wilkinson's, in Vesey-street, the most agreeable boarding-house in the city for English people. The number of inmates never exceeded nine or ten, among whom were Capt. Sheriffe, R. N., Mr. and Mrs. Cornwall, whom I had met at Quebec and Washington; Captain and Mrs. Basil Hall had left a few days previously, as had the venerable Bishop White, of Philadelphia, who received episcopal ordination at Lambeth Palace, at the hands of Dr. Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1786.

My bed-room overlooked the grave-yard of St. Paul's Church (which fronts into Broadway), the most prominent object in it, being a marble monument, large and lofty, that Edmund Kean, when here, erected over the mortal remains of that great actor, George Frederick Cooke. It contains a long, rambling, English inscription, emblematic, rather of the vanity of the founder, than of the talents of the deceased.

In the centre of the church, fronting into Broadway, between the principal entrance doors, in a niche, stands a full-length statue of the saint; the sight of

which induced Whitfield, on his first visit here, to exclaim, "Ah ! poor Paul, I see they've turned thee out of doors."

Trade is carried on all over the United States, and especially at New York, on a very different footing to what it is in England, and partakes much more of the spirit of gambling and speculation ; very little merchandise changes hands at the stores, in comparison with what is disposed of at auctions ; and auctioneers here, are amongst the most wealthy citizens.

Numbers of merchants in New York, live "from hand to mouth," and borrow money every day of their lives ; borrow from Peter on Monday, to pay Paul ; and from Paul on Tuesday, to pay Peter. Money to a great extent, changes hands this way, every day ; there is neither note, minute, nor witness of these transactions : there being no national bankrupt laws, all debts are, more or less, debts of honour ; and yet, in no country in the world, is credit so abundant as it is here.

Being on a visit at a gentleman's house, near Elizabeth-town, New Jersey, I accompanied him, and part of his family one evening, to a wedding-party ; the happy couple were Episcopalians, and of the

first families in the town. The ceremony took place at the house of the lady's father, at six, p. m.; and at eight, a large party had assembled, by invitation. The officiating clergyman was there, in full canonicals; he told me he was a native of Charleston; was educated at Eton, and was partial to England. At nine dancing commenced, which was kept up with great spirit till twelve; and the day following, the happy couple set out upon their travels.

Having thus briefly described a wedding-party, I will next endeavour to depict a funeral that I attended. It was that of Captain Solomon Maxwell, brother to Captain George, I sailed with, from Liverpool to New York. The item in the obituary that announced his death, invited his friends, and those of his brother George to the funeral; I attended out of respect to the latter.

The residence of the deceased was in Brooklyn, across the East river, the borough of Southwark, to New York. When I had been in the house about five minutes, the coffin was brought down stairs, and placed upon a table in the lobby; it was a bright and beautiful mahogany, without inscription or ornament of any kind; "most adorned when unadorned the

most :” the lid, about eighteen inches from the top, was left unscrewed, and lapped over a corresponding length below it, by means of hinges ; on opening which, and removing the drapery, the countenance of the deceased appeared, equally pale and placid. I could not recognise the least resemblance between it and his brother’s. Some of the gentlemen sat in two rooms on the ground-floor, some in the lobby, some on the stairs, while others stood in the street. When I had been in the house an hour and a half, a Presbyterian minister, commenced an extempore address, which continued a quarter of an hour, and turned upon the mode of life, and the merits of the deceased ; that he had died a sincere Christian ; and then, upon the motives of the meeting ; that as we beheld him, stretched out before us, a lifeless lump of cold clay, so we should all likewise soon become ; concluding with a short prayer. To me the mournful ceremony was equally novel, impressive, and interesting ; on others, no doubt, the effect was weakened by repetition. On the conclusion of the prayer, the screwing down of the coffin lid was completed, which reminded me much of the graphic scene to that effect, in the “ Antiquary.” There was

no eating or drinking of any kind whatsoever, no hatbands or gloves given away, or any other useless expense incurred. The coffin was put into a hearse, then followed two carriages, containing the female relatives of the deceased, then about a hundred gentlemen walked arm in arm, two and two. It is not expected that any should appear in mourning. I had a blue coat and a black waistcoat on. The procession moved on about half a mile over a long wooden bridge, leaving the United States' navy yard at Brooklyn, on the left, until it arrived at the grave-yard. Here the coffin was immediately taken out, and lowered into a deal case at the bottom of the grave, four feet deep, and the lid nailed upon it. The minister then repeated the Lord's prayer, then another about as long, and the company separated. The grave-yard, which is extensive, is situate upon the slope of a hill, and is divided by perpendicular poles, into compartments, for different denominations of Christians: Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Roman Catholics, Baptists, Unitarians, &c., all meet together; "there the wicked cease from troubling, and there the weary be at rest; all go unto one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

On Sunday evenings the black part of the population parade that focus of fashion, Broadway, principally between the Battery and the City Hall, a distance of about a mile, dressed out in all their finery: their fondness for tawdry, is excessive, both in men and women,—it was very amusing to watch their proceedings—the gallantry of the men, the affectation of the women—human nature all over again. Some of the “gentlemen of colour” are dressed as fine as peacocks; their ladies wear, in general, gowns of many and monstrous colours, huge bonnets, and three or four massive rings upon the fingers of each hand. These, and their complexions (to rouge which would render the *tout ensemble* truly ridiculous), set in opposition to their ivory teeth, and the whites of their eyes, produce altogether a strange and most extraordinary contrast. The number of blacks in the city, is computed to be about 13,000; the women wash, and the men work at the wharfs, and in a variety of ways, and altogether, they are well off, as far as the necessities of life are concerned; but as long as one single black is held in bondage, so long will the badge of moral degradation be stamped upon the rest of this unhappy race, be they bond or free.

EXTRACTS FROM AN

the fashionable promenade for the white ladies, is all portion of the westerly part of Broadway, the opposite side, and all other parts being deserted by them, and devoted to the more plebeian people of business, or to those who wish to have a panoramic view of the walking whole—the blaze of beauty. The white ladies can render no reason for this, except that it is the fashion—the tyrant fashion. The good people of New York are greatly given to parade; and I have heard it hinted, and partly believe it to be true, that there is more shew than substance among them. That wicked wag, the author of the “Guide to the Springs of Saratoga,” gives an amusing, doubtless, a caricature, account of some of their parties, he says—

“I must not forget one thing that amused me amid all this aping and ostentation. I was, at first, struck with the profusion of servants, lamps, china, and silver forks, at these parties, and could not help admiring the magnificence of the entertainer, as well as his wealth; but, by degrees, it began to strike me, that I had seen these things before, and, at last, I fairly detected a splendid tureen, together with divers elegant chandeliers and lamps, which I had

actually admired, the night before, at another part of the town.

“In place of the pleasant chit-chat, and honest jollity of better times, there was nothing else talked of, but the gentlemen’s wines, which were estimated entirely by their age and price; one boasted of his Bingham, another of his Marston. But there was one pursy, pompous little man at the table, who, my lady whispered me, was worth a million and a half of dollars—who beat the others all hollow. He actually had in his garret, a dozen of wine, seventy years old, last grass, that had been in his family fifty years; which, by the way, as a sly neighbour, on my right, assured me, was farther back than he could carry his own pedigree. For my part, I never yet met a real honest, liberal, hospitable fellow, that had much old wine. There can be no doubt these dinners are genteel and splendid, because every one here says so; but in spite of all this display, I sighed for bacon and greens, and merry faces. From the dinner-party, which broke up at nine o’clock, I accompanied the young people to a tea-party—it was what they call a conversation-party. Of course, I expected to enjoy some agreeable chit-chat; but, I can assure you, no-

thing could exceed the vapid insignificance of their talk : there was nothing in it but, "la, were you at the ball last night ;" and then an obstreperous roar of ill-bred noisy laughter. In making my observations, it struck me that many of the young ladies looked sleepy, and the elderly ones did certainly yawn most

unmercifully. There was, at one of these polite stallings, an elderly lady, between whose jaws and mine a desperate sympathy grew up, and flourished. Our mouths, if not our eyes, may truly be said to have met in this accord of insanity, and twenty times in the course of the evening, did we involuntarily exchange these tokens of mutual good understanding.

"The next party we happened to meet at, I determined to practice the most resolute self-denial—but it would not do ; there was an awful and irresistible attraction about the maelstrom of her mouth, that drew me towards its vortex ; and we have continued to yawn at each other, whenever we have met since. Whenever I turn my eyes, the cavern opens before me, and my old habit of yawning has become ten times more rife than ever."

One night, having been at the Park Theatre, I went into a confectioner's shop, adjoining, and asked

for a bottle of ginger-beer; they said they had none left, but had opium ready. I regret that I did not follow up this information with a few further interrogatories, but the fact is, I hurried out of the shop, as if all the horrors depicted by the English opium-eater, were at my heels.

12TH MAY.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.—THERMOMETER
IN SHADE, 72.

Left New York at three, p. m., in the "Connecticut" steamer, 50-horse power, for Newport, in Rhode Island, 180 miles off; and, the next morning, the boat was on the Atlantic, but as close to the shores of Connecticut and Rhode Island, as was consistent with safety. I landed at nine, at Newport, the steamer pursuing her voyage to Providence, the head of the navigation, thirty miles farther.

Newport stands upon a hill side, and though containing 7000 inhabitants, has too many features of the "deserted village" about it; grass grows in the streets, and everything about it seems to discourse of sadness, or of departed greatness. It stretches about a mile along the harbour, which is an inlet

of the Atlantic, tapering off into the Providence river; but, owing to its loss of trade, presents one universal aspect of decay. Its situation possesses many advantages; and in September it is much resorted to by visitors and invalids from Charleston, and other parts of the south, fleeing from the pestilential fevers, that annually prevail there.

I remained at Newport and its neighbourhood, until the 28th May, residing with a retired naval captain (Gardiner) and his wife, a barren pair, but fruitful in good works. Its climate is considered to be the most congenial to English constitutions, of any in the United States; owing, it is supposed to its proximity to the sea; it is ten degrees colder in summer, and ten degrees warmer in winter, than Providence. Its harbour is said to be the best in the United States, but is apt to freeze—which is fatal to it—as that of New York is not.

The principal Episcopal Church was built long before the revolution, as was also a smaller one. They are both substantial edifices, of wood, white-washed, with spires; the larger one having a royal crown at the top of its vane. It has an excellent organ, with a royal crown on the top, in the centre,

and a mitre at each corner; underneath is the following inscription:—"Presented, A. D. 1733; the gift of Dr. George Berkeley, late Bishop of Cloyne."

There are only two monuments in the church; the principal one being to the memory of Dr. Brown, the late rector, who died in 1796, and his wife, both Irish people, with a marble medallion at the top, representing a handsome countenance, and a bushy wig. It was erected by their son, a Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and an M. P., who says, that he places it with the greater pleasure at Newport, because he spent there the happiest part of his life.

In the church-yard are numerous mementoes to citizens of Charleston, and other people from the south, who brought their bodies here, and have left their bones.

After afternoon service I accompanied a fellow-boarder at Captain Gardiner's to the "Point," a part of the town I had not previously visited, and which bears every possible mark of desolation and decay; most of the houses are uninhabited, and describing, as fast as they can, the road to ruin. The few that are otherwise, have a wretched appearance, causing their owner or occupier to say, "My poverty, and not

my will, consents." Grass grows in the streets, and solitude and silence reign supreme. There is something very striking in such a scene; the silence of the desert is natural, but the solitude of streets, once the seat of a flourishing commerce, and the homes and haunts of an industrious happy population, impress the mind forcibly, with an idea of the instability of all human affairs. Prior to the revolution, Newport was the principal port in the colonies, and numbered thrice its present inhabitants, among whom were a great many Jews—the Point being the Rialto, their focus of fiscal fashion. It was then the *entrepôt* of New York and Boston, supplying those cities with the stores it now receives from them in return. The occupation of Rhode Island, for so many years, by the British troops, first paralysed it, and the growing importance of New York, afterwards completed its downfall.

It reminded me of the first verse of Jeremiah's Lamentations :—

"How doth the city sit solitary, that was full of people! how is she become as a widow! she that was great among the nations, and princess among the provinces, how is she become tributary!"

The Jews above-mentioned, eighty years ago, built a synagogue; not one Jew now remains to worship in it, all having followed the flight of the fickle goddess, into fairer regions of gain and gold; but, in 1822, Mr. Abraham Tauro, a rich Jew merchant, of Boston, bequeathed the legislature of Rhode Island, and the municipal authorities of Newport, \$10,000 and \$5000 in trust; with the former, to repair and uphold the synagogue, and with the latter, to flag and pave the street leading up to it, from the burial-ground above it, expressing his hope and expectation, that in process of time, the children of Israel would again congregate at Newport.

The synagogue is an oblong, substantial, brick building, forty-five feet long (inside measure), by thirty, supported by four pillars, on three of its sides, and having a gallery, three yards wide, resting upon the pillars, which continue to the ceiling. It is adorned with Hebrew inscriptions, candlesticks, chandeliers, and all the other usual and accustomed paraphernalia of a Jew's synagogue—all going to rust and ruin, but which workmen had lately began to burnish and renew. The panels against the walls were all corroded by the saltpetre, into which the

mortar had become converted. Over the altar three crowns are painted, in a triangular position—why, I know not.

This tabernacle, for the descendants and disciples of two Father Abrahams—the length of time since—the people amongst whom, and the race for whom it was erected—still verifying the scriptures, in being scattered and peeled, and having no rest for the sole of their foot—and the atmosphere, and appearance of by-gone days, it exhibits, is extremely striking.

Mr. Tauro, methinks, must have committed a practical bull; have been in his dotage, and have known little of human, and still less of Israelitish, nature, in expressing his expectation, that Jews would ever return to a place, where their occupation of money-making, and getting people to “bate a little more,” was gone; indeed, the very flight of the locusts, is a sufficient proof to the contrary. We afterwards visited their burial-ground, above, round which a new brick wall has been built, with a part of Father Abraham’s benefaction; I hope his trustees will prove true to the traditions of his race, and induce the builders to “bate a little more” from their bill: The most conspicuous object in it, from its size and fresh-

ness, is a marble monument, erected over his tomb. It is a square pedestal, containing Israelitish and English inscriptions, and surmounted by an urn; there are a few other marble tomb-stones, lying scattered about, elevated, more or less, above the rich rank grass, in which they are embedded, with Hebrew inscriptions upon them. As I lay stretched out at full length upon one of them, basking in the sun's rays, a crowd of reflections rushed across my mind, which I intended to have interred in this grave-book, to have given the dogs christian burial, a local habitation, and a name; but, alas! akin to the remnants of cold and old mortality, with which they originated, they have resolved themselves into their constituent elements, and have evaporated into the tenuity of atmospheric oxygen—"Catch them, who can."

Returning, through Thames-street, I heard that important individual, "the town crier," conclude an harangue, with these words, "God bless the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantation."

I accompanied Mr. Warren, a brother quill, a transient boarder at the captain's, and an intelligent, agreeable man (only that he had never learned to shave himself when young, and lost time, in looking

out for barbers), to his residence, New Bedford, Massachusetts, twenty-eight miles off.

Four miles from Newport, we alighted, to view a country-house, gardens, and grounds, called "Vaucluse," heretofore the pride and property of an English Quaker, Samuel Ellam; since, of a rich retired Boston merchant, Charles De Wolf, and now of that intelligent invisible, who carries off, in all families, upon his back, or otherwise, into the vast wilderness, the credit of such innumerable crashes and accidents, Mr. Nobody. This Mr. De Wolf had a brother in Boston, once equally rich and respectable with himself, who proved a "wolf in sheep's clothing," having borrowed and speculated with his brother's capital, and failing, involved them both in one common ruin. The gardens are seven acres in extent, and are laid out in the English style, with broad, narrow, and serpentine walks. One part enjoys an extensive view of the Atlantic; another, of the river Taunton, a mile wide, and of an upland and opposite country; another, of a spring and brook, flowing through a beautiful valley, a miniature resemblance of the Sorgia, and of Petrarch's Fountain, reminding one of his sentimen-

tal love for Laura, his sonnets, and his worth. Altogether, Vacluse is the handsomest handiwork of nature and of art I saw in the United States.

Resuming our carriage, and riding a couple of miles farther, we passed the summer retreat of the celebrated Dr. Channing, with a small Unitarian church, adjacent.

Near this place also, resided, above a century ago, the celebrated Bishop Berkeley, for two years and a half; and here it was that he composed his "Minute Philosopher." It is generally supposed, that the rural descriptions that abound in that work, were either transferred from, or suggested by, the beautiful scenery that lay stretched out before him here. He was a benefactor to New England, as he devised his real estate in Rhode Island, and an excellent library, to Yale College, Connecticut, besides founding three annual prizes there.

The following verses, he composed, half a century before the declaration of Independence, will shew the sanguine expectations he entertained of the future destiny of America. Whatever may be thought of their merits, either as to poetry or prophecy, they are

interesting as the production of an accomplished and amiable philosopher:—

“Then shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empires and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay,—
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward, the course of empire takes its way,—
The four first acts already passed,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day,
Time's noblest offspring is the last.”

A few miles from Vacluse we came in sight of a high head-land, called “Mount Hope” formerly famous as the ancient royal residence of the Narragenset Indians (vide Sketch Book), and the retreat of King Philip, a strong and sharp stimulant in the sides of the first English emigrants, of whom he slew not a few; until, at length, they succeeded in paying him off in his own coin, at this, his royal residence of Mount Hope.

Twelve miles from Newport, we crossed the Taun-

ton river, here 700 yards wide, by a low stone bridge or causeway, having a draw-bridge in the centre, for the exit and entrance of vessels, and reached the small town of Tiverton, on the main land, of the State of Rhode Island. The island is bounded on the south-west by the Atlantic, and on other sides by the Taunton and Providence rivers, which, forming a junction on the north-east corner, complete its insular character.

At the Stone Bridge Hotel, "George Lawton," in Tiverton, where we dined, there were about a score men laying their wise heads together, as to the repair of the roads, and other district or parochial business. The meeting seemed pretty much a counterpart of similar assemblies, in the old country. They all wore home-spun clothes, with large buttons, and long waists; and hats, with pretty considerable brims, an absence, in short, of all affectation of fashion, or awkward attempts at spruceness. Their attire formed a very striking contrast to that which meets the eye, generally, through all the United States, except the New England. There, blue and black coats, and waistcoats, and dark trowsers, of the modern uniform make, produce a monotony, much less agreeable and

picturesque, than the hereditary habiliments of the New England farmers.

New Bedford is a neat modern town, with several handsome mansions about it, inhabited by the merchants engaged in the whale fishery, off Nantucket and Cape Horn. The whaling ships off that Cape are commonly absent, on each voyage, from thirty months to three years. The Island of Nantucket is opposite New Bedford, at a distance of eighty miles. It contains fifty square miles, and is inhabited, almost entirely, by Quakers, who hold the land in common. The most frequent name there, is Coffin, all related to Sir Isaac.

Twenty-five miles east from New Bedford is Plymouth, in Massachusetts, where, on the 22nd day of December, 1620, the conscript fathers of New England, the famous old Puritans, expatriated from Old England, by the vile policy of the Stuarts, landed upon a large rock, which has been ever since an object of public veneration; the day, a period of annual commemoration, or centenary jubilee. Standing upon this stone, their descendants have given vent to their feelings in mingled strains of regret and eloquence, worthy of any age or nation. I extract

the following from an oration, delivered upon the sacred spot, on the 22nd day of December, 1820, by the Honourable Daniel Webster, senator to Congress, from Massachusetts, and reputed to be one of the first lawyers and statesmen in America.

“Let us rejoice that we behold this day, let us be thankful that we have lived to see the bright and happy breaking of the auspicious morn, which commences the third century of the history of New England. For ever honoured be this, the place of our father’s refuge; for ever remembered the day, which saw them, weary and distressed, broken in everything but spirit; poor in all but faith and courage; at last, secure from the dangers of the wintry seas, and impressing the shore with the first footsteps of civilized man.

“Standing in this relation to our ancestors and posterity, we are assembled upon this memorable spot, to perform the duties, which that relation, and the present occasion, impose upon us; we have come to this rock, to record here, our homage for our pilgrim fathers, our sympathy in their sufferings, our gratitude for their labours, our admiration of their virtues, our veneration for their piety, and our attach-

ment to those principles of civil and religious liberty, which they encountered; the dangers of the ocean, the storms of heaven, the violence of savages; disease, exile, and famine, to establish and enjoy; and we would leave here, also, for the generations which are rising up rapidly, to fill our places, some proof that we have endeavoured to transmit the great inheritance, unimpaired,—that in an estimate of public principles and private virtue, in our veneration for religion and piety, in our devotion to civil and religious liberty, in our regard to whatever advances human knowledge, or improves human happiness, we are not altogether unworthy of our origin, &c. &c. &c.

“The settlement of New England, by the colony which landed here, on the 22nd December, 1620, although not the first European establishment in what now constitutes the United States, was yet so peculiar in its causes and character, and has been followed, and must still be followed, by such consequences, as to give it a high claim to lasting commemoration. On these causes and consequences, more than on its immediately attendant circumstances, its importance, as an historical event, depend, &c.

“Of the motives which influenced the first settlers

to a voluntary exile,—induced them to relinquish their native country, and to seek an asylum in this, then unexplored, wilderness, the first and principal, no doubt, were connected with religion; they sought to enjoy a higher degree of religious freedom, and what they esteemed a purer form of religious worship, than was allowed to their choice, or presented to their imitation, in the old world. History instructs us that this love of religious liberty—a compound sentiment in the breast of man, made up of the clearest sense of right, and of the highest conviction of duty, is able to look the sternest despotism in the face; and with means, apparently most inadequate, to shake principalities and powers. There is a boldness, a spirit of daring, in religious reformers, not to be measured by the general rules which control men's purposes and actions, &c. &c. Our ancestors fled, not so much from the civil government, as from the English hierarchy, and the laws which compelled conformity to the church establishment.

“A great resemblance exists, obviously, between all the English colonies, established within the present limits of the United States; but the occasion attracts our attention more immediately to those

which took possession of New England, and the peculiarities of these furnish a strong contrast, with most other instances of colonization.

“ Among the ancient nations, the Greeks sent forth from their territories, the greatest number of colonies; but they went not forth like our ancestors, to erect systems of more perfect civil liberty, or to enjoy higher degrees of religious freedom.

“ Roman colonization resembled, far less than that of the Greeks, the original settlements of this country. Power and dominion were the objects of Rome, even in her colonial establishments. As was to be expected, the Roman provinces partook of the fortunes, as well as of the character, of the seat of empire. They lived together with her, they flourished with her, and they fell with her. It was not reserved for Rome to see, either at her zenith, or in her decline, a child of her own, distant, indeed, and independent of her control, yet speaking her language, and inheriting her blood,—springing forward to a comparison with her own power, and a comparison with her own great renown. She saw not a vast region of the earth, peopled from her stock, full of states, and of political institutions; improving upon the model of

her own, and breathing, in fuller measure, the spirit which she had breathed, in the best period of her existence,—enjoying and extending her arts, and her literature; rising rapidly, from political childhood, to manly strength and independence, her offspring; but now her equal, unconnected with the causes which might affect the duration of her own power and greatness,—of a common origin, but not linked to a common fate,—giving her ample pledge that her name should not be forgotten, that her language should not cease to be used among men,—that whatsoever she had done for human knowledge and human happiness, should be treasured up and preserved,—that the record of her existence and achievements should not be obscured, although, in the inscrutable purposes of Providence, it might be her destiny to fall from her opulence and splendour,—although the time might come when darkness should settle on her hills, when foreign or domestic violence should overturn her altars and her temples,—when ignorance and despotism should occupy the places, where laws and arts, and liberty had flourished,—when the feet of barbarism should trample upon the tombs of her consuls, and the walls of her senate-

house and forum, echo only to the voice of savage triumph. She saw not this glorious vision, to inspire and fortify her against the possible decay, or downfall of her power. Happy are they who, in our day, may behold, if they still contemplate it, with the sentiment which it ought to inspire.

“Local attachments and sympathies would, ere long, spring up in the breasts of our ancestors, endearing to them the place of their refuge. Whatever natural objects are associated with interesting scenes and high efforts, obtain a hold on human feeling, and demand from the heart a sort of recognition and regard. This rock soon became hallowed in the esteem of the pilgrims, and these hills grateful to their sight. Neither they, nor their children, were again to till the soil of England, nor again to traverse the seas which surrounded her; but here was a new sea, now open to their enterprise, and a new soil, which had already assumed a robe of verdure. Hardly had they provided shelter for the living, ere they were summoned to erect sepulchres for the dead—a parent or child, a husband or wife, had gone the way of all flesh, and mingled with the dust of New England. We naturally look with strong

emotions to the spot, though it be a wilderness, where the remains of those we have loved repose ; where the heart has laid down what it loved most, it is desirous to lay itself down ;—no sculptured marble, no enduring monument, no honourable inscription, no ever-burning taper, that would drive away the darkness of death, can soften our sense of the reality of mortality,—and hallow to our feelings the ground which is to cover us, like the consciousness that we still sleep, dust to dust, with the objects of our affections.

“The hours of the day are rapidly flying, and this occasion will soon be passed. Neither we, nor our children, can expect to behold its return. They are in the distant regions of futurity—they exist only in the all-creating power of God, who shall stand here, a hundred years hence, to trace through us, their descent from the pilgrims, and to survey, as we have now surveyed, the progress of their country, during the lapse of a century ? We would anticipate their concurrence with us, in our sentiments of deep regard for our common ancestors ; we would anticipate and partake the pleasure, with which they will then recount the steps of New England’s advance-

ment ; on the morning of that day, although it will not disturb us in our repose, the voice of acclamation and gratitude, commencing on the Rock of Plymouth, shall be transmitted through millions of the sons of the pilgrims, till it loses itself in the murmurs of the Pacific seas.

“Advance then, ye rising generations ; we would hail you as you rise in your long succession, to fill the places which we now fill, and to taste the blessings of existence where we are passing, and shall soon have passed, our own human duration. We bid you welcome to this pleasant land of the fathers—we bid you welcome, to the healthful skies and the verdant fields of New England—we greet your accession to the great inheritance which we have enjoyed—we welcome you to the blessings of good government and religious liberty—we welcome you to the treasures of science and the delights of learning—we welcome you to the transcendent sweets of domestic life, to the happiness of kindred, and parents, and children—we welcome you to the immeasurable blessings of rational existence, the immortal hopes of Christianity, and the light of everlasting truth.”

He proceeds, in a similar strain, for fifty-seven large

octavo pages; in one of which, however, respecting our next neighbours across the channel, it appears to me (though I differ, with great respect, from such an intellect as his), that he allowed his imagination to get five minutes' start of his ideas; it is as follows:—

“A most interesting experiment, of the effect of a sub-division of property on government, is now making in France. It is understood that the law, regulating the transmission of property in that country, now divides it, real and personal, among all the children equally, both sons and daughters, and that there is also a very great restraint upon the power of making dispositions of property by will. It has been supposed, that the effects of this, might probably be, in time, to break up the soil into such small sub-divisions, that the proprietors would be too poor to resist the encroachments of executive power. I think far otherwise; that what is lost in individual wealth, will be more than gained in numbers, in intelligence, and in a sympathy of sentiment.”

Methinks he has, probably, seen occasion, ere this, to change or modify these opinions; if he has not, I wish him joy of them.

On the 20th May, I returned from New Bedford to Newport, in a tub and four. In it, was a gentleman, about sixty, of the name of Thatcher, fat and well-favoured. He informed me, that his great-great-grandfather was one of the first emigrants to New England, and that he left his native land ("Old England") with a wife and seven children; that they were wrecked off a small island, on the coast of Massachusetts, since called "Thatcher's Island; that all the seven children perished, and that his ancestor saved his wife by the hair of her head; that they had afterwards three sons, from whom a large family of Thatchers have descended; that his father was then residing at Boston, hale and hearty, at eighty-six; that his late uncle was chief justice of Massachusetts and that his son was captain of a packet-ship, sailing between New York and New Orleans. Like most New Englanders I conversed with, he seemed very partial to the old country. He is related to Mr. Warren, and knew that I had been travelling with him, which, probably, made him more communicative than he would otherwise have been.

My expenses at Newport were \$6 a-week, except that mine honest host would not take anything for

the four days I was absent at New Bedford. I pressed him to take half-price, but he would not.

28TH MAY.

Left Newport for Boston, seventy miles ; thirty by steamer, and forty by stage.

Providence appeared to be the very antipodes of Newport, being a modern, busy, bustling place, with a population of 15,000. The mail, which our boat carried, arrived at Boston a couple of hours before us—twenty-two hours from New York. Twenty years ago, it took five days ; so much for the march of intellect—"Gee up, my puppies."

The road, the whole way to Boston, is Mc Adamized ; that part of it, about Pawtucket, being the best soldered together. The first ten miles lay principally through a thicket of wood. The oak-leaves, there, are quite out, and larger than the English ; yet, on account of the branches stretching out so very horizontally, and being totally devoid of elbows and knees, so favourable for the construction of ships, and the concealment of Charlies, our Merry Monarch would have found it impossible to have concealed

himself in any oak-tree I saw to-day. However, he might have stood a much better chance with others of the species, as not fewer, it is said, than 180 specimens of the tree are counted in the United States. The *quercus virens*, of North Carolina, for instance, would have afforded a sufficient shelter for a score of such royal runagates.

The inclosures we passed, are in a high state of cultivation, and as usual, about here, until we reached Dedham, ten miles from Boston, are dimpled with rocks, and divided with stone walls; orchards, all the way, were numerous and promising; bilberry plants (there called wortleberries), full of fruit, in the grey or incipient state, grew in great abundance, on the sides and summits of the hedge-rows. There are two sorts of them, one larger than the other. At Dedham, numerous fine farms, orchards, and gardens, all surrounded by wooden palings, presented themselves; the stones were either cleared away, or collected in heaps, for that purpose. The country, five miles from the city, abounds in gentlemen's seats, rivalling Regent-street and Park, in diversity of architecture; most of them are built of wood, white-washed, with green verandah; window-shutters out-

side:—some few, of white granite. I observe, that most of these “wise men of the east,” being scripturally inclined, as every body knows, have founded their houses upon the rock. I should have preferred the gravel myself, as being less retentive, consequently, as more porous and drier.

Many parts of the New England States, display a rocky region, in a more cultivated state than I ever saw before, but every difficulty disappears before the patient and proverbial perseverance of its inhabitants. I saw them cultivating narrow strips of soil, in and about the crevices of rocks, and could not help reflecting, with what contempt an Alabama planter, would contemplate such a scene, in comparison of his own, standing with folded arms (overseer at hand, with whip), over his slaves, as they sowed, or hoed, his rich alluvial soil; but both his pity and contempt, would be sadly thrown away.

Dr. Currie, in his remarks on the peasants of Scotland, beautifully pourtrays the connexion that exists between superior intelligence, in the population of a naturally poor country, and a corresponding spirit of emigration and enterprise. It seems to me, that it is to the advantages of education, trans-

mitted to the people of Scotland, and of the New England States, by their provident forefathers, that the adventurous spirit, above-mentioned, is to be ascribed.

We found Boston all on the *qui vive*, on account of the legislature having just commenced its session, and of the annual election of the governor, when Levi Lincoln Esq., was almost unanimously re-elected.

Bands of music, and troops of militia, paraded the streets; the day was beautiful, the windows wide open, and crowded with "beautiful apparitions." The uniform of the soldiers is white kerseymere, trimmed, and turned up, with scarlet, and an hussar cap. At Mrs. Wilkinson's recommendation and request, I took up my abode at a Mrs. Oliver's, the widow of a British officer, residing in Morton-place, Milk-street; a few doors from the house where Dr. Franklin first saw the light.

The genius of Dr. Franklin seems to preside over his native city; and his mantle of inspiration—his strong, sound, shrewd sense, seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of its present inhabitants. Nor are they forgetful of him—Franklin heads, and Franklin houses,

Franklin streets, squares, crescents, and places, occur everywhere, and "Poor Richard's himself again." He was born in Milk-street; the site of his father's house being now occupied by a furniture broker. Though born at Boston, he lived little at it; but, as he himself relates, ran away early, to Philadelphia; there he earned and enjoyed his earliest—his latest—his greatest triumphs;—there he lived, and there he died; and is interred in the corner of a church-yard, in Arch-street, with only a very common stone to cover his remains. Over his parents' place of sepulture, here, public gratitude has erected a granite pillar, of a pyramidal form, with an interesting inscription upon it; and, above all, in characters, that those that run, may read, the word "Franklin."

The oldest house in Boston (probably, in the United States), is one standing in Tremont-street, which was owned and occupied, 150 years ago, by the celebrated Sir Harry Vane.

The oldest Episcopal church in Boston, is Trinity. It is of wood; looks neat and venerable inside—date there, 1734; but has very much the appearance of an old barn outside; it is to be taken down immediately, and rebuilt of white granite.

St. Paul's Episcopal Church, opposite the Mall, is a beautiful, new granite building, of the Doric order, like St. Peter's, at Manchester, only a third less, and with no steeple, or abortive attempt at any. Its internal arrangement is also, preferable to St. Peter's, as the congregation look at the minister, instead of each other. The church was crowded—the organ excellent—singing the same; but, like St. Peter's, too scientific for congregational purposes. There is a counterpart of this beautiful church at Dedham. There are some religious institutions at Boston, that I never heard of in England. — I mean town missionaries, employed by different denominations, to carry the gospel to the poor,—to preach in cellars, in garrets, and amongst persons, whose peculiar circumstances, even down to disinclination, preclude them from attending public worship.—Dr. Tuckerman is the chief of these worthy characters.

There are twenty-seven churches in Boston, ten of which, are Unitarian, four, Episcopalian, four, Baptists; including one coloured congregation, one Roman Catholic, and the remainder, Methodists, Presbyterians, &c. It is a great church-going place, and bells, "from morn to dewy eve," are ringing for

prayers, or for meetings, connected with missionary societies, &c.

Boston is the head-quarters of Unitarians in America; my principal acquaintance among that persuasion, was married to a Birmingham lady, from whose brother there, I brought a letter of introduction. They were well acquainted with relations of mine intimately connected with that town; and if their house was not my home, during my stay at Boston, it was my own fault, not their's; but I was there every day, more or less. Let me indulge myself in illustrating this work with the name of the worthy gentleman, Gustavus Tuckerman, Esq. if he is still alive, and should happen to see this publication, I hope he will excuse the liberty I take, in saying, and accept my assurance, that the kindness and attention he shewed me there, will ever remain indelibly impressed upon my grateful remembrance. He was an attendant upon the ministry of the Westminster in Channing; and on Sunday, last week, viz. 14th Sunday, I accompanied him to see church, in Park-street, a Gothic structure, with square, no steeple; assistant minister performed the last part of service, during which, a very sad scene

proached the altar, with an infant; over whom the minister prayed, and then baptized, "in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." Dr. Channing then relieved him, by reading a considerable portion of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians—a reader, worthy of such a chapter, and a chapter, worthy of such a reader—the silvery tones of whose voice pronounced every syllable with exquisite pathos and energy, not loudly, but delicately and deliberately distinct. Having heard, and read much, of the learned labours of this gifted individual, I was curious both to see, and to hear him. His general aspect, I should say, denotes that his soul "o'er informs its tenement of clay;" his figure was wan and feeble; his voice more like that of a disembodied, than a breathing, individual, yet full of health and elasticity; his language as pure English, strong, and idiomatic, as was ever uttered by mortal man; his matter, a visible thought. He preached three quarters of an hour, to a congregation of two thousand persons, from the text, "We preach that we have received, how that Christ came into the world to save sinners;" and launched at full length, into his own peculiar views on that important and interesting subject, which was heard in such

breathless silence, that the dropping of a pin might have been heard.

His views, though entertained by a considerable proportion of the genteel inhabitants of Boston, do not appear to be very palatable in most other parts of the New England States, as out of a thousand churches there, only fifty are Unitarian.

Boston is considered to be the most hospitable of the large cities of America; but it becomes not a wanderer like myself, to endeavour to exalt one, at the expense of the rest. I was fortunate in my letters of introduction, without which, a stranger in a foreign land, can have little chance of getting into good society. A letter from a Mr. Coffin, an elderly gentleman at Quebec, a native of Boston, and a royalist at the time of the revolution, to his relations there, who had espoused the revolutionary cause, received every possible attention; indeed, I always considered any consequential favours, conferred upon the bearer of such missives, to be bestowed as much upon the writer, as upon the bearer.

It appears, that the relatives in these two cities are in the habit of reciprocating these civilities, and, as the *acerrima proximorum odia* has happily ceased

with the occasion, the "*amantium iræ amoris redintegratio est*" is in the ascendant; all those families are Episcopalians: in these circles I spent several pleasant days. The manners of their component parts, appeared to me to resemble those of the first-class people in Philadelphia, more than of the inhabitants of the other cities I visited; this is, probably, owing to the greater number of capitalists that reside in Philadelphia and Boston; for wealth is power, go where you will, and in civilized circles, produces a remarkable uniformity of manner.

Boston is the richest of all these American cities, and there are half-a-dozen individuals in it, possessed of upwards of a million of dollars; besides a multitude of others, whose incomes are very considerable. Two years ago, of ten millions of national debt, paid off at Washington, half of it found its way to Boston. These fortunes are the result of solid, successful trading, combined with saving; and not of speculation, as in the case of New York and other cities. The style of living at Boston, is rather expensive and luxurious for so pure a democracy; but there is a degree of simplicity, frankness, and intelligence among them, equally striking and agreeable to a

stranger. I was surprised to meet with so many, of both sexes, who had crossed the Atlantic, and seen more or less of Europe. An ardent desire to visit the land of their ancestors, amounting almost to a passion and pilgrimage, is a very common feeling among the Bostonians, and their circumstances, in general, enable them to gratify it.

At one party, I met Dr. Inglis, Bishop of Nova Scotia; his wife and family, including his celebrated son-in-law, Judge Haliburton, (the author of "Sam Slick,") and an English clergyman, on their way to Quebec, viâ New York and Niagara. I almost envied them the journey. They stayed at Boston a fortnight, and their society was much courted. At a public entertainment, given to Mr. Webster, to which the Bishop and the gentlemen of his party were invited, the following was one of the after-dinner toasts:—"Our distinguished English guests—we bid them a family welcome;" on which the band struck up "God save the King." The Bishop is, in fact, an American, a native of the city of New York, where, at the commencement of the revolution, his father was rector of Trinity Church, and a staunch royalist, to boot; in consequence of which, the ruling powers confiscated

his property; and the English government, in compensation of his services and sufferings, promoted him to the bishopric of Nova Scotia. On his death, and the early retirement of his successor, from ill health, the present prelate was promoted to the see.

The day after the private party, I saw him walking on one side the street, Dr. Channing on the other, and thought they were not unapt representatives of Pharoah's fat and lean kine.

Dr. Channing, in the street, and without his robe, is the merest rag and shred of a man I ever saw; the Bishop, on the contrary, though not near so portly and well fed as some English pastors and prelates, I have in my mind's eye, is as plump as a partridge; the difference, in this instance, was most remarkable, extending itself, in general, to the ecclesiastics of both countries, as well of the establishment as otherwise, though, for obvious reasons, much more frequently among the former, than the latter. The only specimen of a well-fed, portly divine, I saw in all my travels in the United States, was Dr. O——, Bishop of New York; and he was afterwards suspended, or censured, by the Diocesan Convention, for his trencher, and other feats. This species of

discipline—this power of public opinion, is all very well, up to a certain extent, or as far as it goes, in the present instance, but it is apt to extend itself too far in others, originating and terminating in tyranny, on the one hand, and hypocrisy on the other ; therefore, thou boasted voluntary principle of Yankee land, I love thee not ; and, though guzzling is, no doubt, a great evil, yet, as human nature is a bundle of contradictions, and man the creature of circumstances, I am certain that the English plan, with all its defects, but with its evident tendency to improvement, in the modern and rising generation of clergymen, is far preferable to that, involving the degrading influences above-mentioned.

Boston, after Quebec, is the most hilly city I saw in America. It is beautifully situated on Massachusetts Bay, upon a small peninsula, semi-encircled by an amphitheatre of hills, studded with villas, villages, churches, and other edifices, all white-washed ; trees, meadows, and pastures, all green, the access to which is by five wooden bridges, averaging, in length, 500 yards each, besides branches. The old part of the city is irregularly built, and has very much the appearance of an old English borough town ; but, in

the modern parts, the streets are spacious and regular. It contains 65,000 inhabitants, including 1728 coloured persons, but no slaves; and many handsome public and private buildings. It is to the New England States, what Manchester is, to a certain radius of the surrounding country—the commercial capital of a manufacturing district; large and lofty warehouses, emblazoned with sign-boards, like those in and about High-street, Manchester, are seen, in about half-a-dozen streets, filled with foreign and domestic fabrics, or “notions,” as the natives delight to call them.

The chief architectural ornaments are the New State House, the New Market House, the Bridge, the Monument on Bunker's Hill, and the Navy Yard; the greatest ornament of all is the Mall, which is St. James's Park in miniature, and the finest promenade in America. It is 300 yards long, and consists of three rows of elm-trees, planted upon the side of a green, called the Common, fifty acres in extent, answering to the Green Park; the whole of three sides of it, being bounded by handsome public and private buildings, including the State House, and several churches; the fourth side opens upon the Bay of St. Charles, and the amphitheatre above-mentioned.

The New Market House is built of beautiful white granite, and consists of a centre building, with wings, extending, altogether, 536 feet, with a façade at each end, supported by single granite columns, twenty-one feet high, each weighing fifteen tons; on each side the centre, runs a street, formed by the centre, and a row of granite buildings, opposite, four stories high, being warehouses, extending 515 feet. The United States Branch Bank, and other modern establishments, are all built, from elegant designs, of this granite. It would, probably, be as durable as it is elegant, but, unfortunately, it contains in its composition so much crystal, that, upon the application of an intense heat—an accidental fire, for instance—it is shivered instanter (like the small oblique glass toys, pinched off at the thin end, called Prince Rupert's drops) into innumerable atoms—almost an impalpable powder.

On the 30th May, I walked to Bunker's Hill, two miles from Mr. Oliver's, crossing the river St. Charles, over a bridge of piles, 600 yards long, having a draw-bridge in the centre; and, proceeding through the populous suburb of Charleston, obtained the summit of this celebrated hill; it is of no great elevation or

extent—about the size and shape of Below Hill, in the parish of Alton, Staffordshire, and commands a fine prospect in every direction. On the summit is a tower, in process of construction, being built by subscription, in commemoration of the celebrated battle, fought here, its causes, and consequences. The base is a square of thirty feet, the layers on each side being composed of three granite stones each, nearly nine feet long. Its present height is not more than fifteen feet; the first stone was laid on the 17th June, 1825, being the fiftieth anniversary of the battle, by Mr. Webster. When complete, it will be a tower, tapering off, under a column, and 200 feet high.

The country in the neighbourhood of Boston, is undulating and beautiful, enriched with a profusion of wood, water, and gentlemen's seats; my kind friend Mr. T——, drove me many miles, in different directions, about it, to Harvard University, or Cambridge, three miles from the city, founded by the Puritans, in 1638, and the oldest, as well as the most amply endowed classical establishment in the United States. It consists of two departments, the literary and the medical; the latter of which, although an integral part of the institution, occupies buildings in

Boston, for the reception of patients, and the greater convenience of medical students. The buildings at Cambridge are eight in number, standing in an enclosure of fourteen acres, sheltered on three sides by venerable trees, and bounded on the fourth by an extensive common: three of the buildings comprise lecture rooms, library, laboratory, and chapel, and the remainder consist of apartments for the accommodation of students, all of whom reside within the walls. The largest building is of white granite, and was erected in 1814, at an expense of £17,000 sterling; all the other buildings are of good stock brick. The library contains about eighteen thousand volumes, some of them of considerable rarity and value. The expense of board and education cannot be reduced, with the greatest economy, below a hundred guineas a-year; in most instances, the students, as in other and older universities, contrive to spend a much greater sum.

Mr. J. Quincy Adams, President of the United States, was once professor of belles lettres here. Sydney Willard, professor of Oriental languages, accompanied us in our inspection of the institution. There are several portraits in the public rooms, of

some royalist-governors of Massachusetts, intermingled against the walls, with Houbraken's excellent engravings.

From the College, we drove to a beautiful strawberry garden, called "Fresh Pond," comprising a flower and fruit garden, shrubbery, and forest, &c.; lake in the centre, with boats upon it.

My hostess's charge was \$6 a-week, and half price during my absence at Portland, &c. She had ten inmates—ladies and gentlemen—one of the latter was M. Picquet, French Consul. He told me he had spent several years in England, a prisoner-of-war, having been in the French navy, and captured in Lord Howe's engagement, 1st June, 1794. He added, he had always been a royalist; but, I observed that on the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo, he secluded himself all day long in his own apartment. What a piece of patch-work is man.

4TH JUNE.

Proceeded by steam and sea to Portland-in-Maine, 120 miles off, where I spent five days, most agreeably, with Mr. Neal.

It is the capital of that State ; and the governor and other executive officers, as well as a few Congress men and judges, reside there, to all of whose houses Mr. Neal accompanied me. I was twice at the governor's parties, who is brother to the governor of Massachusetts, sons of the late General Lincoln, well known in the revolutionary war. I had several conversations with him, and his pronounciation often struck me, as that of other individuals in the New England States had previously done, as very much resembling the Wiltshire dialect. On mentioning the circumstance to him, he said it was singular enough, but his ancestor had emigrated from the West of England, in Charles the Second's reign ; and that the principal part of the old and original settlers came from that quarter. Well may Talleyrand exclaim, " America still remains English in the greatest part of her habits ; identity of language is a fundamental relation, on whose influence we cannot too deeply meditate."

In one of my walks with Mr. Neal, we passed by the parochial school, where he said he had received all the education he ever had, in that way,—that

the boys used to plague and pinch him, and sing out—

“ Oh! Quaker Neal,
I'll make you squeal.”

From Portland I returned to Boston, through the district of the White Mountains, in the State of New Hampshire, a stage journey of 275 miles. These mountains are the greatest natural curiosity, after Niagara, I saw in America. They are well worth visiting, from Boston, Niagara,—from anywhere. They are eight or ten in number; and the following are the names and elevations, of the principal of them, called the Presidential Peaks, after some of the presidents :—

Names.					Feet.
Washington	...	...	...	...	6,400
Jefferson	...	...	...	...	6,200
Adams	...	...	...	...	6,000
Madison	...	...	...	...	5,800
Munroe	...	...	...	...	5,500
Quincey	...	...	...	...	5,200

They are all feathered from top to toe, with peren-

nial forests, and are watered by innumerable streams, as often within sound, as sight, which occasionally inundate the surrounding country, and commit fearful ravages. They derive their names, from the sides and summits of most of them being capped and jewelled with protruding points of white granite, peeping through the trees.

From these mountains, I posted through the city of Concord, the capital of New Hampshire, where the state legislature was in session, and through many other towns and villages of less note, having travelled upwards of two hundred miles in the State, and, for a wonder, only met one coloured person. All the women I saw, looked exceedingly healthy and handsome, which I attribute entirely to their being in the constant habit of taking so much more exercise, than is usually the case, with the ladies in the middle, and southern States, and as a good accompaniment, at least two-thirds of them, had black hair and black eyes—Andalusian dames, in a land of liberty, instead of one, of superstition and slavery.

The neat appearance and the modest demeanour of the females in subordinate situations, nearly all over the United States, and especially in New

England, are most remarkable. One might infer the necessity of pretty considerable reserve in them, at country inns, as the daughters of my host in the free States, in general, enact the part of waiter; and not being regarded as menials, they have to secure respect, and succeed admirably well, by their modest and dignified behaviour.

Education, which prevails universally throughout the New England States, and is always accompanied with religious instruction, has given the natives of that country a very decided national character, resembling, in many respects, that, for which the Scotch have been so long celebrated. The species of education in the two countries, is also not very dissimilar, being more general than accurate—more useful than ornamental; imparted by means of district and parochial schools, and in New England, almost without any expense to the recipients.

The chief characteristics of a New Englander are intelligence, sobriety, enterprise, and perseverance; and, when he finds his native land too limited to afford a successful application of those principles, he betakes himself to remoter regions, and traverses State after State, until he discovers some nook or corner in

which he can advantageously dispose of himself. But manufactures, into which these New England States are largely entering, will probably (if profitable), have the effect of condensing the population.

There is nothing in the Old Country, that bears any resemblance to a New England town; and it is difficult, without a due combination of pen and pencil, to convey an adequate idea of its singular neatness.

The houses are generally of wood, painted white, with green verandah window-shutters outside; the solid frame-work of the wooden walls is covered externally, with thin pieces of wood, called by the Americans "clap boards," which lap over each other, from the eaves, downward, and effectually exclude the rain; the roof, again, is covered with thin slips of wood, painted blue, fastened on like slates, called shingles. The houses are, in general, two stories high; the door has a neat portico before it; and most frequently, a piazza extends along the front of the house, having benches, most grateful in hot weather; mouldings and minute decorations of various kinds (as are often seen in Hertfordshire), are exhibited upon the principal projections. In general, there is a garden

behind and a court in front, containing a grass plot and a few ornamental trees or shrubs. Such houses would soon look old and rusty in England; but here, they enjoy a purer atmosphere, and the smoke of coal fires is almost unknown. The painting is renewed every year, which has the effect of keeping the whole extremely neat, as well as of preserving the wood work a great length of time. On or about the buildings or outbuildings, are invariably placed models in wood, of houses, churches, &c., with windows and doors wide open, for the residence, exit, and entrance of swallows, who occupy them year after year, as

tenants on sufferance-in-law, but in point of fact almost in fee-simple; this precaution prevents them from building their nest about the eaves of the houses, the neatness of which would very soon suffer, were they permitted to pursue their usual and accustomed avocations there.

The churches, or meeting-houses, as they are commonly called, in these small towns, are also built of wood, which, with the spire, and a gilt weathercock at the top, set off the whole to advantage. In the cities they are commonly built of more substantial materials, but in all cases display the green verandah window-shutters outside.

The streets are spacious, and generally diverge, at right angles, from a large grass inclosure or square, in the centre of the town; the church, court house, and an inn or two, in general, front this green; gravel walks and rows of lime and other trees, skirt the streets. This agreeable variety of houses, churches, gardens, grass plots, trees, and foot-paths, give a singular appearance of rural quietness and quaintness to the towns; and the space which commonly occurs between the houses, precludes much of the danger that might otherwise arise from fire. Everything betokens, in fact, an unusual share of homely simplicity, comfort, and common sense, and an equal absence of riches and of poverty.

The New England character is shewn to the greatest advantage in these villages, for the simplicity or sincerity of the ancient Puritans is still to be traced in their descendants; plain and frugal in their habits, they display little of that artificial polish,—that conventional fastidiousness, which like varnish, often conceals very worthless materials; and a stranger is seldom mortified by professions without practice, or show without substance.

Lexington, ten miles from Boston, is one of these

neat towns, and is interesting, as being the place where, on the 19th April, 1775, the first blood was shed in the revolutionary war. A stone monument about twice the size, and the same shape, as a common sun-dial, standing within a few feet of the turnpike, marks the spot where the battle commenced.

On the 21st June, in consequence of a letter I received from England, I returned to New York, in order to embark for Liverpool.

Had I remained in America another year, I had intended to have stayed at Boston, until after the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, 4th July, then, to have removed to Hartford, in Connecticut, made the tour of the Connecticut river, a favourite one with the Americans; proceeding by Lake Champlain to Quebec, thence to Niagara Falls, and to have completed my cursory view of America, by taking the steam-boat at Buffalo, 235 miles on Lake Erie, to Sandusky, in the state of Ohio; stage from thence to Cincinnati, on the Ohio river, 219 miles; thence up "la belle rivière" to Pittsburgh, Northumberland, and Philadelphia: but these moves upon my chess-board, were not destined to be realized.

Taking a bird's-eye view of the United States, I

should say, that nothing but dire necessity should induce me to reside in any of the southern or western States, on account of slavery, climate, &c. ; and, that nothing but the same powerful principle, should compel me to reside in any village out of the New England States, by reason of finding there the offensive points of American character—rude, repulsive republicanism, &c., as displayed in a great variety of ways, under a most mistaken impression of their being high and mighty marks of independence, strongly and strangely developed.

Sam Slick had, probably, one of these presumptuous peacocks in his mind's eye, when he makes him clap his wings, and crow after this fashion :—

“You ought to visit our great nation. You may depend it's the most splendid location between the poles. History can't show nothing like it. You might bile all creation down to an essence, and not get such another concrete. It's a sight to behold twelve millions of free and enlightened citizens ; and I guess we shall have all these British provinces, and all South America. There is no end to *us*. Old Rome, that folks make such a tous about, was nothing

to *us*—it warn't fit to hold a candle to our federal government—that's a fact."

That an Englishman must be very fastidious; indeed, if he could not make himself as comfortable as usual (supposing he has his family or friends about him), at New York, Philadelphia, or Boston, or in almost any other part of the New England States, as the climate is good, and the people civil and obliging. He must also bear in mind, that in the large cities, living is almost as expensive as it is in England; provisions are cheap, but poor rates are high; rents, fuel, and wages are much higher than in England, whereas in almost all the other villages, a dollar will go as far as a pound in England, or in the large American cities.

I apprehend, a married man from the Old Country would find Philadelphia and Boston the most agreeable cities to reside in; a bachelor, New York, with an occasional adjournment to Washington city, during the Session of Congress.

The *Times* of April 3rd, 1850, in its review of Mrs. Houston's "*Hesperos*," says as follows:—

"We are told by Mrs. Houston, though we fancy that we have heard the story before, that a 'stump'

orator, in one of the western States of the Union, once closed his speech with the following striking passage, which, beyond a doubt, called down thunders of 'applause from the backwood's-men assembled round the 'stump':—'Americans! *The* great country—wide—vast—and in the south-west unlimited! Our Republic is yet destined to *re-annex* South America, to occupy the Russian possessions, and again to recover those British provinces, which the power of the old thirteen colonies won from the French on the plains of Abraham—all rightfully ours to *re-occupy*! Faneuil Hall was its cradle, but whar, whar will be found timber enough for its coffin! Scoop all the water out of the Atlantic Ocean, and its bed would not afford a grave sufficient for its corpse—and yet, America has scarcely grown out of the gristle of boyhood. Europe! what is Europe? She's nowhar—nothing—a circumstance—a cipher—a bare absolute ideal! We have faster steam-boats, swifter locomotives, larger creeks, bigger plantations, better mill-privileges, broader lakes, higher mountains, deeper cataracts, louder thunder, forkeder lightning, braver men, hansummer *weemen*, more money than England dar have!' Now, the question arises how

an Englishman is to take such harangues, especially when he visits the country where they are made. But, before we answer this question, we will ask our readers another, or a string of them. Were they ever at a public school? and do they ever recollect the first appearance of a tall over-grown boy, who has been his mamma's darling? Did they ever hear such a boy talk of home? Were not his father and mother miracles of perfection, his sisters—alas! the poor fellow soon lets out their names, and never hears the last of them—models of beauty, his big brothers Samsons of strength, the family coach and horses past price, and as for his pony, why it could outstrip the wind? And the way to manage such a boy, and to make him understand that there are other fathers and mothers, and sisters and brothers, and coaches and horses, and ponies in the world, besides those which he delights to honour? Bullying won't answer with 'this child,' though a fair upstanding fight or two will do him good; nor will incessant laughing and jeering, and sneering help to mend him, though a little of it goes a great way in opening such a puppy's eyes. The best way is to thrash him a little, and

laugh at him a little, and then to leave him to himself, when, if there is any good in him, it will surely come out. It must be remembered, too, that the urchin is growing apace, and though thrashing may do for a time, it will not do for ever, and that if you laugh at him when he knows his strength, and can use it, he may chance to make you laugh on the wrong side of your mouth.

“And, what is Brother Jonathan still, in many respects, but a great over-grown boy? He made his appearance at the great public school of all nations in the year 1814, corn fed, full of impudence, with a shiny face, and showed his pluck, by picking a quarrel with Master John Bull, a much bigger and stronger boy than himself. Well, after a smart bout, they were separated, and since then, have not had another fight. God forbid they ever should! but John has often laughed at him unmercifully, forgetting, that if Jonathan be awkward and ungainly, he, John, cuts quite as queer a figure before foreigners on many occasions, when, being a great deal older than Jonathan, he ought to know better. Latterly, we are glad to say, John has behaved himself more like a gentleman, and when he visits Jonathan during

the holydays, loves to see something to admire, as well as something to laugh at—nay, when Jonathan delivers himself of such a rhodomontade as that quoted above, John tries to keep countenance, or, at most, laughs in his sleeve, saying, ‘Go it again, old fellow;’ so that if things progress at their present rate, we shall have these two boys, with their arms round one another’s necks, ‘liquoring’ together in all imaginable juleps, and calling one another ‘old hoss,’ instead of trying who can say the bitterest things against the other, to ‘rile’ him and ‘raise his dander.’ ”

Having remained at New York until the 24th June, I set sail on that day for Liverpool, in the “John Jay,” Captain P. H. Holdredge.

It was a most beautiful day, but excessively hot; thermometer in the shade 82, in the sun, 96; and I never saw the beautiful Bay of New York appear to greater advantage. At four, p. m., we were off Sandy Hook, and immediately launched with a favourable breeze upon the waters of the great Atlantic. I cast a long and lingering look upon the scenery, fast receding from my sight, which I regarded with prejudice on the 23rd August last; with par-

tiality on the 6th April, with affection now. At first sight it was a terra incognita to me, and I marvelled and pictured to myself the sights and sounds I should see and hear there—the adventures or misadventures I might meet with ; in fact, I wondered how it would fare with me in brother Jonathan's land of liberty, and, as generally happens in such cases, imagination got the start of my ideas.

This afternoon I beheld the self-same scenery with a mind enlightened by experience, and expectation converted into conviction or comparative certainty.

Like Imlac, I then descended into the cabin ; but, unlike him, commenced a scrutiny of the forms and features of my fellow-passengers, whom, in about a week's time, not earlier, I discovered to be as follows:—

Rev. Mr. C——, an Episcopal Methodist minister at Charleston. Mr. M——, a native of London, but for the last twenty-five years of his life a resident American citizen at New York. Miss M——, his daughter. Mr. M——, a Scotch gentleman—a well-informed, intelligent man ; though, as he says, not a Scotchman, but a native of the Shetland Islands, near

“ Mother Norna, mother dread,
Norna of the fitful head.”

now a citizen of Charleston, in the cotton trade. Mr. Mc P——, a native of Liverpool, now a resident at Montreal, and the most elegant dandy on board. Mr. W——, a native of the city of Chester, a resident at Louisville, in Kentucky, but not an American citizen. Mr. B——, a banker at Savannah, in Georgia. Mr. E——, citizen of Hamburg, M. A., a Catalonian, and citizen of New York.

The captain's wife was also one of our party in the cabin; and there were three steerage passengers, one of whom told me his name was Yates; that he was born at the George Inn, Stafford, which his father then kept; that he had a farm near Stafford Castle, which he was going to give up, having taken one, of 100 acres in Long Island, at \$300 a-year rent, otherwise, £67 10s., or 13s. 6d. per acre.

I was sea-sick the first evening about half an hour, but not afterwards. In fact, a voyage from Liverpool to New York is almost always child's play, compared with the contrary way—one is called going up hill, the other down, owing to the westerly wind prevailing so much more than the easterly. We were becalmed three days off the Banks of Newfoundland, otherwise the vessel made 200 miles a day, without any great

motion being perceptible in the cabin, or noise, but what the rudder produced in cutting through the water, and which resembles a knife on a grind-stone, except that it is not quite so shrill.

The weather continued very hot; we had an awning over the deck, to shield us from the sun's rays, and ice was served out at every meal, in great abundance, brought from New York, in sawdust, in a large cask, placed upon deck, until the 3rd July, when we quitted the Gulf-stream, in latitude $39^{\circ} 33'$ at the south-east corner of the Great Bank of Newfoundland.

The needle always varies here one point and three quarters, and the variation increases, for which allowance is always made, as a vessel approaches the north and east.

The captain sailed 200 miles out of his way, to avoid crossing the Banks, from an apprehension of icebergs, which always infest them until August, and which might otherwise have caused us to make much more haste than speed.

From the 4th July forward, the weather became daily colder, the sky lost its transparency—the atmosphere was more dense—ice would have been un-

palateable—port wine and porter were preferred to claret and madeira.

On Sunday mornings Mr. C—— had service upon deck—what situation could be more suitable?—the ship was the tabernacle—the clouds, the ceiling—the sea and its green ripples, the church-yard and grassy hillocks. The preacher's earnestness was in unison with the sublimity and the simplicity of the scene. He is a man of considerable erudition, having had the advantage of a collegiate and classical education; and from these circumstances, and repeated conversations I had with him, I believe him to be an humble and sincere Christian, "an Israelite, indeed, in whom there is no guile." He said he thought it was impossible for a minister in America to save anything out of his income; that his congregation had made up a purse for his passage to and from, and three months' residence in England; had undertaken to provide for his wife and family during his absence and at his death, from the church fund. I asked him if he would not prefer the independent position of a church clergyman in England. He replied, that he was content with his lot—that his countrymen were of opinion, and he agreed with them, that the ease

of the few should give way to the good of the many. I asked him if no middle course could be steered, such as an independent position, endowed only with pew-rents and a minister's own exertions. He said it might be so in England, but he did not see how it could be carried out in America.

On the 9th July, latitude $43^{\circ} 14'$, longitude $38^{\circ} 21'$, W., a sail ran alongside, within a few yards of us. I saw her name painted upon the stern, "Thomas Battersby, of Belfast," a large Irish brig, laden with salt, and crowded with passengers—men, women, and children, in abundance—emigrating to America, and bound for Pictou, St. Johns, New Brunswick. She shewed the union jack, on a green ground. There is something exceedingly moving to men's spirits in unexpectedly encountering a strange ship at sea, containing a crowd of human beings similarly situated to ourselves, after we had been so long separated from the species, and excommunicated, as it were, from the rest of mankind.

Among other books I found on board, I read Leigh Hunt's Life of Lord Byron, an ill-natured work, and too much like Trotter's Life of Mr. Fox, who, under pretence of writing his patron's life, wrote his own ;

yet, hardly deserving the severe castigation Blackwood bestows upon it; and, what is more to my purpose, containing an amusing account of his voyage to the Mediterranean in 1822, from which I make the following extracts:—

“I have often thought that a sea voyage, which is generally the dullest thing in the world, both in the experiment and the description, might be turned to very different account on paper, if the narrators, instead of imitating the dulness of their predecessors, and recording that it was four, p. m., when they passed St. Vincent's, or that on such and such a day, they beheld a porpus or a Dutchman, would look into the interior of the floating-house they inhabit, and tell us all about the seamen and their modes of living, what adventures they have had, their characters and opinions, how they eat, drink, sleep, &c.; what they do in fine weather, and how they endure the sharpness, the squalidness, the inconceivable misery of bad,” &c.

They sailed from the Thames on Nov. 16th, 1821, and made two unsuccessful trips, being driven for shelter at one time into Ramsgate harbour, undergoing in their small craft, many inconveniences and

hardships, altogether unknown in the best end of a New York packet.

“On the 19th, the captain thought proper to run for Ramsgate, and took a pilot for that purpose: captains are very unwilling to put into harbour, on account of the payments they have to make, and the necessity of supporting the crew for nothing, while they remain. Many vessels are, no doubt, lost on this account; and a wonder is naturally expressed, that men can persist in putting their lives into jeopardy, in order to save a few pounds; but when we come to know what a sailor's life is, we see nothing but the strongest love of gain (whether accompanied or not by love of spending) could induce a man to take a voyage at all, and he is naturally anxious to save what he looks upon as the only tangible proof that he is not the greatest fool in existence. His life, he thinks, is in God's keeping: but his money is in his own. To be sure, a captain who has been to sea fifty times, and who has got rich by it, will go again—storms, or vows to the contrary, notwithstanding—he does not know what to do with himself on shore; but unless he had the hope of adding to his stock, he would blunder into some other way of

business, rather than go, as he would think, for nothing. Occupation is his real necessity, as it is that of money-getters; but the mode of it, without the visible advantage, he would assuredly give up. I never met with a seaman (and I have put the question to several) who did not own to me that he hated his profession. One of them, a brave and rough subject, told me, that there was not a pickle of a midshipman, not absolutely a fool, who would not confess that he would rather eschew a second voyage, if he had but the courage to make the avowal.

“The sea is a grand sight, but it becomes tiresome and melancholy—a great monotonous idea. I was destined to see it grander, and dislike it more.

“The crew occupied a little cabin at the other end of the vessel, into which they were tucked up, in their respective cribs, like so many herrings. The weather was so bad, that a portion of them—sometimes all—were up all night, as well as the men on watch. The business of the watch is to see that all is safe, and to look out for vessels a-head. He is very apt to go to sleep, and is sometimes waked with a pail of water chucked over him. This tendency to sleep is very natural, and the sleep in fine weather

delicious ; Shakspeare may well introduce a sailor boy, sleeping on the top-mast, and enjoying a luxury that wakeful kings might envy. But there is no doubt, that the luxury of the watcher is often the destruction of the ship. The captains themselves, glad to get to rest, are careless. When we read of vessels run down at sea, we are sure to find it owing to negligence: this was the case with the steam-vessel, "Comet," which excited so much interest the other day. A passenger, anxious, and kept awake, is surprised to see the eagerness with which every seaman—let the weather be what it may—goes to bed when it comes to his turn.—'Safety, if they can have it, but sleep at all events.' This seems to be their motto. If they are to be drowned, they would rather have the two beds together—the watery and the worsted. Dry, is too often a term, inapplicable to the latter. In our vessel, night after night, the wet penetrated into the seamen's berths, and the poor fellows—their limbs stiff and aching with cold, and their hands blistered with toil—had to get into beds, as wretched as if a pail of water had been thrown over them."

On the 22nd December, they ran into Dartmouth harbour.

"Magno telluris amore
Egressi, optata potiuntur Troes arena."

"The Trojans, worn with toils and spent with woes,
Leap on the welcom'd land, and seek their wish'd repose."

"Dryden had never been at sea, or he would not have translated the passage in that meek manner. Virgil knew better, and besides, he had the proper ancient hydrophobia, to endear his fancy to the dry land. He says, that the Trojans had got an absolute affection for terra firma, and that they enjoyed what they had longed for. Virgil, it must be confessed, talks very tenderly of the sea, for an epic poet. Homer grapples with it in a very different style. The Greek would hardly have recognised his old acquaintance Æneas, in that pious and frightened personage, who would be designated, I fear, by a modern sailor, a psalm-singing milksop. But Homer, who was a traveller, is the only poet among the ancients, who speaks of the sea in a modern spirit. He talks of brushing the waves merrily, and likens them, when they are dark, to his Chian wine.

“But Hesiod, though he relates, with modest grandeur, that he had once been to sea, as far as from Aulis to Chalcis, is shocked at the idea of any-body venturing upon the water, except when the air is delicate, and the waves are harmless ; a spring voyage distresses him, and a winter he holds to be senseless.

“Moschus plainly confesses, that the very sight of the ocean makes him retreat into the woods; the only waters he loves, being a fountain to listen to, as he lies on the grass. Virgil took a trip to Athens, during which he may be supposed to have undergone all the horrors which he held to be no disgrace to his hero. Horace’s distress at his friend’s journey—his amazement at the hard-hearted rascal, who could first venture to look upon the sea, on ship-board, are well known—an Hindoo could not have a greater dread of the ocean. Poor Ovid, on his way to the place of his exile, wonders how he can write a line.

“These were delicate gentlemen at the court of Augustus ; and the ancients, it may be said, had very small and bad vessels, and no compass ; but their moral courage appears to have been as poor in this matter, as their physical. Nothing could have given a Roman a more exalted idea of Cæsar’s courage,

than his famous speech to the pilot—‘You carry Cæsar and his fortunes.’ The poets who take another road to glory, and think no part of humanity alien from them, spoke out in a different manner. Even Sir Philip Sydney, the flower of chivalry, who would have gone through any danger, out of principle (which, together with the manly habits that keep a man brave, is the true courage), does not scruple to speak with a certain dread of ships, and their strange lodgings.

“ ‘Certainly,’ says he, ‘there is no danger carries with it more horrors than that which grows in these floating kingdoms, for that dwelling-place is unnatural to man; and then, the terribleness of the continual motion—the desolation of the far-being from comfort—the eye and the ear having ugly images ever before them, doth still vex the mind; even when it is best armed against it.’—(Arcadia, book II.)

“Ariosto, a soldier, as well as a poet, who had fought bravely in the wars, candidly confesses, that he is for taking no sea voyages, but is content to explore the earth with Ptolemy, and travel in a map. This, he thinks, is better than putting up prayers in a storm.

“But the most amusing piece of candour on this point, is Berni, in his ‘Orlando Inamorato,’ one of the models of the Don Juan style. Berni was a good fellow, for a rake, and bold enough, though a courtier, to refuse to aid a wicked master in his iniquities. He was also stout of body, and a great admirer of stout achievements in others, which he dwelt upon with a masculine relish; but the sea he could not abide. He probably got a taste of it in the Adriatic, when he was at Venice. He is a fine describer of a storm, and puts a hero of his at the top of one, in a very elevated and potent manner; but, in his own person, he disclaims all partnership with such exaltations, and earnestly exhorts the readers, on the faith of his experience, not to think of quitting dry land, for an instant.

“Reader, if you suppose that there can be
In nature one that’s ignorant of fear,
And if you’d shew the man as prettily
As possible, how people can feel queer :
When there’s a tempest, clap him in the sea ;
If he’s not frightened, if he doesn’t care,
Count him a stupid idiot, and not brave—
There, with a straw betwixt him and the grave.

"A sea in torment is a dreadful thing,
Much better lie and listen to, than try it;
Trust one who knows its desperate pummelling,
And while on terra firma, pray stick by it."

Mr. Hunt adds—

"The swiftness of fish is inconceivable; the smallest of them must be enormously strong—the largest are as gay as the least. One of these gram-puses fairly sprang out of the water, bolt upright; the fish appear very happy, some are pursued, indeed, and others pursue—there is a world of death, as well as of life, going on. The mackerel avoids the porpus, and the porpus eschews the whale—there is the sword-fish, who runs a-muck, and the shark, the cruel scavenger. These are startling common places; but it is impossible, on reflection, to separate the idea of happiness from that of health and activity. The fishes are not sick or sophisticate, their blood is pure, their strength and agility prodigious, and a little peril, for ought we know, may serve to keep them moving, and give a relish to their vivacity. I looked upon the sea as a great tumbling wilderness, full of sport.

"A great shark went by. One longs to give the fellow a great dig in the mouth; yet he is only going on his vocation, Hal. Without him, or without the vultures on land, something would be amiss. It is only moral pain and inequality which it is devisable to alter—that which the mind of man has an invariable tendency to alter.

"Then, at night time, there are those beautiful fires on the water, by the vessel's side, upon the nature of which, people seem hardly yet agreed; some take them for animal decay, others for electricity. Perhaps, all have to do with it. In a fine blue sea, the foam caused by the vessel at night, seems full of stars; the white ferment, with the golden sparkles upon it, is beautiful beyond conception; you look over, and devour it with your eyes, as you would so much ethereal syllabub; finally, the stars in the firmament issue forth, and the moon, always the more lovely the farther you get south; or where there is no moon on the sea, the shadows at a little distance, become grander and more solemn, and you watch for some huge fish to lift himself in the middle of them—a darker mass, breathing and spouting water."

15TH JULY. THURSDAY.

On going upon deck this morning, at seven, I found the "John Jay," within eight leagues of Cape Clear, county Cork, the most westerly part of the British isles, and the lighthouse, and the mountain upon which it stands: so, methinks, this is Ireland—poor, unfortunate, degraded Ireland; and I could not help contrasting the sad situation of a vast majority of her inhabitants, with those of the land I had just left; the one pining in penury, the other revelling in abundance. There must be "something rotten in the state of Denmark," to produce such a deplorable result; though, perhaps, like slavery in the southern States of America, it is an incubus, that has infected the body corporate so long, as to have become a most difficult matter to shake off.

At ten we were off Kinsale Head (on which stands a lighthouse), off which the "Albion," New York packet, Captain Williams, was lost in 1822, and himself and sixty others perished.

The country seemed in a high state of cultivation, perfectly denuded of trees, and divided by hedges of some sort or other, into meadows and pastures, corn fields, and potatoe plots.

For the next twelve hours, after getting in sight of Waterford lighthouse, our ship lay like a log of wood in a dead calm ; but, as Leigh Hunt well says, "a calm, after all, is not a repose, it is a very unresting and unpleasant thing ; the ship taking a great gawky motion, from side to side, as if playing the buffoon, and the sea heaving in huge, oily-looking fields, like a carpet lifted."

The motion was much more disagreeable than it had been the two days previously, on each of which we compassed 220 knots.

A floating light is stationed in a small ship, of three masts, called the "Sea Gull," off some high rocky islands and dangerous breakers, on the coast of Wexford, called the "Saltees ;" her captain sent a boat on board us, with a present of gurnet, and other fresh fish. It appeared, again, very strange to us, to see fresh faces on and about the "John Jay," and our dog "Tom" barked as if he did not quite comprehend the circumstances of the case.

It is ninety miles between the Saltees and the Land's End, in Cornwall.

16TH JULY.

At two, p. m., we entered St. George's Channel, at the entrance to which is the Tuscar Rock, upon which stands a lighthouse, 150 miles from Liverpool.

At three it began to rain, and continued to pour the rest of the day. "John Bull weather," growled the Shetlanders.

This day last year, I sailed from Liverpool.

17TH JULY.

At three, a. m., we were off Holyhead, and soon afterwards took a pilot on board. At seven we were off the small island of Priestholm, at the mouth of the Menai, dividing Anglesea from Carnarvonshire.

At nine we reached the Great Ormeshead, on which stands a telegraph, which our captain signaled. The estuary of the Conway is close under this rock.

We sailed very quickly—every body busy, packing up, or preparing for Liverpool.

At eleven we were off the mouth of the Dee, and then between the Cheshire and the Lancashire coasts, the latter of which claimed and received my undivided

attention, as I repeated to myself Sir Walter Scott's beautiful lines :—

“Breathes there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land ;
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burn'd,
As home, his footsteps he hath turn'd
From wandering on a foreign strand ?” &c.

At half-past two, landed at Liverpool, at the Prince's Dock, very near the self-same spot, where, a year and a day before, I had set sail for New York.

Stayed two days with some relations near Liverpool, and then returned home, *viâ* Runcorn and Manchester, for the sake of “auld lang syne,” and to compare the Erie canal with the Duke of Bridgewater's, along which, in my juvenile days, I used to make so many joyous trips to and from Runcorn.

At Runcorn, where I remained twenty-four hours, I more than haunted the half-dozen dwelling-houses where I had formerly resided, with my dear mother and sisters; the ancient church, the baths, the dingle adjoining, where Mr. Appleby, the bathing man, used to gather and give us acorns; and repeated to myself, aloud, Dr. Leyden's interesting lines, on revisiting his scenes of infancy, as follows :—

" Sweet scenes of youth, to faithful memory dear,
Still fondly cherish'd with the sacred tear ;
When on the softened light of summer skies,
Full on my soul, life's first illusions rise.
Sweet scenes of youthful bliss, unknown to pain,
I come to trace your soothing haunts again ;
To mark each grace that pleased my stripling prime,
By absence hallowed, and endeared by time ;
To lose, amid your winding dells, the past ;
Ah ! must I think this ling'ring look the last !
Ye loveliest vales that met my earliest view,
How oft ye charmed, when nature's charms were new.
Green was her vesture, glowing, fresh and warm,
And every opening grace had power to charm ;
While, as each scene in living lustre rose,
Each young emotion waked from soft repose.

As every prospect opens to my view,
I seem to live departed years anew.
When in these wilds, a jocund, sportive child,
Each flower, self-sown, my heedless hours beguiled,
The thistle's rolling wheel of silken down,
The blue bell or the daisy's pearly crown ;
The gaudy butterfly, in wanton round,
That, like a living pea-flower, skimm'd the ground.

Sweet scenes conjoined with all that most endears,
The cloudless morning of my tender years,
With fond regret your haunts I wander o'er,
And wandering, feel myself the child no more ;

Your forms, your sunny tints are still the same,
But sad the tear that lost affections claim."

The author, in conclusion, adds the following copy of a letter, he has lately received from America, the writer of which, he trusts, will excuse the liberty he takes in publishing it, on account of the valuable information it contains, as to the present prices of land, produce, &c., in his own immediate neighbourhood.

"Greenway, near Wilmington, Delaware,
March 18th, 1850.

Dear Sir,

Your letter, together with that of your friend, Mr. W., I received, Saturday, 16th, which is a tedious passage for a letter in our modern mails. I am much pleased in hearing from you, and flattered by your recommendation of your friend to me, for advice, &c., which I most willingly promise to offer him, to the best of my abilities, should he make me a visit.

I yesterday called to see Mr. Ratcliffe; he not being in, I gave his wife Mary, that part of the sheet containing your communication of what concerned

them. They are all well. Thomas had received a letter from his brother, and answered it recently.

"In answer to Mr. W.'s queries, I would, in the first place, advise him to land at Philadelphia, as its central position would render it the most eligible, to go either to the north or south, should he incline to; as it and Wilmington are on the great thoroughfare, between the extreme points of our Union; or, should he incline to settle near our sea-board, and find a location to suit him, near this place, he will be convenient to the best of our markets. He may find within a dozen miles of this, good land on the hills or on the plains. The best land with good buildings and improvements, rates at \$80 or \$100, an acre (£22 10s.) (\$ means dollar, 4s. 6d.) and some even higher; inferior, for \$30, \$50, &c.: the prices of grain are sometimes irregular; wheat, \$1 to \$1 50 cents per bushel; corn or maize, 50 to 75 cents; oats, 25 to 30 cents; potatoes, 40 cents to \$1; beef, cattle, at present, \$6 50 cents, to \$7 75 cents, per 100lbs.; hogs, \$5 25, to \$5 75; sheep, \$2 to \$4; lambs, \$1 to \$3, according to quality. (A cent is about a halfpenny.)

I am not prepared to give the price of conveyance of stock or produce, to Philadelphia or Baltimore, at so short a notice, further than that the competition

between cars and steam-boats and packets, will render the portage low to either place ; as to clothing, it will not be necessary to provide anything extra, as it will only be an incumbrance on shipboard, as will also be furniture, bedding, &c., which can be had as cheap and good at our warehouses, as in England.

At this season of the year, the farms are generally leased for the year, commencing the 25th March, and in Pennsylvania, 1st of April.

It will be necessary for him to settle his family, and to take time, deliberately to look round and judge for himself. The flattering accounts he will hear from the southern, western, and eastern states, may induce him to make a tour of observation, of a few weeks, through them, before he fixes on a location.

When he calls on me, I can introduce him to several of his countrymen, in my neighbourhood, who are settled on their own farms, and are doing well.

My compliments to Mr. W., tell him I expect to see him, and tell him to enquire either at Mellor's or Hall's Hotel, in Wilmington, for my direction.

With respect,

Your very humble servant,

JAMES BRINDLEY."

NOTES UPON THE INQUISITION, AND
UNITED STATES INTEGRITY.

In Dodsley's Annual Register, for 1786, p. 210, appears as follows:—

“On Wednesday, August 3rd, about four in the afternoon, as Cardinal Turlone, High Inquisitor of the holy office, was coming from the Vatican, he was set upon by an incensed multitude, who forced his Eminence out of the carriage; and, after cutting off his nose and ears, and mangling him in a most shocking manner, dragged the butchered carcase to Monte Tiburno, where they hung it upon a gibbet, fifty feet high, which they erected for that purpose. The reasons assigned for this popular execution, are various; but that which seems to have wrought most powerfully on the minds of the populace, was the cruelty of his disposition, which exceeded even that of Nero; for when, by the rigour with which he had exercised the

office of Inquisitor, he had filled the gaols throughout the Pope's dominions, with industrious artificers and others, on slight pretences, and a motion was made in the Vatican for an act of grace; instead of giving that motion his suffrage, he sent an express order to the several gaolers to keep their prisoners double-ironed, lest an escape should be attempted.

He was originally a black friar, but for some time was a pleader at the bar, and raised to the purple, to the amazement of the people, by a concatenation of crafty and iniquitous intrigues."

Note by J. B. His Eminence attained an elevation that afternoon, he little dreamt of in the morning. The righteous and retributive justice of God arrested him in his cruel career—served him out, and served him right.

In the City article of the *Times* for March 29th, 1850, appears as follows:—

"We have received the following note, pointing out a circumstance in connexion with the debt of Florida, which has long been a subject of deep re-

proach against the federal government at Washington.

‘London, March 28th, 1850.

Sir,

With reference to your City article of this morning, regarding the awakening consciousness of the State of Mississippi, to the wickedness and folly of repudiation, allow me to remind you, that the claim of the Florida bond-holders, to whom you hold out some encouraging hopes, does not depend entirely on the returning sense of good faith in the State; but, that Florida, having been a territory, when she became indebted, the government was appointed by the President and Senate of the United States; that the issue of the bonds was authorized by Congress, in the mode prescribed by law; and, that Congress, well knowing these facts, admitted her into the Union, without making any provision for the payment of one cent of principal or interest, or the loan; and has since been deaf to all the memorials addressed to the government, by other influential parties, and by Sir,

Your obedient servant,

A FLORIDA BOND-HOLDER.’”

EXCURSION INTO SCOTLAND.

COPY OF A LETTER,
FROM J. B. TO O. W. ESQ., EDGE HILL,
LIVERPOOL.
(WITH WHOM HE TOOK PART OF THE SAME TOUR IN 1821)

REVISED IN 1849.

Glasgow, 27th October, 1830.

My dear Sir,

Agreeably to your desire, to receive some report of our late trip into Ireland and Scotland, I have much pleasure in sending you the same, though I am afraid the paper I may blot with it will exceed the limits of your patience in trying to read it.

At five, p. m., then, on the 7th ult., we (that is J. B. and my friend T. H. M. Esq., solicitor, Amersham, Bucks., with whom I resided there, for nearly two years, who died, vœ mihi! 23rd June, 1838) left Liverpool in a steam packet, for Dublin, 120 miles off, and after a pleasant passage of fourteen hours, found ourselves in Kingston Harbour. After running the gauntlet of innumerable porters and carmen, whose eloquence was equally national and amusing, we mounted a mail coach, and soon entered Dublin, five miles. It was a beautiful day, and by means of our legs and curious cars, we saw most of the lions in the city and environs, to great advantage. The next day we went outside the mail to Belfast, 100 miles. Ireland, as you well said, appears to be an uninteresting country: though fertile, it has little capital, few hedges, and still fewer trees; and its bare appearance is much more in unison with the tattered appearance of the Irish labourer, than the well-fenced fields of England, that he loves to reap.

We stayed 20 hours in Belfast, which is a flourishing town, and then sailed in the steam-boat "Frolic," (which had plied upon that station for nine years; this being her last voyage there, having been sold out

that day, and transferred ere long, to the Bristol and Tenby station, where her career was short indeed, as she was lost upon her first voyage, with all on board, on the Naas Sands, 16th March, 1831.

By a curious coincidence, one of the passengers on that awful occasion, General Norman Mac Leod, called with a noble friend of his, at F— H—, a short time before the sad event, and sat some time with the writer of this ; a very short subsequent period disclosing, that a passenger on the last and lucky voyage of the “Frolic,” on her old station, and one on her intended first, (and fatal one) on her new, were comfortably confronting and conversing together, in utter and happy ignorance of impending events.

“Oh! blindness to the future, kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by heaven,”)

to Glasgow, 120 miles, which we reached in fifteen hours. Going upon deck, about six, I found the boat opposite Gourrock, and the sun just rising among the Argyleshire mountains ; a prospect that you can easily recollect or picture to yourself. The estuary of Loch Long lay before us, and I bethought me of our precious trip up it, nine years ago.

We stayed at Glasgow till the 14th, sleeping at the "Spread Eagle," but otherwise living at Messrs. Alexander W—— and Sons, College-street, except that we spent the 13th at Inchinnan Manse, the elegant residence of the Rev. Mr. L——, brother to the editor of the Quarterly Review.

On the morning of the 14th, we walked from his house to Glasgow, seven miles, by eight o'clock, and at ten, left "the second city of the empire," as the Glasgow gents delight to call it, in a steam-boat for Oban in Argyleshire, 120 miles, which we reached the day following at noon.

My friend and I, together with a Mr. Ord, a young Oxonian, from Mortimer, Berks., whom we had picked up in our travels, Mr. Cameron, an elegant extract from Glasgow, in a broker's office in Liverpool, and Mr. Maclean, minister of Col—— sailed in an open boat, for Aros in Mull, 24 miles off. We flew along with a flowing sheet, we three landing at Aros, the others proceeding to Tobermorie, a few miles farther, the boatmen agreeing to await our return from Staffa.

We walked four miles across Mull, which Dr. Johnson well describes as a dolorous country—"Oh!

sir, a most dolorous country"—to the head of Loch na Kael, expecting to find a boat there, to take us to Ulva; our expectations, however, were disappointed, as the man there, wishing to detain us all night at his wretched hovel, refused to let us have the boat till morning, it being then seven, p. m.; whereupon, we hired a boy to shew us the way to a ferry he spoke of, opposite Ulva, five miles off, who led us, as Galt, in his life of Lord Byron, says, "into adventures, sufficiently disagreeable in the advent, but full of poesy in the remembrance;" for the road proved truly wretched; was narrow, rocky, steep, shelving, abounding in holes and stones, and spanned by innumerable mountain streams, of divers depths and sizes. In consequence, we were all speedily wet through, above the knees; our tumbles were innumerable, our breathing utensils in most admired disorder; it was "bellows to mend!" with all of us. We had all luggage to carry—the five miles proved to be Mull miles, that is, eight English—we climbed over loose stone walls, to which those in Staffordshire are admirable: to complete the catalogue of our calamities, when we reached the wished-for ferry, after ten, we could not make the man, who lives on the

opposite side the Sound, hear. We shouted, and bawled, in solos, duets, and choruses, for half an hour, when, finding it all fruitless, we determined to beat a retreat to the next hovel the boy knew of, a Mull mile off; here we knocked up the natives, and pleading our piteous situation, were admitted into its sanctuary. It consisted of two rooms upon the ground floor, each of which had two beds, each bed containing men, women and children, in abundance, all higgledy piggledy. Three of them, two women and one man, arose, lighted us a fire, gave us milk to drink, and made us a broad hay bed upon the floor, covered with a blanket, upon which I slept soundly and long. We had hardly laid our heads down, when we had the retrospective pleasure to hear the rain descend in torrents. We were all dripping wet above the knees, but I was the only one provided with a change of shoes and stockings. A black cat kept walking over us, all night; and we congratulated ourselves that the pigs and poultry were not in possession of the same promenade.

The night was truly tempestuous, and there is little doubt, if we had not met with the above, or similar, or superior, shelter, we should all have been cast

away. By a curious coincidence, I see, that Boswell, in his "Tour to the Hebrides," describing this self-same road, says, "but the eight miles, of which our road was said to consist, was so very long, that we did not reach the opposite coast of Mull till seven at night, though we had set out (on ponies) about eleven in the forenoon; Col determined that we should pass the night at Mc Quarries, in the island of Ulva, and a servant was sent forward to the ferry, to secure the boat for us; but the boat was gone to the Ulva side, and the wind was so high, that the people could not hear him call."

The next day, early, we crossed the Sound, and were rowed by four men, to Staffa, where is, probably, the most magnificent work of nature resembling art, in the wide world. It sets at nought the boasted talents of all the architects that ever existed, and yet is as elaborate and elegant a work, as if it had been just wrought, by chisel, compass, and wonderful wisdom. Grose gives its dimensions, as follows:—
"Length of the cave from the rock, without, 371 feet 6 inches, from the pitch of the arch, 250 feet, breadth of ditto at the mouth, 53 feet 7 inches, at the further end, 20 feet; height of the arch at the

mouth, 117 feet 6 inches, at the end, 70 feet; height of an outside pillar, 39 feet 6 inches, of one at the north-west corner, 54 feet; depth of the water at the mouth, 18 feet, at the further extremity, 9 feet. The cave runs into the rock, in the direction N. E. by E. by the compass." He continues, "compared to this, what are the cathedrals or palaces, built by man? mere models or playthings, imitations as diminutive as his works will always be, compared to those of nature. Where is now the boast of the architect? regularity, the only part in which he fancies to exceed his mistress nature, is here found in her possession, and here it has been for ages, undescribed.

"The mouth of Fingal's Cave is the most magnificent that has ever been described by travellers. The mind can hardly form an idea more superb, than such a space, supported on each side, by a range of columns, and roofed by the bottom of those which have been broken off, in order to form it; between the angles of which, again, a yellow stalagmatic matter has exuded, which serves to define the angles precisely, and at the same time, vary the colour, with a great deal of elegance; and to render it still more agreeable, the whole is lighted from without, so that

the farthest extremity is very plainly seen from without ; and the air within, agitated by the flux and reflux of the tides, is perfectly dry and wholesome, free entirely from the damp vapours, with which natural caverns, in general, abound."

We could not visit Iona (though we saw the cathedral tower thereof, plainly enough with the naked eye) owing to a head wind, which carried us back to the head of Loch na Kael, 23 miles, in two hours. We slept at Aros that night, and at noon, next day, found ourselves at Oban again, where we took the steam-boat to Inverness, 110 miles.

The first forty-two miles of this passage, on a sun-shiny day, like the 17th of September, through Lochs Etive and Lynne, between the coasts of Appin and Morven, sung by Ossian, was one of the finest sights I saw in Scotland.

On the banks of the different lochs we traversed, as well as on the shores of the Sound of Mull, we passed the massive ruins of some thirty or forty small castles. They invariably stand upon points of land, immediately upon the margin of the water. Their artificial appearance relieves the magnificent, yet monotonous uniformity of the surrounding scenery;

while their walls are rendered additionally interesting to all beholders, by having been once the habitations of man, however rude, or in ages however remote ; so subtle is the sympathetic chain of human affinity, however modified by times and seasons, circumstances and government, gas-lights, gunpowder, paper money, Mc Adam, and steam engines, the four greatest legislators, that ever yet existed.

We slept at an inn at the western extremity of the Caledonian canal, called "Neptune's Staircase," on account of a long flight of locks there ; and, the next day (which was equally fine) found our way to Inverness, 60½ miles off ; calling a halt for an hour, on Loch Ness to see the Fall of Foyers, sung by Burns. The company on board the boat, was the most genteel I saw in Scotland. It included a gentleman out of Essex, and his two sisters, with a close carriage, on board ; Lady Kinlock, and daughter ; Miss C., a Yorkshire heiress, with them ; two sons of General Skinner ; Colonel Cameron, Mc. Donald of Clanranold, and others.

Sunday, the 19th of September, we spent at Inverness, and, of course, visited Culloden, five miles off. I saw no records of the strife on the moor, save some

velvet hillocks of grass that grow above the graves of the slain.

The next day (which was very tempestuous and rainy) we returned towards, and expected to sleep at, "Neptune's Staircase" again; but it blew such a gale of wind, that we were nine hours in traversing Loch Ness, twenty-four miles; consequently, we had to bivouac in the boat, which had no sleeping accommodation, and which, for safety's sake, was locked up all night in a canal lock, at the foot of Loch Lochy. The ladies sat up all night, in a small cabin, round a circular table; but, finding them all in the low key, I consoled them as well as I could, with the news, that they were on a pleasure excursion. We had two genteel English families on board, viz: three sisters of Dr. F——, of London; and another, name then unknown, but accidentally meeting him about two months afterwards in London, he invited me to his house in Cadogan Place, where I called; a place which Dickens thus graphically describes, in his "Nicholas Nickleby," page 177. "Cadogan Place is the one slight bond that joins two great extremes; it is the connecting link between the aristocratic pavements of Belgrave-square, and the barbarism of

Chelsea. It is in Sloane-street, but not of it. The people in Cadogan Place look down upon Sloane-street, and think Brompton low. They affect fashion too, and wonder where the New Road is. Not that they claim to be precisely on the same footing as the high folks of Belgrave-square and Grosvenor Place, but that they stand with reference to them, rather in the light of those illegitimate children of the great who are content to boast of their connexions, although their connexions disavow them—wearing, as much as they can, of the airs and semblances of loftiest rank ; the people of Cadogan Place have the realities of middle station. It is the conductor, which communicates to the inhabitants of regions beyond its limit, the shock of pride, of birth, and rank, which it has not within itself, but derives from a fountain head beyond ; or like the ligament, which unites the Siamese twins, it contains something of the life and essence of two distinct bodies, and yet, belongs to neither.”

During my call and walk back, the self-same sentiments that Dickens so graphically describes, crossed my mind in so great a degree, that I felt a very great inclination to reduce them into writing, “to give to airy nothing a local habitation and a name,” but could

not do it, not having the same subtle spirit at command that he has. However, they remained interred in the catacombs of my brain, until roused to recollection, at the reading of "Nicholas Nickleby," which was nuts to me for the reasons above-mentioned. We had also on board, the London Jew Quack Dr. L——, his wife, son, brother-in-law, two servants, a carriage, two horses, and two dogs. A schism arose between the ladies of the regular faculty, and Mrs. L——, who overheard one of them say, that the Quack Doctor talked so much of his horses, she did not think he had had any long.

At noon on the 21st, we quitted the boat at Corran Ferry, near Fort William, and proceeded in carts up Glencoe, by King's House, Inveroran, Glenorchy, and Dalmally to Inverary, sixty-five miles of excellent military road. Of all the wretched inns I ever saw, King's House (where we passed the night) is the very worst; it is altogether damp, dismal, dirty and disagreeable.

The country, as far as Dalmally, is very bleak, relieved only from absolute insipidity, by the adjacent mountains, against the sides and summits of which the mists were always wreathing and resting, and the

clouds breaking. Nevertheless, the peat moss and hags that compose the sub-stratum, are very full of the roots and stumps of Scotch firs, which shews that a dense forest formerly flourished here. My surprise is that their seeds, so annually and abundantly shed, for so many years, should never have, any of them, spontaneously vegetated: either these dormant seeds have been destroyed by excessive moisture, or time and chance, the chemical agents, necessary to call them into action, have never yet happened unto them. At Inveroran, eighty or one hundred acres of indigenous Scotch fir still remain, and are as grateful to the eye as an oasis in the desert; but near them yawns a devouring enemy, in the shape of a saw-pit, at which two men were at work, ready to swallow them all up.

On the evening of the 22nd, we reached our old quarters, the "Head Inn," Inverary. The next day was excessively wet, in consequence of which we only saw the castle; that, and the 20th, on Loch Ness, were the only thorough wet days we had. The next morning we went in a machine, called, and resembling, a hearse (with the head off), down Glencroe, to Tarbet on Loch Lomond, twenty-four miles, break-

fasting half-way at our old quarters, Cairndow, on Loch Fyne, and taking a cart from Tarbet to Mrs. Stewart's, Blairannich, on Loch Lomond, one mile, where we stayed a fortnight.

We ascended Ben Lomond, which is no trifling task—spent two days at Miss R——'s, Bel Retiro, at the foot of the loch—called at Tillychewn Castle, and saw your friend, Mr. H——. We walked thence one fine day, by the classic stream of Leven, sung by Smollet, to the top of Dumbarton Rock, and thought the Clyde looked like an old friend. The banks of the Leven are now crowded with print works, cotton manufactories, &c., sad bugbears to poetry. We visited Loch Sloy; also a gentleman of the name of Cowan, from Edinburgh, who had taken for the season, the house at Arroqhar, heretofore the inn, at the head of Loch Long, at which, nine years ago, &c.

Sir W. Scott, in his diary, for "March, 1826," (vide Lockhart's Life, 8th vol.) describes him thus:—"Mr. Cowan, a good and able man, is chosen trustee in Constable's affairs, with full power." He afterwards became the proprietor of Constable's printing establishment, and realized a fortune, by skill and industry, at that which only helped to ruin Constable. His

eldest son is now (1849) M. P. for the city of Edinburgh, in lieu of the Right Hon. T. B. Macaulay.

On the 11th October, we crossed Loch Lomond to Inversnaid; walked thence, five miles, through a truly Highland country, to Loch Katrine; were rowed the length of that Lake, ten miles, calling at Helen's Bower, on Helen's Isle; walked through the rocky and romantic regions of the Trosachs, to Stewart's Inn, a mile and a half; reaching Callandar that night, ten miles farther.

The next day, after visiting the Kelty Fall, at Bracklin Bridge, we proceeded along the amphitheatrical Pass of Leny (passing by Abyssinian Bruce's house, Ardchullery, which I regarded with great interest, as the haven of rest, he purchased and enjoyed by the penalty of so many privations. But how inscrutable are the ways of Providence. After escaping innumerable dangers and diseases in Abyssinia, he was killed here by a fall down stairs, in handing a lady to her carriage. A farmer now occupies a part of the premises, which look desolate and deserted—a place for owls to roost in) to Loch Earn Head, fourteen miles; thence, up Glenogle, almost rivalling Glencoe and Glencroe in steepness, solitude, and silence; and

abounding in grey crows: down Glen Dochart, to Killin, ten miles; here everybody was as busy as bees, harvesting, and repairing roads and bridges. Lord and Lady Breadalbane passed us in the carriage, superintending the whole—he lay listless and indifferent in a corner thereof, as if he had been ruminating over the bitter truth contained in the book of Ecclesiastes, that “all is vanity and vexation of spirit,”—while she sat bolt upright, at the window, “wide awake.”

We had hitherto travelled in cars and in carts, at a shilling a mile; but mine host, here, “indifferent honest,” as Hamlet has it, though he had one or two carts, would not let us have either of them, because he had a chaise to let. In fact, for the self-same reason, we posted from Killin to Perth, sixty-two miles, at two shillings a mile, drivers and turnpikes included; which was the reason why we did not carry into complete execution, the route you chalked out for us, and visit Blair Athol, &c., for fear our funds should fail us.

N. B.—At Aberfeldy, abundance of cars and carts are to be hired at a shilling a mile. Had we been aware of that fact, we should have taken the

Taymouth chaise, only as far as Aberfeldy, six miles, instead of to Dunkeld, twenty-two.

From Killin we proceeded fourteen miles along the banks of Loch Tay (which Sir W. Scott, in "The Fair Maid of Perth," well compares to "an immense plate of polished silver, its dark heathy mountains and leafless thickets of oak, serving as an arabesque frame to a magnificent mirror,") to Taymouth, or Kenmare, sung by Burns.

On the 13th, after visiting Lord Breadalbane's magnificent seat, Taymouth Castle, completed a couple of years ago, and considered as a whole—castle, woods, water, and scenery—the grandest in Great Britain, we set out for Dunkeld, calling a halt on the road at Aberfeldy, to see the Falls of Moness, and the Birks of Aberfeldy, sung by Burns.

As I could not help comparing, in my own mind, all these Scotch waterfalls, to their disadvantage, with the cataracts of America, so I could not help arriving at the same result with respect to the mountains I saw, as compared with those in New Hampshire; but such is the condition of human existence, such the penalty we pay for knowledge; that which fascinates us in infancy and in ignorance, age and experience,

induce us to reject, by rendering it flat, stale, dull, and unprofitable though, probably, to religious minds, the moral blunts the edge of the reflection.

Resuming our route, we proceeded along an excellent road, down hill the whole way, through ever-varying and picturesque scenery, to Dunkeld, which is considered to be the termination of the Perthshire Highlands. Sir W. Scott, in "The Fair Maid of Perth," again says, "prejudice apart, Perthshire forms the fairest portion of Caledonia. It is long since Lady M. W. Montague, with that excellent taste which characterizes her writings, expressed her opinion, that the most interesting portion of every country, and that which exhibits the varied beauties of natural scenery in greatest perfection, is, that where the mountains sink down upon the champagne or more level land; the most picturesque, if not the highest hills, are to be found there. The rivers find their way out of the mountainous region, by the wildest leaps, and through the most romantic passes. Above, the vegetation of a happier climate and soil, is mingled with the magnificent characteristics of mountain scenery; and woods, groves, and thickets, in profusion, clothe the base of the hills,

ascend up the ravines, and mingle with the precipices. It is in such favoured regions, that the traveller finds what the poet Gray, or some one else, has termed, 'Beauty lying in the lap of Terror.' "

At Dunkeld we visited the gardens and grounds, where his late Grace of Athol, who was gathered to his fathers the day before (by his relation, the right reverend Dr. Murray, Bishop of Rochester, whom I had often heard preach in London and once at Croydon, and whom we met, walking in the grounds), began two years ago, such a magnificent mansion, about half built; 400 feet long in front and rear, 250 feet on the sides: the massive ruins of the monastery which that radical reformer, John Knox, shook about the ears of the monks; and other lions, including the largest larch tree in the island, and the first planted in it, imported from the Tyrol in 1737, and then so little understood, that it was nurtured at first in a flower pot, placed in a green-house; and the splendid, modern, and beautiful seven-arched stone bridge, spanning the rapid and romantic river Tay.

Immediately upon quitting Dunkeld, we skirted Birman Wood, and, fourteen miles farther, reached Perth, which lies low.

After spending the 14th with some relations of Mrs. Stuart's, visiting the city, whose architectural antiquities are fast disappearing, before the march of mind and the progress of public improvement (nevertheless we saw the house in Curfew-street, occupied some four or five centuries ago, by "the Fair Maid of Perth," and her father, the glover), and Scone Palace, recently rebuilt by Lord Mansfield; we accompanied, at night, the Rev. Joseph Mac Laggan, Mr. Stuart's son-in-law, to his residence, Kinfauns Manse, four miles, where we stayed till the 18th.

We visited Kinfauns Castle, recently rebuilt by Lord Gray, in a style which reflects the greatest credit upon his good taste. These, and a few other modern mansions of the British nobility, whether the government of the country remain what it is, which is probable, or be revolutionized, or republicanized, which is possible, will endure for centuries to come, massive monuments of their immense wealth. I do not quarrel with them for rearing such piles; on the contrary, methinks they are mighty pretty toys for the lieges to look at, which they can only see to perfection, in a country where the law of primogeniture prevails (and I think we can hardly pay too dear for that whistle);

but what I do complain of, is their absorbing within the vortex of their vast domains so many Naboths' vineyards, so many minor estates. I apprehend, this has been particularly the case in Scotland, since the abolition of the heritable jurisdictions. Until then, the magnates had power, independent of wealth,—now money's their only chance.

I suppose, some of the most fertile fields in Great Britain are to be found in the Carse of Gowrie, which stretches between Perth and Dundee, twenty-two miles. Near Perth, it adjoins the almost equally fertile districts of Strathearn and Strathmore. Carse signifies alluvial; strath, a narrow valley. Lord Gray receives £8 an acre for some of his land; not less than £5 for any; but then the Scotch acre is one-seventh larger than the English, pays no tithe, and hardly any poor's rate; the reason of which is, that the ley payers assess themselves, instead of the magistrates. Potatoes, in the ground, are selling to London dealers for £20 an acre; last year they fetched £22. Farms in the Highlands, on which sheep, goats, and black cattle are depastured, are let by the mile, averaging three shillings an acre. The

talk in George-street, that it has acquired the name of the "Giant's Causeway." Visiting, one day, Queen Mary's apartments in Holyrood House, I asked the young woman who attended us, and who enacted the part of cicerone, if there was any chance of our seeing that football of fortune, Charles X, who returned there the day before; she answered, very archly, "Charles X is not shewn."

On the 23rd, Mr. M—— returned to London, in the "Soho" steamer. I bought Galt's Life of Lord Byron for him, to beguile the passage, and wrote in the beginning, as follows:—

"J. B. TO T. H. M.

S A C R E D

TO THE MEMORY OF A PLEASANT
EXCURSION INTO SCOTLAND, &c.,

WHICH DEPARTED THIS TRANSITORY LIFE,

AT EDINBURGH,

THE TWENTY-THIRD DAY OF OCTOBER, 1830,

AGED SEVEN WEEKS.

HÆC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT, ETC.

‡ ‡ ‡ D. S. S."

I arrived at Stirling on the evening of the 25th, thirty-five miles, and stayed till this morning. On

the 26th I dined with Colonel Milles, 66th regiment. It was a beautiful sunshiny day, and I saw the magnificent prospect from the battlements of Stirling Castle to every advantage. It included Arthur's Seat, Ben Lomond, Ben Ledi, Ben More, &c., the Carse of Stirling, about as flat and fertile as the Carse of Gowrie, and stretching for twenty-five miles towards the Grampians; the Forth, like a silver serpent, meandering along it, in a manner that would have puzzled Meander himself (within half a mile of the Castle walls, it twice describes the figure of 8) —the superficies of a vast tract of country we had lately traversed, about Callandar, &c., which was an interesting object; Ben Lomond, however, being the load-stone of the landscape. Near the Castle walls are the marks of the entrenchments occupied by the Pretender when he besieged the fortress in 1744; eight miles on the other side, is the fatal field of Bannockburn. I arrived at Glasgow this morning (twenty-seven miles); dined at Mr. W.'s, in College-street, this afternoon, and expect to sail to Liverpool this evening, in the "William Huskisson." (She foundered in the Irish sea, on her usual and accustomed passage, 11th January, 1840.)

“So farewell to the land, where the clouds love to rest,
Like the shroud of the dead, on the mountain's cold breast,
To the cataract's roar where the eagles reply,
And the lake her lone bosom expands to the sky.”—ROB ROY.

I am partial to Scotland, and to the primitive manners of most of its people. Its political union with England is complete, more so, than that of all, or any of the United States, with each other, and yet enough of nationality, rivalry, and historical reminiscences of ancient animosities, remain to render the present contrast between them and the present friendly footing and feeling, piquant and agreeable. I prefer the women to the men,—the one are lively and open-hearted, the other, close and reserved. I attribute the difference partly to the marriage-law of the country, partly to the love the men have for metaphysics, or *fee-sics*, as they call it, otherwise moonshine, which they worship, more than almost anything else. Besides, an Englishman in Scotland is made more of than a Scotchman is in England,—the collateral object of the one party is to spend money, the certain object of the other is to make it.

I have thus summed up the heads and tales, the sulphat of our late tour. If you should be able to extract any amusement from it, I shall be glad.



QUEEN ADELAIDE'S VISIT

TO

ALTON TOWERS.

EXTRACT

*FROM THE STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER OF
THE 1ST AUGUST, 1840.*

“THE greatest preparations were made at Alton Towers, the princely residence of the premier Earl, for the reception of her Majesty. The ‘Talbot Gallery,’ a most magnificent room, on a line with the Armoury, Picture-gallery, and Octagon, was, for the first time, thrown open upon the occasion. Flags and banners streamed from every turret; festoons of laurels and flowers hung along the walls; mottoes and shields, with heraldic bearings, were suspended at intervals, and a beautiful triumphal arch, ornamented with a crown of flowers, was placed at the

house was lighted up, and the effect was truly magical. The grand suite of apartments, including the Armoury, Talbot Gallery, &c., 500 feet in length, was one blaze of light. The lamps in the conservatory were variegated. The state apartments in the western wing, including the library, music-room, &c., were, likewise thrown open.

“The following were invited to meet her Majesty:— E. Buller, Esq., and Mrs. B.; Lord and Lady Waterpark; Sir T. C. Shepherd and Lady S.; J. W. Patten, Esq., M. P., and Mrs. P.; Sir Henry Hunsloke, High Sheriff of Derbyshire; Sir W. and Miss Boothby; Rev. J. P. Jones; Mr. and Lady Louisa Bromley; Mrs. and Miss Granville, and the Rev. Court Granville; J. B. Phillips, Esq. (Heath House), and Mrs. P.; T. Gilbert, Esq. (Cotton), and Mrs. G.; John Bill, Esq. (Farley), and Mrs. B.; Captain and Mrs. Hibbert; Miss Tickborne; Captain and Mrs. Powys; — Townley, Esq. (of Lancashire); P. H. Howard, Esq., M. P. (of Corby); — Holford, Esq.; Mrs. Whyte, Barrow Hill, &c. &c. &c.

“On Thursday her Majesty inspected the house, with its admirable collection of paintings, statues, &c.; and also the gardens, which are now in their

glory, and are perfectly unique in picturesque magnificence. In honour of her Majesty's visit, the Earl of Shrewsbury's tenants were on that day provided with an excellent dinner at the 'Shrewsbury Arms,' Farley, at four o'clock, after which there was dancing upon the Green, before the Towers. The weather was propitious, and the scene was animated and interesting in the extreme.

"There was also another grand dinner at the Towers, and a *soirée* in the evening. The labourers upon the estate had a dinner yesterday, in honour of her Majesty's visit.

"Her Majesty and suite left Alton Towers yesterday morning, for Matlock, intending to pass a short time, in surveying the romantic beauties of that part of Derbyshire."

EXTRACT OF A LETTER
FROM J. B. TO G. H., ESQ., GIVING SOME ACCOUNT
OF THE GAIETIES THAT TOOK PLACE ON THE OCCASION OF
THE QUEEN DOWAGER'S
VISIT TO ALTON TOWERS, IN JULY, 1840.

"Referring you to the account I copied for your sisters, out of the *Staffordshire Advertiser*, for the 1st August, for the editor's glowing account of the proceedings that took place, and adopting the same in a great degree, as a part of my own statement, I proceed to render you my private account, of what occurred on this interesting occasion.

"On Tuesday, 28th July, the Rev. Mr. Holley, and his nephew, Ralph Sneyd, came, and stayed till Friday. The day following, the Rev. John Sneyd came to dinner, and at four we proceeded to Quickshill Lodge gates, to form part of the equestrian procession, intended to escort the Queen to Alton Towers. I mounted upon your Bobby, Mr. Holley on our Doctor, Mr. Sneyd on our other carriage horse, and Ralph on his pony. Near the pagoda, on the Rock Drive, we

overtook the two Princes, Borghese and Aldobrandini, Messrs. W. Patten, Townley, Howard of Corby, &c., proceeding on the same errand, and whose ranks we joined.

"At Quickshill, we found Lord Waterpark, and a number of other gentlemen, sitting their steeds, upon the west side of the gates, and on the east side, the tenants, striding their cart horses, in two long lines, opposite to each other, to the tune of several hundred well-remembered faces.

"At five, exactly, according to appointment, the Queen's cavalcade made its appearance, escorted by a detachment of the Uttoxeter troop of Yeomanry Cavalry; and, as soon as the royal carriage had passed, the gentlemen dashed after it at a rapid rate. I rode, part of the way, between the two Princes: when behind one of them (Prince A.), he said, "Don't press so near to my horse; he kicks." I replied, "Je vous remercie, mon Prince." He must have thought me a cool customer, or, as Sam Slick says, that I was coming "Soft Sawdor" over him. We kept on at a famous pace, four carriages following ours, and then the slugs.

"On approaching the Towers, the new Roman

Catholic Chapel bell began to toll, which had an odd, out-of-the-way effect.

“The craven himself is hoarse
That croaks the fatal entrance of H. M.
Under our battlements.”

“Having delivered our charge to the premier Earl, we made our bows, and turned our horses’ heads homewards.

“The next day the Queen and Lady S. rode through Farley, as far as the finger-post, and then returned. Mr. Holley and I were knocking your balls about, at Wootton Lodge; the ladies were in the house; Louisa and the four young M——s in the court. At half-past eight my wife, Mrs. M——, and I went to the soirée. Miss T—— took us to the head of the state dining room, to shew us the guests at table; but the room viewed from thence, looked so like a well, that we were not much the wiser. In about a quarter of an hour afterward, the dinner-party broke up, and adjourned to the drawing-room. Lady S. brought the Queen to us, and introduced us separately; and most kind and gracious was the reception she gave us.

“There was plenty of dancing, parading the Talbot

and other galleries and apartments; ices, punch, and other entertainments.

"At half-past eleven, the Queen withdrew, accompanied by her sister, the Duchess of Saxe Weimar, and the party soon afterward broke up. Lady S. asked me to ride again the next day, with the escort to Quickshill.

"Accordingly, the next day I mounted Bobby again, and rode to the entrance tower, where I saw the leave-taking, and departure at twelve; after which, the two Princes, Lord Waterpark, Messrs. W. Patten, Townley, Howard, Talbot, of New Ross, Pugin (architect), and I, set off after the carriages. Your carriage, with ours, containing the ladies children, and nurse-maids, bringing up the rear.

"What wonders loyalty can work! I, who hate riding, and had not been on horseback for three years, returning towards the Towers, the nobles cut the angle off the road, by crossing the Quickshill meadows, I followed them, forgetting the ditches that divide the fields; these, the nobles cleared, as a matter of course: I shut my eyes, gave Bobby his head, and he did the same: though, as *Punch* well and wittily observes, 'Presence of mind, on such occasions, is often, probably, of less value than absence of body.'

“Altogether, what with the beautiful weather, it was a most gratifying sight ; and I am sure that no Queen Dowager, or otherwise, ever experienced a better reception than what awaited good Queen Adelaide at Alton Towers.

“I have written you all this, by way of paying horse hire for Bobby.

“ And am, &c.,

“J. B.”

BLACKPOOL JOURNAL.

1846.

WEDNESDAY, 19TH AUGUST.—FINE DAY.

AT a quarter before six, a.m., left, in the carriage, with my wife, our three children, governess, and nurse, to proceed to Blackpool, except the governess, whose destination was Manchester. We reached Leek about a quarter to eight, and were greeted by our good friend Miss Ferriar, with a right hearty welcome. At eight, we set off in an omnibus, I had engaged specially for the occasion, to Macclesfield, which we reached at ten. Here we proceeded by railway, for the first time in our lives, from that town to Manchester, where we arrived at half-past eleven, and whence, taking leave of Miss M——, who proceeded to her parent's house, in Burlington-street, we went in an omnibus, which conveyed us, and a

vast quantity of luggage, to Hunt's Bank Station. Here, finding that a delay of a couple of hours awaited us, we bent our steps towards Cheetham College, adjoining, in order to shew the children the singular and unique museum it contains (a catalogue of which will be found in the appendix), but were told, by the usual and accustomed blue-coated urchin of the day, that we could not see it, owing to it being founder's day ; we therefore crossed over to the old church adjacent, to shew the children the place where their parents were married, and were somewhat surprised to find that full service had been going on, and that a clergyman was about to enter the pulpit ; we therefore took possession of a pew, and heard an excellent discourse, of twenty minutes' duration, from the text of the "parable of the unjust steward," shewing, that while in a worldly sense, he shewed wisdom, in making unto himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, Humphrey Cheetham had shewn himself infinitely wiser, in so managing his worldly concerns, as to prefer the things of eternity to those of time. That name, coupled with the facts of the presence of the Blue Coat Boys, in their gallery, and of the feoffees of his charity, in their's, opposite, was

proof positive, to my mind, that the discourse was in honour of founder's day.

When the congregation had dispersed, we wandered up to the altar, and over many other parts of this ancient and interesting edifice, hallowed to my mind, memory and understanding, by ten thousand recollections, extending themselves to the shadowy confines of the merest infancy ; and by the sight of the sepultures, of innumerable individuals (including those of two schoolmasters of the Free Grammar School, adjacent, who had often proved to me, by actual demonstration, that I am a fugitive and a vagabond upon earth, a child of cane, and therefore justly obnoxious to punishment), with whom I had been more or less acquainted ; some, by sight only ; others, by speech also. I should not omit to record also, that although this was the first time that Charley had ever been to church, except when he was christened at Alton, when he could hardly be said to be "wide awake," he seemed all attention ; and may possibly, at some future time, profit by the discourse ; for as Sir W. Scott, in his autobiography, says, "He (George Constable) was the first person who told me about Falstaff, Hotspur, and other characters in

On my way to and from Marsden-street, I traversed streets, lanes, and alleys, that reminded me forcibly of days of yore—of “auld lang syne,”—of events that had slumbered for years in the catacombs of my brain, and which brought back to my recollection, Mr. Hutton’s pathetic description of his feelings, upon revisiting his native town, after an absence of forty years. “Unknown in Derby, I stand clear of prejudice, when I silently wander from the extremity of St. Mary’s Bridge to that of St. Peter’s parish, without meeting one single face that I know; I cannot but consider myself as a stranger at home—but though forgotten, I cannot forget. I beheld with emotion the buildings, altered with time, and reflect with a sigh, that every house has changed its inhabitants, and that I have to mourn a whole generation, that are swept into the grave.” Such are amongst the magic mysteries of memory; almost analagous in its effects to those attributed to the operations of opium, as described by its victim, De Quincy, as follows:—

“O just, subtle, and mighty opium, that to the hearts of poor and rich alike, for the wounds that will never heal, and for the pangs that tempt the

spirit to rebel, bringest an assuaging balm. Eloquent opium ! that with thy potent rhetoric turnest away the purposes of wrath ; and to the guilty man, for one night, givest back the hopes of his youth, and hands washed pure of blood ; and to the proud man, a brief oblivion for wrongs unredressed, and insults unavenged ; that summonest to the chancery of dreams, for the triumph of suffering innocence, false witnesses, and confoundest perjury, and dost reverse the sentences of unrighteous judges. Thou buildest upon the bosom of darkness, out of the fantastic imagery of the brain, cities and temples, beyond the art of Phidias and Praxitiles, beyond the splendours of Babylon and Hekatompylos ; and, from the anarchy of dreaming sleep, callest into sunny light, the faces of long buried beauties, and the blessed household countenances cleansed from the dishonours of the grave. Thou alone givest these gifts to man ; and thou hast the keys of Paradise, O just, subtle, and mighty opium."

Perhaps, also, the following passage from the self-same author, may not be deemed altogether incongruous to the interesting topic in question.

"So, then, Oxford-street, stony-hearted step-

mother, thou that listenest to the sighs of orphans, and drinkest the tears of children, at length I was dismissed from thee ; the time was come at last, that I should no more pace, in anguish, thy never-ending terraces, no more should dream and wake in captivity, to the pangs of hunger. Successors, too many, to myself and Ann, have doubtless, since trodden in our footsteps, inheritors of our calamities : other orphans than Ann have sighed ; tears have been shed by other children ; and thou, Oxford-street, hast since, doubtless, echoed to the groans of innumerable hearts. For myself, however, the storm which I had outlived, seemed to have been the pledge of a long fair weather—the premature sufferings which I had paid down, to have been accepted as a ransom, for many years to come ; as a price of a long immunity from sorrow ; and, if again I walked in Oxford-street, a solitary and contemplative man, it was, for the most part, in serenity and peace of mind.”

At half-past two we departed for our destination, by the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which is seven miles round, as compared with the Bolton line, and at a quarter to five, we reached Blackpool, after

having been detained half an hour at the Preston station.

"Parvis componere magna solebam."

To compare this last trip of mine from Preston, with the first I took, A.D. 1809, inside a covered cart, called the Blackpool mail, drawn the whole way by one horse, which, leaving proud Preston at twelve at noon, actually achieved the nineteen miles by eight, p.m. Eight mortal hours were we upon the road, the tedium of which was beguiled, or otherwise, by music matrimonial—the almost incessant squalling of an infant.

From Poulton to Blackpool there is only a single line of rails. On the Macclesfield line, children, under ten, are charged half-price. On the Blackpool line they are charged half-price, between four and ten; under four, nothing.

By some mistake or other at the Hunt's Bank Station, not being "wide awake," I suppose, I took five tickets, instead of four; and at Preston and at Poulton I endeavoured to rectify the mistake, and to procure a return of the 9s. 6d., but in vain.

At Blackpool I tried again, and with rather better

success, as the clerk there, answering to the time-honoured name of Grundy, told me, that if I would present it to him on my quitting Blackpool, he would consider it as so much cash, and free me to Manchester accordingly. I asked him where he came from. He said, Bury, in Lancashire. I told him my mother was a Grundy of Bury: so thinking we might be somewhat akin, I asked him further of his pedigree. He said his father's name was Isaac, son of Dennis. On referring to my good Aunt H., visiting at Farley: she said her father and Dennis were second cousins, but had never had much intimacy or intercourse, that she knew of. The terminus at Blackpool, though very large and lofty for the place, was very uncomfortably crowded with spectators, eager expectants, and idle people, of all sorts and sizes, some of them, perhaps, "indifferent honest," as Hamlet has it; and methought our tail of ten or a dozen packages, might become "small by degrees, and beautifully less." However, by patience and perseverance, rubbing and resignation, we succeeded, or at least imagined so, to have them all at length safely ensconced at the top of the omnibus, as nurse and I carefully counted them all, as

we thought, and so at last set off in Dixon's omnibus, for his hotel, in hopes that he would be able to accommodate us; but that we soon discovered was out of the question; so, getting the driver to proceed with us to the Lane-end Hotel, now kept by Mrs. Richardson, late of the "Mosley Arms," Manchester, we were fortunate enough to procure good accommodations, fronting the sea. Had we come by the seven o'clock train, we might have had the pleasure to bivouac upon the sands, or to return to Poulton as we might. So while my wife was appropriating the rooms, I sauntered about Blackpool—so replete with recollections (woven, like most other reminiscences of a mingled yarn) of my visits here in 1809, '10, '15, '16, '31, '34, '38, and deemed the place looked like anything but a deserted village, as it has more than doubled itself since my last visit, and strolled towards the terminus aforesaid, to look about me, more particularly at that great novelty; and while there, a young man approached, and asked me if my name was B——.

N.B.—If he had been a Yankee, and wide awake, Mister, he would not have put a leading question, but would have asked me what my name was.

Somewhat surprised, I answered in the affirmative; when he said—in an adjoining apartment he had a black leather portmanteau, with the magical words, “Mr. B——, Dixon’s Hotel, Blackpool,” written upon a small piece of parchment. Proceeding thither, I found my own dear household god—my best black portmanteau, which I had purchased in Broadway, New York, in 1828, for ten dollars, Mister, and which contained several articles I should have been very loath to lose. Rewarding him with 2s. 6d. current coin of the realm, I arranged that it should be forwarded by Dixon’s next omnibus to Lane-end, and pursued my perambulations, speculating, that as they say (*sed credat judæus apella*) bees can extract honey out of soot, so good occasionally springs out of real or apparent evil; for if it had not been for the seemingly unfortunate ticket aforesaid, I might not have gone down to the terminus (for it was during this second visit I spoke to Mr. Grundy about the ticket and otherwise); and if I had not gone thither, I might never have seen my portmanteau again, for opportunity and Satan (those moons at full) might have instigated my informant to retain my property, instead of returning it.

I also went to a stall, in St. John's very handsome market-house, and bought me a shaving brush, having, thoughtlessly enough, left mine at home; and having purchased and pocketed one, I proceeded to do the same by two small pocket combs; after which, seeing another shaving brush lying before me, and forgetting I had housed the first, I proceeded to pocket that also, saying, I suppose, "that is my shaving brush:" as silence gave consent, I walked off with my property and appropriation, and when I had been at the hotel some time, discovered, to my surprise and dismay, that I had two S. B.'s, otherwise shaving brushes, in my pocket, instead of one. Methought, what a pretty thing it would have been for the penny-a-liners; what nuts for them, if the hue and cry had been raised after a Staffordshire magistrate, for a presumed robbery of that description, and the property found upon his person. But what did the unjust judge do in this case? Why, after having taken his tea and toast, and got the steam all right, he actually faced the evening air, and going to the market-house, restored the second S. B. to its legitimate owner. With true Lancashire simplicity and sagacity, he said, "I missed it soon

after you were gone, but I knew you would bring it back again."

On my return, I met the Rev. Mr. H——, walking upon the Parade, but as I knew he was here, this excited in my mind no surprise or wonder, which Dr. Johnson well defines to be "the effect of novelty upon ignorance."

After tea, the children actually realized their long-cherished expectations of a walk upon the sands; and when they were fairly committed to the care and custody of Morpheus, after having been duly delighted with the strains of Orpheus, in the shape of an Italian boy, with a hurdy-gurdy and a couple of white mice, scampering about in the wired chamber below, my wife and I set out upon an expedition of house, or lodging hunting; but it was all in vain; there were none to be had in Blackpool, all being either occupied or pre-engaged. In our walk we fell in with my old friend, Mr. G—— R——, with whom I was at Mr. Dennett's office, in Lincoln's Inn-fields, in 1818, and his lady, and accompanied them to their elegant apartments in Albert-terrace—a new creation, between Forshaw's and Dixon's.

pretty much the same accommodation as the preceding one, but appeared more desirable, from the circumstance of their having bow-windows in front, for which reason, perhaps, £4 a-week was asked for them.

I then returned to Lane-end, to report progress ; and upon my way, seeing a large crowd of people collected upon the sands, I joined them, and found several men, dressed in a kind of uniform, looking more like firemen than watermen, with apparatus in their hands, and a three-masted boat in the offing (it being low water), about to try experiments, as detailed in a printed paper, of which the following is a copy :—

“ROCKET PRACTICE AT BLACKPOOL.

“The inhabitants of Blackpool are respectfully informed, that it is intended to carry on experiments on the Sands, on Thursday, the 20th August, for the purpose of shewing the utility of Mr. Carte’s rocket apparatus, for effecting a communication with stranded vessels, by which the crew of the brig ‘Mercury’ were saved, at Sandsends, on the 11th December last ; and also with his buoys, belts, &c., to which the

attention of ship-owners, sailors, and fishermen is respectfully requested. The experiments will commence at half-past five."

They did not begin, however, until about half an hour afterwards, when we had a good view of the whole from our windows. The whizzing of the rockets, and the conveyance of the rope to the boat, seemed to be simultaneous.

FRIDAY, 21ST AUGUST.—FINE DAY.

WIND N.W.—THER. 58.

After breakfast we all—that is to say, my wife, three children, and nurse—walked to South Shore, to inspect the accommodations I visited yesterday; when, after duly examining them all, and taking all the circumstances into consideration, we concluded to take Mrs. Todd's cottage, No. 9, for £4 a-week, including linen, and all other appliances, and means to boot, except plate. She also secured us the services of a cook, at 6s. a-week.

So walking back to Lane-end, which we now somewhat ungratefully, though, according to the current

course of human nature (which, like "true love, seldom doth run smooth," for a length of time together, and which, Mr. Squeers informs us, is a "rum one," and he ought to know, as he says, "his was the shop for morals"), somewhat naturally enough regarded as the common centre of noise, numbers, and snobbery. Therefore, after duly discussing our dinner and dessert, and discharging our bill, amounting for two days, to £4 1s., our motto being, "fare always well," we deposited ourselves into a kind of omnibus, we called for the occasion, which conveyed us, as well as our multitudinous luggage, at a rapid rate, to our new habitation. After tea I took a solitary, sentimental, and triangular walk of $5\frac{1}{2}$ miles inland, over a tract of country, embalmed in memory's page, extending from South Shore Church to Martin Church, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile; thence to Blackpool Church, $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles; thence to South Shore again, $1\frac{1}{2}$ mile; but which is the hypotenuse of the triangle, if any such there be, is more than I can calculate. Probably, the line between Martin and Blackpool.

SATURDAY, 22ND AUGUST.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.

After breakfast, my wife and I called, and had "a bit of a talk," as the Indians say, with Mrs. Todd, who lives in a very small house and street, behind ours, and who let considerable daylight into the secret history, ancient and modern, public and private, sacred and profane, of South Shore; how the church and schools came to be built, principally through the instrumentality of Mr. Hesketh; and how Mr. Green, the first and favourite incumbent, came to exchange South Shore for Knotty Ash, near Liverpool: that during the winter months she received from five to ten shillings a-week for the cottage we occupy, which, a few days before we entered, had been tenanted by Col. Rawsthorne, of Penwortham, near Preston, who was sheriff for this County Palatine, the Lancaster Assizes I was at in 1814, and before him, by the Rev. Mr. Stowell, of Manchester, both great guns in their way. In fact, as Mr. D. afterwards informed us, No. 9 is a favourite cottage, and we began to indulge ourselves in an hallucination of happiness, and to believe, that it is really always to be found elsewhere than in Johnson's dic-

tionary, though that very great lexicographer doth dogmatically choose to say, "It is a long time before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each one thinks it possessed by another, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself," and to congratulate ourselves upon our exchange, from the noisy region of Lane-end, to the quietness and repose of South Shore, the sands of which, also, are so very much more accessible to children, than those at Blackpool; and which is sufficiently near to that great Babylon, to be within easy walking distance. From thence, we went into the church, in the vestry of which we saw the Rev. J. K. Dean, the incumbent, catechising a child, upon some subject or other, on concluding which, he came and spoke to us, and we walked with him to Moore's Baths, where he resided; which, in reply to our inquiries, he informed us, he would not say were the best baths in the place; but those, he gave the preference to, from proximity, probably.

This being Johnny's birth-day, we had a plum-pudding at dinner, and a drive upon the sands, in the direction of Fleetwood, in a pair-horse phaeton; after which, we adjourned to a bazaar, in Blackpool,

Blackpool, who had arrived the preceding evening, at the "Manchester House," South Shore, and went to bathe. He was seen by two men, who shouted to him of his danger; and that then, partly dressed, he endeavoured to get off the sands, but becoming bewildered, he wandered about in a distracted state, waiving his waistcoat in the air, and uttering the most piteous cries.

He was in sight in this way, for more than half an hour, and might have been saved, had he bent his steps towards Lytham, or had the men at South Shore, who manned a boat for his aid, been more accustomed to the management of one. What the workings of his mind must have been during that dreadful period of suspense and delay, who shall venture to describe! As it was, when the boat approached within about twenty yards of him, he disappeared and was drowned. The two men who saw and shouted to him upon the sands, were afterwards blamed for not attempting to rescue, but it is a very easy matter, in such cases, to cast censure—in fact, to talk.

Cowper, in his last and beautiful poem, "the

At half-past ten we went to South Shore Church, and heard the incumbent, the Rev. Charles K. Dean. It was well filled: he read the prayers rather too fast—the lessons and the sermon beautifully. He took his text from the lesson of the day, about Naaman the Syrian, being cured of his leprosy, by means of his little maid, from the land of Israel, recommending him to apply to Elisha, the prophet; and in allusion to his intention to preach a charity sermon for the Sunday-school, on the Sunday following, he expressed his hope, that any one of his congregation that needed it, might have such another little maid at home, to guide him into the right path. He only preached fifteen minutes, but put as much substance into his sermon, as others I have heard, who preach three or four times as long, put into theirs; fancying all the time, perhaps, that they make up in length what they want in depth. He gave out the charity sermon, above-mentioned, and that he had prayers every morning at nine. After dinner I called, and sat half an hour with him; he asked me to drink tea with him this evening, and I asked him to dine with us to-morrow, but upon his saying he was going to Liverpool on Tuesday.

Having agreed to accompany Mr. D—— to Liverpool to-morrow, we parted company till then. Would that there were a forest of such Deans !

MONDAY, 24TH AUGUST.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.

At nine, a.m., went with Mr. D—— from the station at Blackpool, which, by the way, has a baker's dozen of large sky-lights on each side the roof, and additional buildings, in the course of erection, on the north and south sides, to Liverpool, viâ Preston and Parkside.

I had some conversation at the station with Mr. W——, solicitor, of Manchester, heretofore D——, whose silvery locks, afforded ample testimony to the flight of the thirty years that have elapsed since we last met. He said, he perfectly well remembered my features, but could not recall my name. I told him I recollected both of his ; and these preliminaries being settled, we had "a bit of a talk," about persons, so long deceased, and about times and subjects, so long lapsed and elapsed, that it looked vastly like a dream, so totally different are they from the objects

that present themselves upon the present speculum of things.

We took day-tickets, to Preston and back for 3s. 6d., in a second-class carriage; and upon arriving there, took fresh tickets, in a like conveyance, to Liverpool, for 4s., but not back, there being no day-tickets issued between those towns; and, upon our arrival at the Edge-hill Station, I alighted, my Rev. companion pursuing his journey down the "*facilis descensus averni*" to Liverpool, and walked to my Uncle W.'s domicile, Edge-lane. There I found that he and his daughter were gone out for a drive, and would dine at half-past one; so, leaving word that I would be with them at that time, I walked down to Liverpool, which is a much easier operation than walking up; and after calling upon my cousin, Mr. W—— W——, 1, Harrington-street, and Mr. F——, 65, Tithebarn-street, and doing a little shopping, I returned in a bus, but not in a bustle of any kind, to Edge-hill, where I had the pleasure to find my good relations in a high state of preservation, and glad to see me—(N.B. Blood's thicker than water)—and where much interesting conversation, upon olden times, and upon old and young acquaintances, en-

sued; and then, those dear old acquaintances of mine, that preside on and about the mantel-piece—the china vases, and the landscape over, which I have known all my life-long, at this and half-a-dozen other dwelling-houses here, and in Manchester, looking just the same as ever—not a pin the worse for the wear and tear of half a century, which, however has produced a very different effect upon me, and which a further flight of time will not, by any means, diminish; while these interesting, but indifferent spectators, of the flight of time will, probably, continue to occupy their usual and accustomed situations, as mute as mites. But then, the difference and the superiority of mind over matter, present themselves, in which is probably involved the argument of the individuality of the individual, the consciousness of being the self-same J. B., that fifty years ago, gazed upon these china and other ornaments for the first time, and unlike them, being now of a totally different fabric, substance and consistence.

Sir W. Scott, in his diary, has a very curious paragraph upon this subject; one that none but a

man of genius, and he of the most subtle spirit, could have conceived, and reduced into writing as follows :—

“ People say that the whole human frame, in all its parts and dimensions, is gradually in the act of decaying and renewing. What a curious timepiece it would be, that could indicate to us the moment, the gradual and insensible change had so completely taken place, that no atom was left of the original person, but there existed in his stead another person, having the same thews and sinews, the same face and lineaments, the same consciousness: a new ship, built upon an old plank: a pair of transmigrated stockings, like those of Sir John Cutler, all green, without one thread of its original black silk left: singular, to be at once another, and the same.”

At dinner we had excellent grouse, the result of my cousin George's gun in Dumfrieshire, and the most delicious pears I ever eat, called “Maria Louisas.”

At half-past three, I rejoined my reverend pastor of South Shore, at the Edge Hill Station, where had just arrived a large detachment of a foot regiment, with an ample allowance of women and children, all bound for Bolton-le-Moors, where, in 1654, that

great and good man, James, seventh Earl of Derby, breathed his bloody last.

At seven we reached Blackpool again, and I had soon the satisfaction to find all at No. 9, South Shore, in a high state of preservation.

TUESDAY, 25TH AUGUST.—BEAUTIFUL DAY.

WIND N. W.—THER. 62.

As Mr. D—— had promised to dine with us to day, I walked down to Blackpool, to buy some fish.

On my way, I called at the barn at Vauxhall, where lay the body of the unfortunate man, who was drowned on Sunday, a melancholy spectacle to behold; but a handsome figure of a man, two yards long, apparently about twenty-five years of age, with a calm, composed countenance, and a fine, handsome forehead. He is still unclaimed and unknown; and many conjectures were hazarded by the persons present, as to where he came from. Judging from his fine form and very handsome forehead, I said "You may depend upon it, he comes Padiham way"; the hill country of Lancashire, where some of the finest men in the world are raised.

His clothes hung against the walls ; in the pockets of which, two half-sovereigns and some silver were found. Mr. Palmer, the coroner at Preston, is to hold an inquest upon him to-day, at twelve.

At a shoemaker's shop, near the bazaar, I left two pairs of shoes, for Louisa and Johnny, to be clogged Cumberland fashion, the best species of shoes for the sands here ; and upon enquiring when they would be ready, the shopman replied, " To-morrow's morning ; " instead of to-morrow morning, as I have been accustomed to hear it pronounced.

On mentioning that circumstance to him, he said the first was the most usual form of expression here.

At the fish market, adjoining St. John's market, I purchased six soles, weighing 2lbs, for tenpence : there were also fresh flukes, at threepence.

Our dinner was rendered additionally agreeable by Mr. D——'s company and conversation. He is evidently cautious in what he says and does, eats and drinks—a moderate, self-denying man.

I gave him two pounds towards his collection on Sunday ; and in the evening he presented me with a volume of poems which he published in 1841, and dedicated to Lady Delamere.

After dinner, we had our pair-horse phaeton again, and drove several miles inland, in the direction of Lytham.

When we came to a wild, irregular region, tenanted by rabbits, and dotted with sand-hills of the most fantastic and unique forms, held together by the matted roots of the star grass, or sea mat-weed, my wife and Johnny proceeded with the carriage in a different direction, while my daughter and I, with Mr. D—— for our guide, threaded our way through this very singular scenery, loading ourselves with huge mushrooms, better calculated for making catsup, than a breakfast or dinner more palatable—until we emerged upon the long line of sea shore, opposite the Horse Bank, and soon rejoined our companions in the carriage.

After tea, Mr. D—— and I walked to the great Babylon of Blackpool, upon the beach there, then to the station, and amongst a crowd of strangers upon the Promenade; and so returned to our respective “loop-holes of retreat,” at South Shore. He is the very pattern-card, to my mind, of a rural Dean.

So calm; he seemed to sleep, for you could scarcely tell
That he was dead—

So, as I gazed on him, I thought or said—

Can this be death?—then what is life or death?

Speak! but he spoke not—wake! but still he slept—
But yesterday, and who had mightier breath?

But it was all a mystery—here we are,

And then we go; but where?—five bits of lead,
Or three, or two, or one, send very far;

And is this blood, then, formed but to be shed?
Can every element our elements mar?

And air, earth, water, fire, live, and we dead?
We, whose minds comprehend all things—no more,
But let us to the story, as before.”

Which brings us to the peasant, John Clare, of
Northamptonshire :—

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE,

v.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

(VERDICT FOR PLAINTIFF.)

“And what is life?—an hour-glass, on the run—

A mist, retreating from the morning sun;—

A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream—

Its length, a minute's pause—a moment's thought.

And happiness—a bubble on the stream,

That, in the act of seizing, shrinks to nought.

South Shore ; and on passing the barn again, I saw two men coming out of the yard, and could not help saying to them, "Are not you related to the man who lies there, who was drowned?" "Yes, I am his brother." "And you?" "Yes, I am his brother." "I thought so, from the likeness." Strange meeting, that.

The coroner sat upon him, at twelve ; and he soon afterwards entered into his new and unexpected situation, in Blackpool churchyard.

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

After dinner, my wife, Louisa, and Johnny, upon donkies, and I upon a pony, had a pleasant ride, for upwards of an hour, upon the sands.

On our return, we found Charley in the court, entertaining Mr. and Mrs. R——, who had called during our absence.

THURSDAY, 27TH AUGUST.—BEAUTIFUL DAY,
WIND N.W.—THER. 64.

Rose at four, and taking a towel, bathed in the sea, from the sands.

Afterwards, took the triangular five and a half miles

APPENDIX.

THE CHEETHAM LIBRARY, MANCHESTER, AND ITS SHOW OF CURIOSITIES.

EXTRACTED FROM HONE'S "EVERY-DAY BOOK,"
FOURTH VOLUME, PAGE 84.

"In a gallery which leads to the library, there is a collection of what were formerly deemed curiosities.

"This is shewn and described to visitors, who desire it, by a boy, for a trifling acknowledgement.

"The boys of the college are the exhibitors, by turns; and, except perhaps to natives of Lancashire, the shew boy is the greatest curiosity.

"With a loud voice, and in a dialect and intonation so peculiar as to be indescribable, the boy directs the attention of the rustic and genteel alike, to the objects he exhibits. Happily, of what he says there exists a report, which however seemingly ludicrous,

“Those bows and arrows wonst belonged to the Indians.

“That’s a porpus’ head.

“Those are various kinds of adders, worms, snakes, fishes, and venomous creatures.

“That albine piece was taken from a Frenchman, who was killed at the battle of Waterloo, that was fought in the year 1815.

“Those are a pair of eagle’s claws.

“That arrow wonst belonged to one of the legions that fought under the Duke of Richmond, at the battle of Bosworth Field, in the year 1485, when King Richard III, king of England, was slain.

“Those arrows wonst belonged to Robin Hood.

“That’s a sea hen.

“That’s a sea weed.

“That’s a unicorn fish.

“That’s part of an Indian’s skull.

“That’s the top part of it.

“That’s part of Oliver Cromwell’s stone and tankard.

“Those balls are took out of a cow.

“That’s part of a loadstone.

“Those two pieces of wood was almanacks, before printing was found out.

"That's a hairy man.

"Under the hairy man's a speaking trumpet.

"'Side o' the speaking trumpet's a shark's jaw bone.

"That that's leaning against speaking trumpet's
Oliver Cromwell's sword.

"That's a leathern bag.

"'Side o' the leathern bag's two cokey nut shells.

"'Side o' the cokey nut shell's a porpus' skull.

"'Side o' the porpus' skull's a pumpkin.

"'Side o' the pumpkin's an American cat.

"Over the pumpkin's a turtle.

"'Side o' the turtle's a sea weed.

"That top one's a crocodile.

"Under the crocodile's an alligator.

"Under the alligator's a woman's clog that was
split by a thunderbolt, and hoo wasn't hurt.

"'Side o' the crocodile's tail's a sea hen.

"'Side o' the sea hen's a Laplander's snow-shoe.

"That in a box is the skeleton of a nightingale.

"This is the cock that crows when he smells roast
beef.

“Many of the country people are far greater curiosities than any in the collection they come to see. They view all, with gravity and solemn surprise, and evidently, with a conviction that they are at length witnessing some of the most wonderful wonders of the world.”

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VISIT TO SOUTHPORT.

COPY LETTER

FROM J. B. TO G. H., ESQ., DATED THE HEWK, NEAR
LOCKERBY, DUMFRIESHIRE, 28TH OCTOBER, 1847.

I THINK I mentioned, in my last letter to you from Southport, that I was thinking of paying our relation here a visit, and flattering myself that some account of it may not be uninteresting to you, I sit down to render you the same, as follows :—

I left my squadron at Southport, otherwise the land of sand and happiness, at seven, a.m., on the 18th, and came here, viâ Preston, “*summâ diligentîâ*,” as Cæsar expresses his passage of the Alps; at the top of a diligence, or stage-coach, as I call it, twenty miles; rails to Lockerby, 116; gig here, 4½. We prospered in our journey until we reached the neighbourhood of Shap Fells, in Cumberland, where is a

is in my opinion, everything to the place; I would not give a pin's fee for it without: and I must confess that the contrast between the long and lively street in the village, and the view from our windows, which bids me discourse of ships (not shops) and all that sort of thing, is very agreeable to me.

This seems a very pleasant country: roads excellent, though hilly—land, loamy—farming, most excellent—plantations, well thinned, pruned, and protected—game, most abundant. G—— rents in partnership, the shooting over 10,000 acres of farm wood-land, and moor, of Mr. H. J——, who has about as much more land, that he sports over, himself.

G—— is gone out to shoot this morning, with some gentlemen from Lockerby, who will dine with us.

The house and grounds here are capable of being made very complete and convenient; the house is a perfect quarry of stone, but with true Scotch stinginess, miscalled economy, it is not half timbered; the consequence is, that if a dance were to be held in the drawing room, upon the first floor, the company would to a certainty, find their way to the ground floor, without the assistance of a flight of stairs. It is not a quarter occupied, there being two or three

good parlours upon the ground-floor, that are scarcely ever used. There are only G——, the keeper, his wife, and her niece, who enacts the part of housemaid. The aunt wears two rings upon her fingers, marriage and middle, to denote that she rejoices in the acquisition of a second spouse. Methinks the sight or feel of these two round O's of delight, must produce in the breasts of both, sensations of a very different and complicated character. It is the custom of the country, so let it pass; but I believe it would be better honoured in the breach, than in the observance.

The house was only built in 1806, and yet there are so many curious corners, crannies, and corridors in it, and such an air of silence and mystery seems to pervade it, that I never traverse the stone circular staircase, without expecting to stumble upon some castle spectre, or other "goblin damned," of that description.

We had a most tempestuous night last Friday—fine weather for wild ducks, rather too rough for tame. The roar of the cascades and cataracts upon the river Dryfe, which runs close by the house—the pelting of the rain against the windows—and above all, the rats in the quarry, whom I expected to hear or see every

moment descend into my chamber, from the chimney, in full force and virtue, altogether made a most awful noise, I do assure you.

We lead however, very pleasant kind of lives here : G—— goes out a gunning every day, “from morn to dewy eve,” leaving me to my own resources, which, thanks to my stars, may be called “Legion,” for they are many. We dine at five—tea at seven—and go to the rats at ten.

I intended to have left this for Abbotsford, on Monday last, and so to Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Androssan, intending to sail thence to Fleetwood ; but the paralysis which railways cause in all minor modes of communication, the Caledonian has inflicted upon this country ; and I found I should have had to go in a cart from Langholm to Selkirk, and that the conveyances between Abbotsford and Edinburgh are equally uncertain and unsatisfactory. I therefore determined to remain here until to-morrow morning, and then to return the way I came, to the land of sand and happiness. I will conclude by copying for you, an extract from my journal, for Sunday last,

And am, &c.,

J. B.

SUNDAY, 24TH OCTOBER.—SHOWERY.

THER. 41.

At eleven accompanied G—— and the keeper, in the drag, to Applegarth Kirk, five miles off. The road was excellent, but hilly; and the prospect in front of us, a great part of the way, resembled very much that which presents itself on approaching a certain house I wot of, from the town of Kington; about half-way, we crossed the Caledonian Railway, now approaching completion.

We found a goodly collection of cars, carts, and such like vehicles, associated together upon a green, adjoining the manse.

Service had commenced, as it always does, at twelve, owing to some of the congregation having to come a considerable distance; and there is none in the afternoon. Dr. Dunbar, the minister, did the whole duty, to a crowded congregation, in a simple, but most effective style. His venerable appearance; tall, commanding figure; his powerful and distinct articulation, and most energetic manner, rivetted the attention of all his audience. He gave out the psalms and hymns, to sing, reading them every word;

after which he sat down, and the precentor rising, raised the tune, for the first line, by himself entirely, in a sweet and silvery voice, immediately after which, he was joined, during the remainder of the singing, by the great bulk of the congregation. They sit when they sing—all, save the precentor, who stands, as stiff as a poker, holding the book in his hand, at arms-length, straight before his face—and stand when they pray. Dr. Dunbar, after reading the chapter in Judges, about “the Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,” and singing as aforesaid, preached, extempore, of course, for thirty-five minutes, from Romans iii. 1st and 2nd verses, dwelling principally upon the conclusion of the 2nd—“And rejoice in the hope of the glory of God;” after which, he prayed seven minutes, and then gave out another hymn to sing—all done with the greatest fluency, piety, simplicity, and good sense. Immediately after which, two persons rose from their pews, and seized hold of two long implements, that were reared against the pulpit, and which had, all along, attracted my attention; and went about the kirk, from pew to pew, collecting alms for the poor—a wretched subterfuge and apology for the absence of a proper national poor-law, the implements

having handles long enough to reach to the end of each pew, and which reminded me of the old and odd saying, that "he that sups kale with the d——l, had need of a long ladle;" after which, the Doctor dismissed the congregation, with a short benediction, immediately afterwards they dispersed, the men putting on their hats, even in the centre of the chapel. Just before they moved, Dr. Dunbar said, that he had been requested by the Rev. Dr. ———, to inform them that a French missionary, from Canada, in the service of the Scotch Missionary Society, would lecture next Tuesday evening, at Lockerby Church, and explain the reason which induced him to renounce the communion of the Church of Rome.

We sat in Mr. Hope Johnstone's pew, which, with Sir William Jardine's, who was present, appeared to be the only aristocratical ones; that is to say, twice the size of any other; and being cushioned, and provided with kneeling apparatus; all the others being long and narrow, having doors however, not mere open benches, as the Puseyites do dream of and delight in.

The chapel yard commands an extensive prospect—the river Annan forming a bright and beautiful feature in it; it flows on, fifteen miles farther, until it.

loses itself in the Solway, at Annan-town, both so replete with recollections of the great Magician of the North, and of his novel, "Redgauntlet;" which Mr. Lockhart, in his Life of Scott, so graphically describes, as follows:—

"What novel or drama has surpassed the grotesquely ludicrous, dashed with the profound pathos, of Peter Peebles, the most tragic of farces, or the still sadder memento of that human shipwreck, Nantie Ewart, or Wandering Willie and his tale, the wildest and most rueful of dreams, told by such a person and in such a dialect. Of the young correspondents, Darsie Latimer and Allan Fairford, and the Quakers of Mount Sharon, and, indeed, of numberless minor features in Redgauntlet, no one who has read the first volume of these memoirs will expect me to speak at length here; with posterity, assuredly, this novel will yield in interest to none of the series, for it contains, perhaps, more of the author's experience than any other of them, or even than all the rest put together."

On returning to the Hewk, we had a very heavy shower, which lasted nearly two-thirds of the way. The keeper kept pointing out to us great quantities

of partridges and pheasants, feeding in the fields. Keepers here are not allowed to shoot; which perhaps accounts for the abundance of game. O canny Scots!

TUESDAY, 26TH—FINE TILL ONE; AFTERWARDS
VERY WET.

Walked as far as the Netherclough Station, on the Caledonian Railway, three miles.

Arriving at Glencross Cottage, instead of crossing the Bridge of Sighs on the left, and so taking the level road to Lockerby, I kept upon the right hand, and up the hill, the way we went on Sunday to Applegarth; a few hundred yards up which, upon the eastern side, beyond the deep ravine, valley, and river that intervene, stands a good-looking house, embosomed in trees, with a whitewashed, castellated building adjacent, lately belonging to a lord of session. Lord Balgray, being the name of the property, which, with 725 acres of land appertaining to it, was lately put up to public roup, but no bidder appeared. Mr. Graham, of Newbiggin, is the factor for it.

Proceeding about a mile farther, I met a man, who

had just quitted an arable field, that was undergoing the process of draining with red tiles, exactly the same size and shape as those used in England. I asked him what he gave a thousand for them, and was surprised to receive a direct answer from him, instead of the usual and accustomed "I don't know:" he said he paid 27s. 6d. I asked him where? He said, "about three miles doon yon." Soon after which, I entered into conversation with the drainer, and asked him what depth he went; he said twenty-seven inches. What width? a little wider than the tile. What wages he received? he said he worked by contract, at fivepence a rood. I asked him how many yards went to his rood? he said six. I told him it was eight in England: he said, he knew that. I asked him how many roods he could do in a day? he said six. I asked him what the tiles cost a thousand? he said he could not tell exactly, but thought about 25s. I asked him where they were made? he said, "at a toon, down yon, two or three miles off, called Repentance." "Called what?" says I. "Repentance," repeated he. "That's an odd name," says I. "It is," says he. A person near, said there was another small town adjacent, called

miles, to hear the Frenchman lecture, whom Dr. Dunbar mentioned after his sermon on Sunday. On reaching Glencross Cottage, the horse, instead of crossing the Bridge of Sighs, and keeping the level left to that town, would ascend the hill upon the right, leading to Applegarth, which he did for a score or so of yards. On turning him round, with a view to re-enter the right road, the nearest way was down a small green bank, but both of us being ignorant of its depth, I advised G—— to keep the track we came till he could turn; accordingly, both horse, and I believe, driver, went merrily back towards the Hewk, for about 150 yards, until I expressed a wish to turn again, which I believe they both did very reluctantly, crossing the Bridge of Sighs, I dare say, with heavy hearts.

(When I came to examine the bank, the next morning, I found it was well we did not attempt to make a short cut of it, as it is more than two yards deep, at an angle of forty-five degrees.)

When we entered the avenue of trees, between Mr. Stewart's, of Hill-side, and Mr. Douglas's, of Lockerby-House, the road became so very dark, that having no lights, it was quite dangerous to drive on, except at

a snail's pace. However, in due time we entered the one-storied, semi-whitewashed town of Lockerby; and G —, being wet through, went and sat by the fire at the "Blue Bell," while I proceeded to the church, which we had seen lighted up, as we entered the town.

The lecturer was in the pulpit, and preached in my hearing, from a quarter to seven, to half-past eight, about twenty minutes of which time was devoted to his own personal history.

He said, "You will perceive from my accent that I am a Frenchman. I am a native of Bordeaux; was educated for the priesthood in the Church of Rome. There are 18,000 French Presbyterians in that city: and Mr. * * * the Commissioner of Customs there, one of them, asked me one day something about the bible; I told him I had never seen a bible: much surprised, he said he would lend me one, which he did, together with some controversial tracts. I soon perceived that the Church of Rome had no warrant for many of her pretensions, and in about a year's time I determined to embrace Protestantism, as professed by the Presbyterians.

"Circumstances led me into the service of the

Scotch Missionary Society, who sent me to labour among the French Canadians, in Lower Canada. I had two missions; one at Quebec, containing about eighty converts, and another in the city of Montreal, containing about seven hundred. I was in the habit of going weekly between those cities, in the steam-boat upon the St. Lawrence, but finding that troublesome and expensive, it was determined to establish separate staffs in each city. With that view, I went to the northern part of the United States, where I collected £800, and have since, in other countries, received about £1000 more: we have still a deficiency of about £300 to enable us to complete our design."

He is a tall, handsome man, about thirty-five, with jet-black hair, great fluency of speech, with a French accent, and rivetted most powerfully, the attention of all his audience. After the long collecting ladle, had gone its round, I rejoined my companion at the "Blue Bell," where, over the chimney-piece, in the bar parlour, reposes horizontally, in *pace et tandem*, a long, very strong and heavy cavalry sword, worn and wielded at Waterloo, with such crushing effect, by one of the illustrious Scotch Greys; a toasting fork, as it turned out, rather too hot and heavy for Master

Boney's taste; and having procured lights for the drag, we reached home at half-past ten, occasionally encountering some heavy showers.

28TH OCTOBER, 1847.—FOGGY TILL TEN; AFTERWARDS VERY FINE.

At twenty minutes to eleven, set off, and walked to Applegarth, and the banks of the Annan, which I reached (having walked pretty quickly) at ten minutes to one. The banks of the Annan are a few hundred yards from the kirk and manse, the front of which, commands a good view of them and of their silvery stream, as well as of the handsome tower of Lochmaben Kirk in the distance, a great relief and ornament to the landscape; a tower to a kirk being, indeed, a *rara avis*, in a small Scotch town. The manse itself is two-storied, and was, once upon a time, white-washed, but having, upon the whole, a forlorn appearance, very different from the *recherché* air which distinguishes so many glebe houses in England.

The Annan is a handsome, broad, and deep river, its waters fresh; and I saw no appearance of the tide reaching as far as Applegarth. It was a most beau-

tiful, sunshiny day ; but solitude and silence reigned supreme, broken only by the flight of vast flocks of black cock and grouse, sometimes intermingled, and at others, separate, but evidently packed, and as wild as hawks ; and, by the sound of one of the earliest of God Almighty's creation, and one of the latest of man's inventions—the carrion crow and the steam-whistle, the long bridge of size and sighs, between them, being alternately composed of antediluvian, Assyrian, Egyptian, Grecian, Roman, Gothic, elliptical, and composite arches ; which, with all the wondrous tales they could unfold, would require the genius of half a hundred Shaksperes, to concentrate, and to reduce to anything like compass and consistence—then the kirk, manse, and village of Apple-garth, adjoining ; the spacious green about them, which contrasts so admirably with the wild moorlands beyond ; the open hut at one end of the green, for the reception of Sir William Jardine's carriage on a Sunday ; the latticed door of the den on the opposite side, close to the grave-yard, containing the conveyance, with its black nodding plumes, common to him and to all the other parishioners, who have passed, or may pass here, the threshold of mortality, their com-

mon home close by—the world beyond the grave, the hopes, the fears, the follies of man.

But let us hear what the Edinburgh Review, in one of its better moods, says upon these all-absorbing topics (see vol. 31, page 325), being a critique on “Human Life; a Poem, by Samuel Rogers.”

“These are sweet verses—the theme is human life; not only the subject of all verse, but the great centre and source of all interest, in the works of human beings, to which both prose and verse invariably bring us back, when they succeed in rivetting our attention and rousing our emotion; and which turns everything into poetry, to which its sensibilities can be ascribed, or by which its vicissitudes can be suggested; yet, it is not by any means to that, which in ordinary language, is termed the poetry, or the romance of human life, that the present work is directed: the life which it endeavours to set before us, is not life, diversified by strange adventures, embodied in extraordinary characters, or agitated with turbulent passions—not the life of warlike Paladins, or desperate lovers, or sublime ruffians, or piping shepherds, or sentimental savages, or bloody bigots, or preaching pedlars, or conquerors, poets, or any other species of

madmen—but the ordinary, practical, and amiable life, of social, intelligent, and affectionate men—such, in short, as multitudes may be seen living every day in this country—for the picture is entirely English—and, though not, perhaps, in the choice of every one, yet is open to the knowledge, and familiar to the sympathy of all. It contains, of course, no story, and no individual character; it is properly and peculiarly contemplative, and consists of a series of reflections on our mysterious nature and condition upon earth, and the marvellous, though unnoticed changes which the ordinary course of our existence is continually bringing about in our being. Its marking peculiarity in this respect, is, that it is free from the least alloy of acrimony or harsh judgment, and deals not at all, indeed, in any species of satirical or sarcastic remark.

“The poet looks on man, and teaches us to look on him, not merely with love, but with reverence; and mingling a sort of considerate pity for the shortness of his busy little career, and for the disappointments and weaknesses, with which it is beset, with a genuine admiration of the great capacities he unfolds, and the high destiny to which he seems to be reserved, works out a very beautiful and engaging

picture, both of the affections with which life is endeared, the trials to which it is exposed, and the pure and peaceful enjoyments with which it may often be filled.

"This, after all, we believe, is the tone of true wisdom and true virtue, and that to which all good natures draw nearer, as they approach the close of life, and come to act less, and to know, and to meditate more, on the varying and crowded scenes of human existence.

"When the inordinate hopes of early youth, which provoke their own disappointment, have been sobered down by longer experience and more extended views—when the keen contentions and eager rivalries, which employed our riper years, have expired or been abandoned—when we have seen, year after year, the objects of our fiercest hostilities, and of our fondest affections, lie down together in the hallowed peace of the grave—when ordinary pleasures and amusements begin to grow insipid, and the gay derision, which seasoned them, to appear flat and importunate—when we reflect how often we have mourned and been comforted—what opposite opinions we have successively maintained and abandoned—to what inconsis-

tent habits we have gradually been formed—and how often the objects of our pride have proved the sources of our shame, we are naturally led to recur to the careless days of our childhood, and to retrace the whole of our career, and that of our contemporaries, with feelings of far greater humility and indulgence than those by which it had been accompanied, to think all vain but affection and honour—the simplest and cheapest pleasures, the truest and most precious—and generosity of sentiment, the only mental superiority, which ought to be either wished for, or admired.”

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THE FRENCH REVOLUTION, OF FEBRUARY, 1848.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE STAFFORDSHIRE ADVERTISER.

SIR,

The writer of a leading article in the *Times* of the 6th, speaking of the extraordinary events that have so recently taken place in France, well says, "No doubt, the true causes of the revolution may be traced much beyond any incidents of the past week;" and, as it appears to me, much beyond any of the incidents he seems inclined to limit it to, viz:—the French nation's loss of faith in the institutions of 1830, the deplorable disclosures of atrocity and infamy, which were multiplied last year; and more than all, the unblushing corruption, hypocrisy, and selfishness, that characterized the political career of Louis Philippe, the first, and the last, King of the French. That all these particulars precipitated the catastrophe,

ago ; in which, after speculating upon some of the political institutions of that country, of the change that has taken place in the law of landed property there, of its effects, and comparing it with the present French law, I arrived at the conclusion, that it must inevitably produce, within a given time, the change of government in that country, we have hardly yet ceased to wonder at.

As the French people will—if they are well advised, and open to advice, and Lord Bacon assures “they are wiser than they seem”—adopt, ultimately, the United States’ constitution, as a model for their own; and, as its electoral details, law of property, and the speculation above referred to, may possibly interest some of your readers, I leave you at liberty to publish these presents, if you think it will answer your purpose.

The French people seem now to have fairly set up for themselves; and, I believe that we have much less to apprehend from them in their present position, than we had from the underhand habits and practices of the late government. With respect to their law of landed property, they are embarked in a sea of unknown quantities, without chart, compass,

despotism, or analogy, to direct, or control them; and what the result of this most extraordinary experiment will be, is a most curious and interesting problem, the solution of which is in the womb of time and chance, for the same supreme state power that enacted the law, can repeal it; and, in the long run, repeal will, probably, prove the solution and dissolution of the many-headed monster.

The most analogous results, I apprehend, will be found in Irish poverty, and sub-division of soil; the difference, be it for better or worse, being, that the French are, for the most part, owners, as well as occupiers—the Irish, occupiers only; and what effect that difference will produce upon the vulgar, decimal, and other fractions, into which the soil of France is being constantly split, remains to be shewn.

I do not pretend to be wiser than my neighbours; and, perhaps, the flattering tale that Hope and Lord Bacon tell us, about the French being wiser than they seem, will be disenchanted by the apothegm of one, who had far better opportunities of knowing his countrymen, than he had, viz.—the celebrated Voltaire, who tells us, per contra, that the composition of our volatile neighbours is half monkey, half tiger,

from the frolics and ferocity of which, may God, in his mercy, save us and themselves.

I presume, that at present, they are playing the monkey, by planting trees of liberty, and such sort of fooleries; but that ere long, the tiger will turn up trump, and prove to be lord paramount, inaugurating the present phase of the revolution, in repeated baptisms of blood, introducing endless misery and confusion, casting the apple of discord into the cauldron of despair *sed spero meliora* (though I cannot say how or why I should), from the great cause of Lord Bacon *v.* Voltaire.

28th March, 1848.

EXTRACT.

1828.

11TH JANUARY.—WILMINGTON IN DELAWARE.

“In Wilmington I saw, for the first time, I believe, slaves; though, in the street, I could not say which were bond and which free. Time has insensibly loosened the shackles, and modified the condition of

those unfortunate creatures ; but one of the greatest evils of the slave state still exists here, in the power the master possesses, to sell them into the more southern and south-western States, where their lot is altogether harder, their price higher, and where public opinion exercises a less happy influence in their favour.

“A few weeks afterwards I felt myself almost degraded, at witnessing the bargain and sale, by public auction, in the street, in the city of Charleston, of a large gang of slaves. The auctioneer was a Jew, a gentlemanly-looking man enough, and made the best he could of a bad business. The purchasers, cold, calculating Yankees, who made my blood mount up from temperate to fever, and from fever to boiling heat, as they pursued their odious operations ; feeling and examining some of the lots, as a butcher would a fat cow or calf ; and, methought, it was a most curious, motley, and melancholy sight, to see thus, in this western world, the descendant of Shem selling the offspring of Ham to the children of Japhet.

“The following sketch will convey some, though an imperfect idea of the scene, and of the professional ability of the principal performer in the specimens I

select, being among the best and worst he had to deal with on that day.

“The first was a jet-black, ‘likely’ looking fellow, about thirty-five, who, as soon as his name, ‘Plato,’ was announced, stepped upon the stall (resembling to all intents and purposes, a butcher’s stall), and pulled off his hat. The Jew asked him to tell the company what he could do: he replied, ‘Tailor a little, and navigate a ship.’ (I told that soon afterwards to Admiral (then Captain) Sheriffe, who was residing with me in the same boarding-house at New York, and who was most exceedingly entertained at what poor Snowball said he could do.) ‘Plato, thou reasonest well,’ continued Shylock; and after a little delay, to ascertain, probably, who was the purchaser, Plato was knocked down to a cotton planter, for 300 dollars, or £67 10s.: on his descending the stall, the Jew said to him, ‘Got a good master, Plato—only go to the Islands (sea islands, off Charleston, where such capital cotton is grown)—best of everything to eat and drink, and plenty of it.’

“The next lot was a woman, named ‘Peggy:’ as she was stepping upon the stall, somebody remarked that she was aged. ‘Oh! no,’ said Shylock, indig-

nantly, 'she's a young wench—look at her teeth,' at the same time opening her mouth, and pulling a handkerchief off her head, said, 'You spoil your beauty, Peggy;' at which Peggy smiled. She appeared to be about forty: not strong, and was sold for \$200, or £45.

"The next was a grey-haired man, betwixt fifty and sixty, with an infant in his arms. They sold for \$120, or £27 a-piece, which seemed odd.

"The next lot was a man, his wife, and six children, with an early prospect of more. The parents appeared anxious, yet resigned to their inevitable fate; the three youngest children seemed to think it capital fun to stand upon a stage—smaller than 'all the world's a stage;' the three eldest appeared to be the most anxious of the party. At the request of the man, the Jew informed the company that he was troubled with phthisics, or shortness of breath, but, adding at the same time, 'You know a sound slave's never sold—they all say they're sick:' the rest of the lot, he warranted sound. The whole family went to one purchaser (though I was informed afterwards, that, that was all a make-believe—a sacrifice to public opinion, even in such a slave-stricken city as Charles-

ton; and that they were separated the day after the sale, and parted, probably, never to meet again), for \$230, or £51 15s. a-head.

“The next was an old grey-haired woman, named ‘Grace;’ so infirm, that she could not get upon the stall at all, but stood at its foot, supported by a staff. The only offer for her was \$5, bid by a lady present. The Jew said, ‘well off, Grace, won’t leave the city; mistress will have you shaved, and buy you a new wig, and you’ll look young again.’

“The last lot was a carpenter, named ‘Tom,’ for whom there was considerable competition. Tom was fractious and loquent, and said he was crippled in his arm. Shylock told him he wished he was crippled in his tongue, and then he would not talk so fast. He said to a person standing near me, ‘Don’t turn your back yet sir—a wink’s as good as a look;’ as indeed a look seemed to be as good as a nod, for I did not hear one bidding, or see the least sign or symptom of any, the whole time I was there; there is a conventional way of doing the business, a sort of freemasonry, known only to the initiated, the signs and emblems of which I could not detect. It was, at length, announced that Tom was disposed of for \$450,

or £101 5s.; on his descending the stall, the son of Abraham said to him, 'You're a bad one, I would not give a cent for you,' though he had been extolling him to the skies the minute before.

"So much for slavery and knavery.

"With Tom, the sale concluded; and a person present then informed the purchasers, that the next day, at noon, at the same place, an officer, from the Court of Chancery, would attend and deliver them their property—a sort of a whitewash to a most black and base business.

"As I resumed, with hurried steps, my solitary walk about the city, I could not help reflecting with a sigh, and, if the truth must be told, with a tear, upon the fate of the poor woman with the large family—her resigned and sensible look; or of repeating to myself, aloud, Mrs. Barbauld's or Mrs. Trimmer's beautiful apostrophe:—'Negro woman, who sittest in captivity, and pinest over thy sick child, though no one seeth thee, God seeth thee; though no one pitieth thee, God pitieth thee. Raise thy voice, forlorn and abandoned one.'

"During my walk, I passed by the police-office where are constantly stationed, night and day, a

military force, with artillery, all ready to act. This is by no means an unnecessary precaution. Strong symptoms of slave rebellion appeared in South Carolina, in 1824. In 1820, that State contained 237,460 whites, 258,475 slaves, and 6806 free blacks. Very like sleeping upon a volcano, methought, which might imitate Mount Vesuvius at any given moment.

But let not the English expend too much virtuous indignation against the Americans for holding slaves. They are, in a great degree, more sinned against, than sinning; as, during their colonial dependence, their Assemblies passed act after act, to abolish slavery and the slave trade, but which acts had not the force of law until sanctioned by the kings of England in council, and which sanction was invariably refused. Why the Americans, when they set up for themselves, did not abolish slavery at the peace of 1783, is for them to explain.

But so enamoured was the English government of those days, of the trade, that for a series of years, in all their treaties with the Court of Madrid, they stipulated for the right of supplying the Spanish Main with a certain number of slaves, yearly—the *Asiento*, it was called.

Slavery has been abolished, by law, in the States of

New York, Pennsylvania, and of the six New England States. In Ohio it was never established. In New Jersey and Delaware it is still lawful, but not expedient, being found more expensive than hired labour, and becoming every day more repugnant to public opinion. In the southern and south-western States, it hangs like an incubus upon all that adorns and dignifies humanity; and I know not which are its greatest victims, the whites or the blacks, whether bond or free.

In 1820, in the State of Delaware, there were 4509 slaves, 12,958 free blacks, and 55,282 whites. Delaware is the smallest State in the Union, except Rhode Island; and is smaller than that, in point of population, as Rhode Island, in 1820, contained 79,413 whites, and 3646 coloured persons.

The representatives in Congress are chosen every other year, by the people of the several States, and at present, are elected, in the proportion of one for every 40,000, in which enumeration, the Indians and two-fifths of the people of colour are not included. The enumeration takes place every ten years; and Congress has power, as population advances, to increase the constituent proportion.

The senators in Congress are composed of two members from each State, chosen for six years, by their several State legislators ; and the seats of one-third are vacated every other year, so that each senator sits six years.

Upon these principles, New York, at present, sends thirty-four representatives and two senators to Congress ; Pennsylvania, twenty-six representatives and two senators ; Rhode Island, two representatives and two senators ; and Delaware, one representative and two senators.

The electors of representatives to Congress, must have the qualification requisite for the electors of representatives to their own State legislatures. Some two or three States have a property qualification ; but universal suffrage prevails in the great majority, to the exclusion only of idiots, paupers, and (in point of fact, though not of law, in some few States) free blacks.

This shews the close connexion that exists between government and property ; or, in other words, proves that the law of property always determines the form of government.

Prior to the revolution, the law of primogeniture

and change the government from a monarchy, into a representative republic, like the United States.

QUERY AND COROLLARY,

AFTER TWENTY YEARS' FURTHER EXPERIENCE.

If the mere abolition of the law of primogeniture, introduced universal suffrage into the United States, what will not the present absurd law of property in France introduce there ? I fear me much, as I said before, endless misery and confusion—casting the apple of discord into the cauldron of despair—the seventh trumpet sounded—the seventh seal opened, “and there shall be signs in the sun, and in the moon, and in the stars; and upon the earth, distress of nations, with perplexity; the sea and the waves roaring; men’s hearts failing them for fear, and for looking after those things which are coming on the earth, for the powers of heaven shall be shaken. And then.”—

FINIS.

GEORGE NALL, PRINTER, &C., LEEK.





